





## IN THE INDEPENDENT TOMORROW

# The bare essentials – how massage with herbal oils can heal you

HEALTH, IN THE INDEPENDENT EVERY TUESDAY

■ FEATURES  
THIS STUDENT LIFE■ PLUS MEDIA, ARTS  
& VISUAL ARTS

THE BEST WRITING, WEEK IN, WEEK OUT: DEBORAH ROSS, HOWARD JACOBSON, HAMISH MCRAE, IAN JACK, ROBERT FISK, TERENCE BLACKER, SUSANNAH FRANKEL, BRIAN VINT, PHILIP HENSHER, JOHN WALSH, RICHARD WILLIAMS, DAVID AARONOVITCH, DEBORAH ORR, THOMAS SUTCHIFF, MILES KINGTON, STEPHEN ARNOLD, ANDREAS WHITMAN SMITH

## Talks offer to avert London lorry protest

THE GOVERNMENT yesterday offered to set up a high-level forum with lorry drivers in a last-minute bid to head off a demonstration that threatens to bring chaos to London today.

Hundreds of lorry drivers say they will bring traffic to a halt by driving slowly through the streets in protest at Budget increases in diesel duty and road tax.

John Reid, the Transport minister, said he would set up a special forum of Transport and Treasury ministers and hauliers' leaders. He meets the heads of the Freight Transport Association (FTA) and the Road Haulage Association (RHA) tomorrow.

Hauliers say the Budget will add millions of pounds to their running costs and force them to cut jobs. At least three firms representing 2 per cent of the industry are planning to register their fleets abroad unless the Government backs down.

But Mr Reid, speaking on GMTV's Sunday programme, dismissed any possibility of "rewriting" or "unpicking" the Budget, adding: "We want to build a bridge to the future so that we can see that the

BY PHILIP THORNTON  
Transport Correspondent

haulage industry continues to thrive."

He warned hauliers not to take part in the demonstration. "If they choose to reject the industry forum and choose instead to disrupt the lives of millions of ordinary people who are paying their taxes, then I don't think they will get a resonance out there with the public."

The FTA attacked the offer of a forum, accusing ministers of trying to placate hauliers rather than dealing with their concerns. "The problems that the transport industry is facing are here and now. While a forum may help us in the future we need short-term help because the fact is that jobs and companies are at risk," said spokesman Geoff Dossetter.

He warned the Government that the prospect of companies leaving this country to take advantage of lower diesel and road tax rates in Europe was "real fact, not just hype". Two of Britain's largest road haulage groups are seriously considering registering all or

part of their fleets abroad to escape the swinging hikes in duties. Wincanton Logistics and Tibbett & Britten have about 4,000 lorries and said the move – known as flagging out – could save £2m a year in Vehicle Excise Duty (VED) or road tax alone.

Eddie Stobart, the UK's most famous lorry firm, has said it will register up to half its 800-strong fleet abroad. VED for 40-tonne lorries is just £338 in Luxembourg compared with the new British rate of £5,750 – up from £3,210. On top of that, Wincanton said the Chancellor's decision to add 6p a litre on diesel duty would add £5m to its annual fuel costs.

Mr Dossetter said: "There cannot be a transport manager in the country worth his pay who is not investigating whether he should flag out."

But environmental groups said the duty increases would help cut pollution levels and encourage hauliers to use rail freight. Roger Higman, of Friends of the Earth, said: "Lorry traffic is a major cause of pollution. The Government must be firm – the policy is working."



Brenda Blethyn (left) and Emily Watson drink champagne in Santa Monica, California before last night's Oscar ceremony. The British stars were nominated for Best Supporting Actress and Best Actress respectively. AFP

## Ulster thugs beat boy, 13

BY DARIUS SANAI

A 13-YEAR-OLD boy was badly injured after being bludgeoned with baseball bats in a paramilitary-style attack in Northern Ireland yesterday.

He was one of the youngest people to suffer such an attack, and the incident came as politicians were desperately trying to establish some forward momentum over the impasse on IRA weapons decommissioning.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary said that the boy had suffered a broken arm, several broken fingers, cuts and multiple bruising after the attack in Newtownards, Co Down.

He was singled out from a group of friends by a number of masked men and beaten with baseball bats at an area known as The Quarry in the town's North Road. Last night he was reported to be in a "stable but shocked" condition in hospital. An RUC spokesman condemned what he called a "horrific attack".

As this latest attack was added to the toll of those maimed in Northern Ireland, politicians on both sides said that they were determined to find a way to push forward before the first anniversary of the Good Friday Agreement.

But there were more signs of the sheer enormity of the task. With the position of David Trimble, the First Minister, weakened by vociferous opposition by hardliners within his Ulster Unionist Party at a party meeting on Saturday, Gerry Adams, the Sinn Féin leader, once more reiterated that he could not force the IRA to hand over its weapons.

"If anyone thinks I, or anybody else, can deliver for them what the British Army could not do and what the British Government could not do in 30 years," he said yesterday, "then I am afraid all of us are heading for a continuation of what we have seen so far, tactical manoeuvring by the Unionists and a veto being asserted."

## Minister prescribes NHS self-help on the Internet

PATIENTS COULD be offered access to the Internet on the NHS to help to relieve the pressure on family doctors.

The Health minister John Denham will today tell a London health conference that he wants to see the Internet used in libraries and high street pharmacies to help patients to help themselves.

Ministers stressed that they

BY COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

would not be asking patients to treat themselves. "We are not talking about putting a medical dictionary on the Net and asking people to cure themselves. There is demand for information about healthy living. We are not talking about self-diagnosis," a Whitehall source said.

Community pharmacists could also be given the power to prescribe for the first time on a limited list in response to the Crown Report, published last week, which recommended an expansion of carefully controlled prescribing beyond GPs to other health professionals, including nurses.

Patients could be allowed for the first time to consult phar-

macists and get prescriptions on the spot, on strictly limited protocols agreed with the professions.

Mr Denham, more controversially, will urge the NHS to match the service to patients that is offered to customers by many high street outlets including banks and hotels.

He is expected to tell the conference: "The public is becoming less willing to accept that

information about health management proved valuable in one trial where GPs provided data showing that the over-use of antibiotics was undermining their effectiveness. There followed a sharp drop in demand for antibiotics."

But underlying the Government's drive to reduce the demands on GPs is the conviction

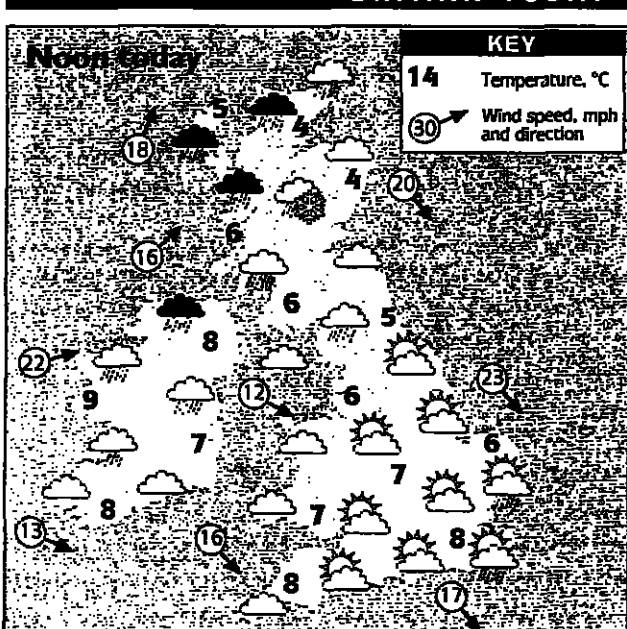
that with limited resources from taxpayers, other ways must be found to meet the almost unlimited demand for health services.

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### BRITAIN TODAY



### FORECAST

General situation North-west Scotland will have heavy rain and hill fog, preceded by snow over the mountains. Rain will spread south-west across the rest of Scotland and into Northern Ireland and the north of England during the morning. England and Wales will be dry and bright for a while but rain will push across most areas through the afternoon. Some western and south-western areas might escape dry but will be largely cloudy.

**SE England, London, E Anglia:** Early showers clearing. A little sunshine but rain later. A fresh north-west wind easing moderate. Max temp 7-10C (45-50F).

**East England, Midlands:** A little sunshine but clouding over with rain later. A moderate north-west wind backing westerly later. Max temp 8-10C (46-50F).

**Channel Is, SW England, S Wales:** Mostly cloudy. Brightening at times but the threat of drizzle later. A moderate north-west wind. Max temp 8-10C (46-50F).

**N Wales, Cent N, NE & NW England, Lake Dist, Isle of Man:** Dry for a while but largely cloudy with rain this afternoon. A moderate north-west wind backing westerly. Max temp 6-9C (43-48F).

**N Ireland, SW Scotland, Glasgow:** Rain by midday, backing through the afternoon and turning heavy for a while. A moderate north-west wind backing fresh south-westerly. Max temp 7-10C (45-50F).

**SE & NE Scotland, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, N Isles:** Bright for a while but largely cloudy, with heavy rain and hill fog this afternoon. A moderate to fresh north-west wind backing southerly. Max temp 5-7C (41-45F).

**NW Scotland, W Isles:** Heavy rain and hill fog, starting as snow over the mountains. A moderate north-west wind backing fresh south-westerly. Max temp 6-8C (43-46F).

### OUTLOOK

Milder on Tuesday and much of England and Wales will brighten up. However, there will be drizzle in parts of north-west and central rain over Scotland. Rain will push south-eastwards across most areas during Wednesday, followed by blustery showers in the north.

### TRAVEL

**London:** A12 Green Man Roundabout. Laydowns. Major roadworks on new M11 link road. Until 21st December. Bristol: M5 J18-19. Major Roadworks on Avonmouth Bridge. Until 22nd June 2001. Warwickshire: M42 Between J10 Tamworth services and J6 Sutton Coldfield. Roadworks and contraflow. Until 22nd April. South Yorkshire: M1 Between J34 Threlkley Viaduct (A6109) & J34 Threlkley Viaduct (A6109). Sheffield: Connaughtway is reduced to two lanes southbound. Until 21st November 2000. Gloucestershire: A40 Lansdown Rd.

**Cheltenham:** Closed due to roadworks inbound. Diversions in place. Until 1st June. Co Arnhem: A1 Kingsway. Dunsbury. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August. Derbyshire: A6 Between Derby Southern Bypass (A50) and Shardlow Road roundabout. East of Alveston. Contraflow for work on new A50. Until 18th October. AA Roadwatch: Call 0336 401777 for the latest local and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Calls charged at 50p per min (inc VAT).

### LIGHTING UP

Belfast	6.40pm to 6.20am
Birmingham	6.23pm to 6.04am
Bristol	6.26pm to 6.07am
Glasgow	6.34pm to 6.15am
London	6.16pm to 5.58am
Manchester	6.25pm to 6.06am
Newcastle	6.23pm to 6.02am

### HIGH TIDES

Amurath	AM	HT	PM	HT
Aberdeen	8.41	4.4	9.05	4.3
Cardiff	8.52	5.4	9.13	5.2
Dover	1.48	6.8	2.15	6.5
Donaghadee	2.22	4.0	2.48	4.2
Falmouth	8.23	5.2	8.44	5.0
Greenock	3.27	3.4	3.48	3.5
Harwich	2.41	4.2	3.09	4.0
Holyhead	1.07	5.5	1.32	5.6
Hull (Albert Dock)	9.19	8.6	9.38	8.8
Ilfracombe	8.20	6.8	8.36	6.9
Lahs	5.40	5.4	6.01	5.5
Liverpool	2.03	9.4	2.26	9.5
Millport	9.22	6.9	9.42	6.6
Newquay	8.16	6.9	8.37	6.6
Portsmouth	10.09	2.0	10.22	1.9
Portsmouth	2.17	4.7	2.37	4.6
Redoubt	11.15	4.9	11.37	4.6
Scarborough	7.13	5.6	7.33	5.7
Wick	2.15	3.3	2.34	3.5

### AIR QUALITY

NO <sub>2</sub>	SO <sub>2</sub>
London	Good
S England	Good
Wales	Good
C England	Good
N England	Good
Scotland	Good
N Ireland	Good

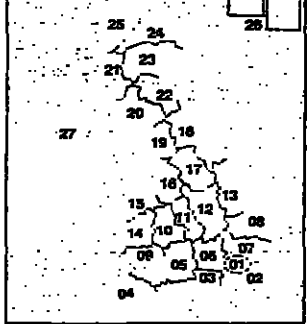
### SUN & MOON

Sun rises: 06.00  
Sun sets: 18.16  
Moon rises: 08.52  
Moon sets: 18.16  
First quarter: March 24

### WEATHERLINE

For the latest forecasts call 0891 5009 followed by the two digits for your area. Source: The Met Office. Calls charged at 50p per min (inc VAT).

### RAIN OR SHINE...



### YESTERDAY

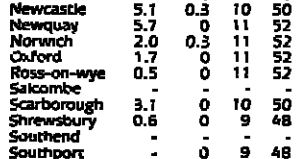
#### EXTREMES

Warmest: Bournemouth 12C (54F)  
Coldest (day): Llewellyn 5C (41F)  
Wettest: Cape Corg 22.0 mm  
Sunniest: Cull 7.0 hrs  
For 24hrs to 2pm Sunday

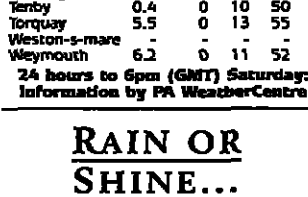
	Sea	Rain	Max
	hrs	mm	°C
Aberdeen	0.2	1.0	10
Anglesey	0.1	0.3	9
Aberystwyth	0.1	0.3	9
Belfast	1.0	0.3	11
Birmingham	1.2	0.3	9
Bournemouth	5.3	0.3	12
Bristol	2.0	0.3	11
Buxton	0.1	0.3	7
Cardiff	0.2	0.3	11
Cardigan	3.9	0.3	10
Carmarthen	1.0	0.3	9
Edinburgh	1.5	0.3	10
Falmouth	0.4	0.3	11
Folkestone	3.8	0.3	12
Glasgow	5.8	0.3	12
Harwich	5.7	0.3	10
Hove	3.3	0.3	10
Isle of Man	4.3	0.3	13
Jersey	2.1	0.3	10
Leeds	0.3	0.3	11
Liverpool	6.2	0.3	11
London	2.2	0.3	11
Lowestoft	0.5	0.3	11
Manchester	0.5	0.3	10
Marazion	3.4	0.3	10
Morecambe	1.9	0.3	9
Newcastle	5.1	0.3	10
Newquay	5.7	0.3	11
Norwich	2.0	0.3	11
Oxford	1.2	0.3	11
Portsmouth	0.5	0.3	11
Salcombe	-	-	-
Scarborough	3.1	0.3	10
Shrewsbury	0.6	0.3	9
Southampton	-	-	-
Southport	0.4	0.3	9
Swansea	5.3	0.3	12
Torquay	0.4	0.3	10
Torquay	5.5	0.3	13
Weymouth	6.2	0.3	11

### THE WORLD

#### EUROPE NOON TODAY



#### THE ATLANTIC NOON TODAY

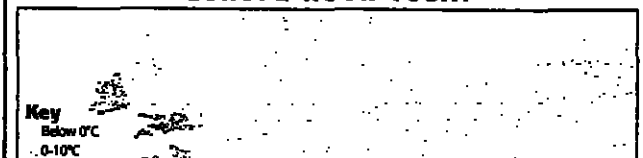


#### THE WORLD YESTERDAY

City	Temp	City	Temp	City	Temp
Adelaide	18.6	Chicago	9.8	Kuala Lumpur	31.7
Algeria	18.6	Colombo	8.4	La Paz	11.52
Ankara	18.6	Copenhagen	3.87	London	11.52
Antwerp	18.6	Dublin	12.54	Lyons	11.52
Athens	18.6	Edinburgh	12.54	Madrid	11.52
Auckland	18.6	Falmouth	12.54	Moscow	11.52
Bahia	18.6	Glasgow	12.54	Nairobi	11.52
Bangkok	18.6	Harwich	12.54	Rangoon	11.52
Barcelona	18.6	Holyhead	12.54	Seoul	11.52
Belfast	18.6	Ilfracombe	12.54	Singapore	11.52
Berlin	18.6	Isle of Man	12.54	Taipei	11.52
Birmingham	18.6	Jersey	12.54	Tokyo	11.52
Bombay	18.6	Leeds	12.54	Ulaanbaatar	11.52
Boston	18.6	Liverpool	12.54	Vladivostok	11.52
Buenos Aires	18.6	London	12.54	Yokohama	11.52
Calcutta	18.6	Manchester	12.54		
Cardiff	18.6	Newcastle	12.54		
Cebu	18.6	Newquay	12.54		
Colon	18.6	Norwich	12.54		
Dacca	18.6	Oxford	12.54		
Dhaka	18.6	Portsmouth	12.54		
Durban	18.6	Redoubt	12.54		
Frankfurt	18.6	Scarborough	12.54		
Geneva	18.6	Shrewsbury	12.54		
Hankow	18.6	Southampton	12.54		
Hong Kong	18.6	Southport	12.54		
Huamantla	18.6	Swansea	12.54		
Hyderabad	18.6	Torquay	12.54		
Jaipur	18.6	Weymouth	12.54		
Jakarta	18.6				
Johannesburg	18.6				
Karachi	18.6				
Kuala Lumpur	18.6				
London	18.6				
Lyons	18.6				
Manila	18.6				
Medan	18.6				
Moscow	18.6				
Mumbai	18.6				
Nairobi	18.6				
Rangoon	18.6				
Seoul	18.6				
Singapore	18.6				
Taipei	18.6				
Tokyo	18.6				
Ulaanbaatar	18.6				
Vladivostok	18.6				
Yokohama	18.6				

### THE WORLD

#### EUROPE NOON TODAY



#### THE ATLANTIC NOON TODAY



#### THE WORLD YESTERDAY

KEY

- isobars: air pressure in millibars
- isotherms: warm front, cold front, occluded front

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# A great adventure, but does this rank as another giant leap for mankind?

BY JACK O'SULLIVAN

MARIE ANTOINETTE called it "the sport of gods" and certainly the challenge of ballooning around the world has defeated many humans. When Brian Jones of Britain and his Swiss co-pilot Bertrand Piccard landed yesterday in Egypt after circling the earth, they had completed one of the last great adventures.

Of course, circumnavigation of the globe is nothing new. Magellan sailed around the world in the 16th century. The first plane completed the journey non-stop in 1949. These days you can do the trip on a tourist ticket for less than a couple of thousand pounds.

Yet this ballooning dream, born in the Romantic era, dramatised by Jules Verne and turned into an obsession by Richard Branson has been gripping.

At first sight, it is hard to fathom this fascination with the success of the British-built *Breitling Orbiter 3*. Especially at the end of a century that has seen so many startling achievements: the exploration of the South and North Poles, the conquering of Everest, the breaking of the four-minute mile, the development of air flight, then space travel.

Against all this, flying balloons around the world seems like post-modern trivia, a bit of *fin de siècle* fun without real foundation. Indeed one suspects that the very positioning of this latest triumph, at the end of a millennium that has left so little to "conquer", may explain a spurious prominence.

Yet a closer look shows that the journey will rightly be remembered as an extraordinary world first.

These two Europeans have established the record for the longest aerial flight in history: 20 days. As Mr Branson, their most famous rival for this title, has said, 15 years ago the fastest a hot-air balloon had travelled was 600 miles. So the flight is a remarkable technical development, reflecting progress in weather forecasting, satellite technology and the design of balloons.

The pilots also risked their lives: deaths have been frequent in long-distance ballooning. Yes, the pair were backed by a considerable team, tracking their every move with the latest technology. But just as the film *Apollo 13* makes clear about travel in the Seventies to the Moon, the resources available were inadequate to the challenge.

The pair spent their time in a capsule only 17ft long and less than 10ft wide, containing bunks, a kitchen area, a toilet and a heater.

At one stage the two men were in danger of carbon dioxide poisoning; at another, they encountered freezing conditions, requiring Piccard to climb out of the capsule and hack off three-foot long icicles. At the very end, there was great concern that they might



Tenzing Norgay pictured by Edmund Hillary in 1953, when they became the first men to conquer Everest



The world watched as Neil Armstrong became the first man to set foot on the Moon, in 1969



Roger Bannister crossing the line in 1954 to become the first man to run the four-minute-mile



The 'Breitling Orbiter 3' after touching down near the oasis town of Matruh in Egypt yesterday

## THE EXPERT VERDICTS

Sir Roger Bannister, who ran first mile under four minutes in 1954

"I see this wonderful success as achieved for glory but not as vainglorious. It is part of continual striving that characterises the human race and makes us different from animals. We cannot see something as possible and not do it."

Sir Ranulph Fiennes, first to circumnavigate the earth via the poles, 1982

"It was a worthwhile endeavour and stands on its own two feet alongside the first ascent of Mount Everest. It is not something I would scoff at."

Sir Chris Bonington, led expedition to Everest's south-west face, 1975

"It is a wonderful achievement. The difficulties they faced were demonstrated by the number of failed attempts there have been. But each attempt learned from the previous one and thanks to improvements in weather forecasting, it became just possible to stand up to the wind and the elements."

Richard Noble, leader of Thrust SSC team, which broke the sound barrier on land, 1997

"Invariably I find success in breaking records comes to small outfits of dedicated people like this one without a lot of money. Where a big wealthy company is involved, the people tend to be more conservative."

crash in the West African desert.

All this puts them in the same league as, say, Captain Webb when in 1876 he was the first to swim the Channel. After all, endurance in the face of suffering is in itself enough to win a place in history: that is why Captain Scott is remembered even though he reached the South Pole after Roald Amundsen.

Circling the world by balloon is also important for parochial, patriotic reasons: because a Briton was in the basket send-

ing out a message that Britain's buccannery tradition survives. Similar significance was attached to beating the four-minute mile in 1954, says the record breaker, Sir Roger Bannister. "We had won the war but seemed to have lost in every other way. That record showed the world we were still a force to be reckoned with."

That said, travelling around the world by balloon does not herald any wonderful technological breakthrough to benefit humankind. There will be none of the spin-offs springing from

going to the Moon or the first great aircraft journeys.

In this sense, the achievement is not of historical significance. It recalls the experience of Richard Noble's team, whose Thrust Supersonic car beat the sound barrier in October 1997. "I don't think we ever thought we would help anyone trying to cope with the M25," said Mr Noble yesterday. "But we still had more than 50 million people visiting our website following our progress."

"We all need to be inspired and enlightened by such achievements. It encourages the next generation to go on to greater things."

Ironically, the weekend's success was interesting precisely because ballooning remains primitive. That also made this outmoded form of transport curiously contemporary. Instead of being about conquering nature in the style of an imperial age, this adventure was about harnessing the earth's forces in a more harmonious, Nineties manner.

Most people could also imagine that maybe it could have been them flying at 35,000ft above the earth in a tiny capsule, prey to the elements, sailing across a giant planet. After all, Brian Jones was only a last-minute choice for the flight.

The goals of the adventure were also unusually clear for a world audience. Such clarity, ap-

pealing to the public imagination, is now rare for explorers and adventurers.

Sir Ranulph Fiennes recalls with sadness his return in 1982 from successfully completing the first circumpolar navigation of the earth. He had trekked 130,000 miles from Greenwich, spent three years travelling and become, with his colleague, the first person to go to the South and North Poles in one trip. Yet, when he got back to Greenwich, his arrival was overshadowed by the return of soldiers from the Falklands.

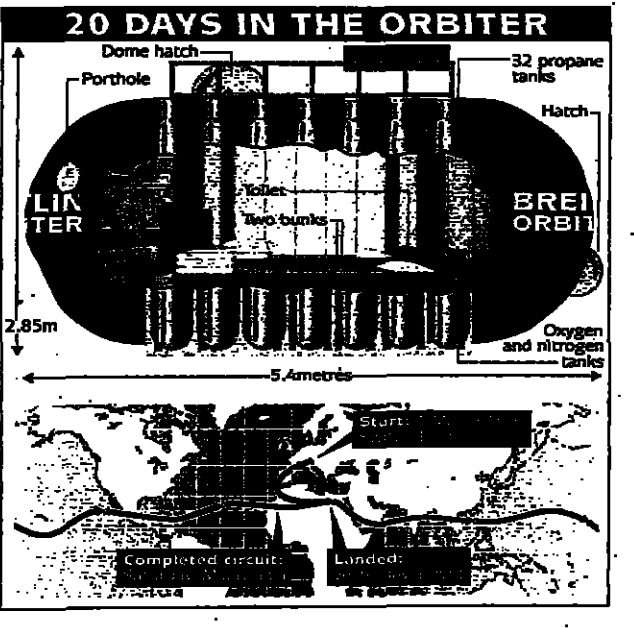
Sir Ranulph's experience demonstrates how once the big success is recorded in a field, the public loses interest and acknowledgement comes only from aficionados. Thus, in 1975, Sir Chris Bonington led a brave and successful attempt on the steepest approach to Everest. But the adventure never had the huge appeal of the first ascent in 1953 when Sir Edmund Hillary famously "knocked the bastard off".

The same will now be true for ballooning. There will be more races, more dicing with death, but the big race between Mr Branson, the *Breitling Orbiter III* and others is over. There may eventually be, suggests Sir Ranulph Fiennes, an attempt to follow his example of a circumpolar journey. But the only balloon journeys which will again truly capture public attention will be the solo trips, like Reinhold Messner's solo ascent of Everest in 1981, unaided by oxygen.

Are there, then, any great world firsts to be achieved after this weekend? Space travel is inevitably the final frontier. But

what about here on earth? The great adventures will be under the sea, predicts Sir Chris Bonington, while Richard Noble points to other frontiers. "There will be breaking the sound barrier on water, running the three-minute mile, reaching a 1,000 miles an hour on land and 500 miles an hour in a wheel-driven vehicle."

So there are still many challenges ahead, although few offer the romance of flying around the world by balloon in a quarter of the time even Jules Verne dared imagine.



## TWO RECORD-BREAKERS... AND THE ONE LEFT BEHIND

**Bertrand Piccard**

In becoming the first man to circumnavigate the world in a hot-air balloon, the 41-year-old Swiss psychiatrist has added another world first to a family of record-setters. His grandfather, Auguste Piccard, and his partner were the first to take a hot-air balloon into the stratosphere, rising to almost 10 miles in 1931. Auguste's twin brother, Jean-Felix, went to 11 miles three years later. In 1960 Bertrand's father, Jacques, took a submarine to the bottom of the Mariana Trench in the Pacific, at nearly seven miles the deepest point on the earth's surface.

**Brian Jones**

He will go down in pioneering history, but had it not been for a reported personality clash between his co-pilot and Tony Brown - the man initially selected for the flight - the honour would have eluded him. Until December, the 51-year-old grandfather from Erestoke, Wiltshire, had been designated as back-up pilot for the project and was second-in-command to the mission chief, Alan Noble. After learning to fly at the age of 16, Jones spent 13 years with the RAF. He developed a passion for ballooning in 1986, acquiring his licence and becoming an instructor in 1989.

**Tony Brown**

Tony Brown might have been looking forward to becoming a millionaire today had he not decided the price - three weeks in a tiny capsule with pilot Bertrand Piccard - was too high. At a team meeting in December a decision was made to end the pilots' partnership and Mr Brown left, waving goodbye in turned out to a fortune in book and advertising deals. The Concorde technician, from Guildford in Surrey, has no regrets. He is reported to have had difficulties with Piccard's obsession with flying around the world, a difference in attitude that drove a wedge between them.

## Queue forms for next challenge

THE BRITISH have a long-standing and unshakeable love affair with dangerous exploits, as witnessed by the success of the balloonists' record-breaking trip around the world.

Despite the fact that many have died, and died, in attempts to brave the worst that nature can throw up, there is a constant stream of adventurers rushing to risk their lives.

Just as David Hempleman-Adams abandoned his attempt to complete a solo unassisted trek to the geomagnetic North

BY CHARLES ARTHUR

Pole, the mountaineer Alan Hinkes was packing his rucksacks to head for Nepal - where he aims to be the first Briton to climb all 14 mountains in the world over 8,000 metres.

Hempleman-Adams returned to his base camp in Canada late on Thursday night, after being rescued by a plane from an ice shelf. The 42-year-old, from Box, near Bath, was just 10 days into his journey when the runners on the sledge

were torn apart by rocks exposed by high winds. "The next part of the trip was 70 miles across rough terrain, higher mountains, and I just figured that there would have been no way in hell would I have got that sledge through there without it falling apart," he said. He is expected back in Britain today.

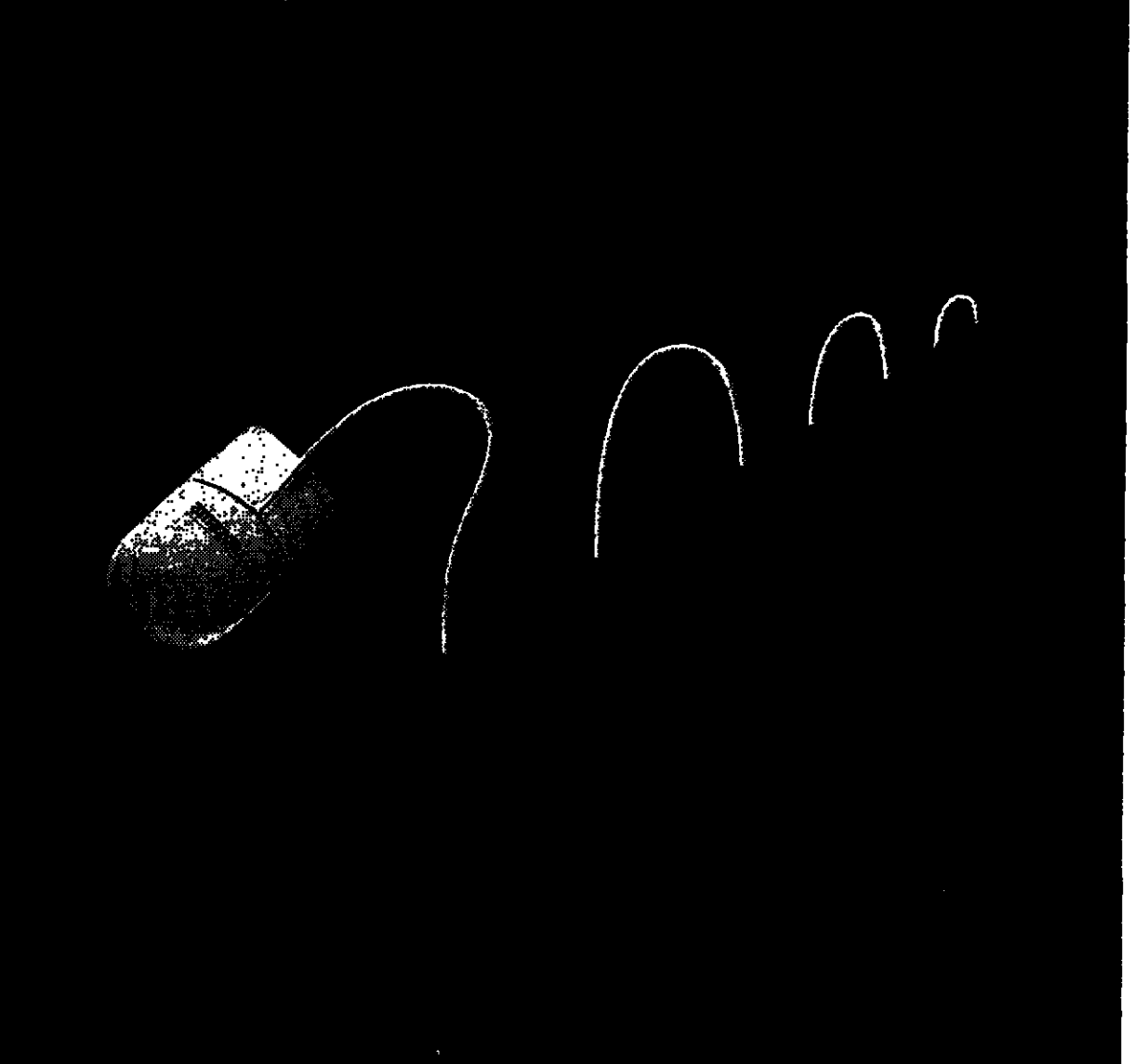
For Hinkes, however, the challenge of climbing the Nepalese peaks of Annapurna, Dhaulagiri, Kangchenjunga and Makalu has yet to begin. "Mountains are dangerous

places," he said yesterday. "I know that I mustn't get complacent, or I could get killed. These days, I am more aware of my mortality."

He has already climbed 10 of the world's highest mountains - including Everest and K2 - and if he succeeds in his mission he will join an exclusive world club of just five people.

"It may have taken me 12 years to do it, and another Briton could then do it faster," he said yesterday. "But they can never be first, can they?"

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# ICI tops list of Britain's worst polluting companies

A "HALL of shame" of Britain's dirtiest firms is published today by the Government's environment watchdog for England and Wales.

The "league table" includes some of the UK's largest companies. ICI Chemicals, Shell UK and British Nuclear Fuels Limited (BNFL) feature in a long list of firms which were fined more than £2m in total last year for pollution offences.

ICI tops the list largely be-

BY LINUS GREGORIADIS

cause of a £300,000 fine it incurred last March for polluting groundwater with almost 150 tonnes of chloroform in April 1997. The leak was discovered when a contractor spotted a 3ft-high fountain of the pollutant gushing from a broken filter in a pipe at the company's sprawling site in Runcorn, Cheshire.

The Environment Agency is now calling for much larger

penalties to be imposed by the courts to cut down pollution.

Ed Gallagher, the agency's chief executive, said: "The average fine for a prosecution last year was £2,786. Clearly this is not sending out a strong enough message to deter large businesses that have the potential to seriously damage the environment."

Waste management and water companies take up five of the top six places. The Environ-

ment Agency said the presence of two water companies in the top 10 reflected the high number of offences committed by the water and sewage industries.

ICI was also fined last year for the release of a metal-cleaning chemical which evaporated into the air and entered a nearby canal, and for a discharge at a site at Cleveland which sprayed across marshland and killed birds, fish and vegetation. A spokesman said: "This is

yesterday's news. It relates to already well-publicised events at three of our plants in 1997 where action to prevent recurrence has already been taken."

He added: "In the last three years ICI has reduced by a third the environmental impact of its legally permitted emissions at its plants in the UK, which number more than 40 plants, at a cost of over £140m. The company is determined to continue this drive for improvement."

Shell UK, joint eighth in the list, was fined £20,000 last year for polluting the Manchester Ship Canal with the equivalent of 10,500 household buckets of refined oil from the Stanlow Manufacturing Complex in Ellesmere Port. A spokesman for Shell said that the company regretted the incident and had taken measures to ensure it never happened again.

BNFL was also fined £20,000 last year following a discharge

from a site in Preston into the River Ribble in May 1997. A spokesman said: "The discharge... did not involve radioactive materials. While not excusing our failure on that occasion there was no evidence the offences... had any detrimental effect on aquatic life."

The largest ever pollution fine in Britain was £1m, imposed on Shell UK after a massive oil pipeline leak polluted the Mersey Estuary in 1989.

The top polluters calculated by fines received are: 1. ICI Chemicals, £382,500; 2. Tysley Waste Disposal Ltd, £95,500; 3. London Waste Ltd, £38,500; 4. Wessex Water Ltd, £38,500; 5. Alcoa Waste Management, £30,000; 6. Anglian Water Services Ltd, £24,250; 7. EOM Construction Ltd, £21,000; 8. Shell (UK) Ltd, £20,000; 9. BNFL, £20,000; 10. Celtic Energy, £18,000; 11. European Vinyls Corporation Ltd, £18,000.

## Heads attack tuition plan for top pupils

TEACHERS yesterday accused the Government of undermining inner-city schools after plans to offer bright children special tuition were revealed.

About 100,000 pupils from inner-city comprehensives will be offered master classes at nearby specialist colleges in subjects in which they excel. The aim is to keep middle-class pupils at inner-city schools as the gap between the best and worst schools widens and ambitious parents shop around.

Proposals to be announced today by David Blunkett, the Education Secretary, will also help the slowest pupils. No details were available, but early leaks concentrated on the benefits for the top 10 per cent.

Earlier this year the Prime Minister infuriated teachers when he said that some inner-city schools were so bad he did not blame parents for "making other arrangements" for children. He opted to send both his children to schools six miles from their Westminster home, at the London Oratory in Hammersmith and nearby Sacred Heart girls' school. He also backed Harriet Harman, who sent her son to St Olave's grammar school in Bromley rather than the local comprehensive.

BY JUDITH JUDD  
Education Editor

Yesterday John Durnford, general secretary of the Secondary Heads Association, said: "This is a vote of no confidence in inner-city schools, many of which are doing a superb job. Teachers at these schools will go into work tomorrow feeling that the only way their bright kids can get a good education is by getting out of them. We need a package in inner-city schools for children of all abilities."

Mr Blair and Mr Blunkett see the scheme as part of their promise to "modernise" comprehensive education. About 450 schools will be involved in the three-year programme to divert £100m to schools in London, Birmingham, Merseyside, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield and Rotherham.

Pupils will attend their local schools for most lessons, but will receive extra tuition in the growing network of schools specialising in science, technology, languages, the arts and sport.

Nigel de Gruchy, general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters and Union of Women Teachers, said: "If this hare-brained scheme is designed to reassure the middle

classes, it will not succeed. Desperate middle-class parents can usually afford extra tuition. Their real concern is social. They don't want their children mixing with rough children in schools where bullying is rife."

Schools in the programme will have to name a teacher to co-ordinate it. Estelle Morris, the school standards minister, will be given an extra role as minister for inner-city education.

A national team of advisers will include Professor Tim Brighouse, who last week resigned as vice-chairman of the Government's standards task force after disputes with Chris Woodhead, Chief Inspector of Schools.

Professor Brighouse told BBC Radio 4's *The World This Weekend* that there had been a flight from inner cities in Britain and north America. "We've got to reverse that. The starting point must be to get behind the efforts of the staff in inner cities and introduce more education."

He said he did not believe the initiative would benefit only the 10 per cent of children "because I know the Government is totally committed to success for the many rather than the few, and that would be the few."

Leading article,  
Review, page 3



Kevin Carlyon, a white witch, conducts a fertility ceremony with Eric and Sue Rae in the eye of the White Horse on White Horse Hill, near Oxford

## Elderly farmer killed by bull

BY JOHN SHEERAN

AN ELDERLY farmer who died when he was attacked by a bull as he went to check for new-born lambs was yesterday described as having been a fit man who "would have shown up someone half his age".

Brian Warren, 86, was killed by the animal at Hall Farm in the village of Fornham All Saints in Suffolk.

The widower was attacked by the five-year-old Simmental in a field at his farm on Saturday night. Emergency services were prevented from helping him for half an hour until the bull was put down by a local gamekeeper. By the time doctors reached Mr Warren, who ran the farm with his son Martin, 36, he had died from his injuries.

His friend Sebastian White said that Mr Warren's death would be a sad loss to the community. "He was a great person to be with and had a great sense of humour. He was a very kind person who will be greatly missed," he said.

Mr White, 34, said that despite his age, Mr Warren was fighting-fit and still worked on the farm as normal. "He was a very fit man and would have shown up someone half his age," he said.

He was attacked by the bull as he went to check for new-born lambs at the start of the lambing season.

The Health and Safety Executive has been informed and an inquest will take place.

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Three die

Million shareho



# Staff sue firms for 'excessive courtesy'

MORE AND MORE female employees are suing for sexual harassment over incidents the defendants claim are merely examples of old fashioned courtesy. Disputes of this nature have doubled in the past three years, with nearly 20 such cases a week, according to a leading firm of employment lawyers. Companies often prefer to settle the matter privately to avoid publicity.

BY CHERRY NORTON  
Social Affairs Correspondent

"It's the death of common courtesy," said Christopher Southam, a senior partner in the law firm Osborne Clarke. "Some people are misconstruing the most innocent of words and actions. Others are on their guard and are deliberately not using common courtesy in case they are misinterpreted."

In one case a 32-year-old female administrator, working in the transport industry in London, sued her company because a colleague kept sending her cards and flowers, saying she was doing a good job. She complained: "It was a daily pressure, I did not want to go into work."

When she made an allegation of sexual harassment the company, which did not have a proper sexual complaints procedure, chose to settle the case for £1,000 rather than contest it. "Employers need to introduce appropriate policies to increase awareness of what sexual harassment is," said Mr Southam. "This will reduce the potential for stress, over-the-top activity as well as providing employees with a defence."

In a case last year, a 25-year-old accountant based in London complained to her personnel department about her "terribly nice boss". He kept giving her chocolates and thanking her for doing a good job. The woman found his actions reprehensible because he did not treat other trainees in the same way and he made her feel uncomfortable. She said: "He was thanking me all the time for doing a job I was being paid to do."

Her boss, a 45-year-old accountant who had worked for the firm for more than 25 years,

was "mortified" when he was told of the complaint by personnel and stopped sending her chocolates. He claimed he was "just trying to be nice" and had no idea his actions had been misconstrued.

Even e-mails are not exempt from this legal minefield since employers can be held liable for those sent by their staff.

"I am saddened by such attitudes. Everyone can benefit from a little more courtesy," said Gill Mackenzie, honorary secretary of the Campaign for Courtesy. "This country loses billions of pounds on stress-related illness. One would have thought a little more courtesy would help."

In Ms Mackenzie's view, provided there is no favouritism or sexual overtures, courtesy at work should be encouraged, as happy employees are more efficient employees. Even senior figures complain about the offensiveness of courtesy. A 29-year-old female banker in the City kept finding flowers and bags of sweets on her desk from a 23-year-old male banker she was training. They were accompanied by cards, thanking her and telling her she was wonderful. The woman sued the company for sexual harassment and settled for a confidential sum.

The Equal Opportunities Commission disputes that attempts to be courteous often result in harassment complaints. It also believes few cases of sexual harassment are brought lightly or motivated by the possibility of financial reward.

"They are the last resort," said Jane Monkhouse, a commission specialist on sexual harassment. "Sexual harassment at work can be both unpleasant and damaging. It can be persistent verbal harassment, physical attack or just one event. Most large firms do have proper policies in place but many small companies do not see the need and this is when trouble and confusion can occur."



Morecambe and Wise in their heyday. They were partners in comedy for over 40 years

Re: Features

## Ernie Wise, owner of legendary short, fat, hairy legs, dies at 73

BY PAUL MCCANN  
Media Editor

ERNE WISE, perhaps British comedy's greatest straight man, died of heart failure in hospital yesterday morning at the age of 73.

Wise, the second half of the hit comedy television show Morecambe and Wise, had been seriously ill since December when he suffered two heart attacks in one week. He had a triple heart bypass operation in Fort Lauderdale near his holiday home in Florida in January, and flew to Britain by air ambulance two weeks ago. He was in hospital near Slough, Berkshire, when complications from a chest infection and his operation caused heart failure at 7am.

His wife, Doreen, said: "He had recovered slightly and was well enough to come home from Florida. I phoned the hospital at 6.15 to check how he was and they said he was okay. Then they called back to say they were worried about his condition. I went to the hospi-



Ernie Wise showing an early talent to amuse as a schoolboy, and with his wife, Doreen, to whom he was married for 46 years



tal, but he had already died." Leading figures from the entertainment world paid tribute to Wise's 40-year partnership with the man who called him "Little Ern". "They both had an important part to play in their double act," said Bill Cotton, the former BBC1 controller who brought the duo to the BBC. "Ernie's role was equally important. If Ernie had

died first, Eric would have been just as lost professionally as Ernie was without him." Eric Morecambe died of a heart attack in 1984. Yesterday, a Downing Street spokesman said: "The Prime Minister was very saddened to hear about this." Glenda Jackson MP, who was one of many stars who appeared on the Morecambe and Wise show, said the double act

was great fun: "We were always laughing during rehearsals and when filming. It wasn't that they were working at it, it was just that they were a joy to be around." Des O'Connor, who for years was the butt of Eric and Ernie's jokes, said Wise had given more to the act than was realised: "Eric was the wit, but Ernie was the strength, the

anchor. If Eric got lost, it was Ernie pulling him back and righting the boat."

Wise, born Ernie Wiseman in Leeds, was just 16 when he teamed up with Morecambe. They first worked on television in the early Sixties in a half-hour TTV show. Once they moved to longer programmes on BBC1, they became Britain's most popular entertainers. They were at their peak in the Seventies, with their Christmas Day programme as big a tradition as the Queen's broadcast.

Wise always rejected the idea he was the lesser partner in the team. He once said: "I am not the stooge; a stooge does not say anything, just stands there with his face painted. I was the song and dance man." But with his "short, fat, hairy legs" and his willingness to have his fringe tugged - "you can't see the join, you know" - Ernie Wise gave more than a song and dance man ever could. He gave Eric Morecambe's talent a target. *Obituary, Review, page 6*

## Heath attacks Hague on EU

BY FRAN ABRAMS  
Westminster Correspondent

WILLIAM HAGUE came under fresh fire from his own side last night as Sir Edward Heath accused him of talking "nonsense" over the EU Commission crisis.

Mr Heath, who took Britain into Europe, dismissed a suggestion by the Tory party leader that the commissioners should all have resigned last January. "All of that is absolute nonsense," he said in a television interview. "We know he doesn't want the Commission, he doesn't want us to be in Europe and that's all being proclaimed pretty loudly."

Sir Edward said he would be "perfectly happy" if the pro-European Tory former cabinet minister Chris Patten and the outgoing Liberal Democrat leader Paddy Ashdown were Britain's next two nominees to be commissioners.

When it was pointed out that such appointments would leave supporters of Mr Hague's Eurosceptic line without a voice, the former Prime Minister replied: "It's a pretty small voice in any case in the House of Commons."

Sir Edward conceded that it might be hard for Mr Blair to nominate two non-Labour candidates, but added: "I have long suspected that he really wants to get a nomination from Mr Hague that he won't accept and then put Chris Patten in his place, if Chris wants it."

Last Tuesday Mr Hague told the Commons that while he agreed commissioners not directly implicated by the report should serve out their terms as an interim measure, there should be "a total clear-out of the existing Commission and an entirely new set of commissioners appointed". He also said it was time to change the structure that had led the Commission and the EU to try to do too much and interfere too often.

Sir Edward said last week's report on mismanagement of funds presented an opportunity to tackle the EU's weaknesses. However, he added that for the former French Prime Minister Edith Cresson to have appointed her dentist and his son to Commission jobs was "not necessarily" corruption.

The former prime minister also warned Mr Blair over his comment that the crisis was an opportunity for Britain. "Mr Blair has to be very careful about this," he said.

## Three die in fastest road car 'Church must welcome blacks'

THREE PEOPLE were killed yesterday in a McLaren F1, the fastest and most expensive road car produced, when the car crashed into a tree and burst into flames on the brow of a hill in Essex.

Witnesses said that the fire in the car, which costs £627,000 and has a top speed of 228mph, was so intense that they were unable to approach the inferno by the side of the A120, at an accident blackspot near the market town of Great

BY DARIUS SANAI

Dunmow. Police said that the driver of the metallic burgundy supercar was a local businessman. The other two victims were the female passengers.

The driver of the F1, a road-going offshoot of the Surrey-based McLaren Formula One racing team, sits centrally at the front of the cabin, flanked by two passengers slightly behind him on either side. The crash happened at

about 2pm. Susan Mulford and her husband Leigh rushed from their home after hearing the crash. Mrs Mulford said: "We saw this great cloud of black smoke and then flames right across the road."

"It was fortunate that no other cars were following. No one could get anywhere near it. It was just smoke and flames."

Police were withholding the victims' names last night pending notification of their next of kin.



The McLaren F1 has a top speed of 228mph

A LEADING bishop said yesterday that the Church of England should be more welcoming to its black congregation. The Right Rev James Jones, installed as Bishop of Liverpool last year, denied, however, that the Anglican Church was institutionally racist.

He said many Anglican immigrants arriving in Britain from the West Indies in the Fifties were not welcomed into the Church. The comments came as Bishop Jones deliv-

BY MARIA BRESLIN

ered a human rights talk as part of the 10th annual Peter Heery lecture in the crypt of Liverpool's Catholic Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King.

"I think the Church could be much more welcoming to black people," he said.

The origins of the black-led churches in this country was because people coming to us, especially from the West Indies, did not find a welcome in the

Church at the time. Although nobody admits to being racist, there are undercurrents in all our institutions that make black people and all people of ethnic minorities feel they don't belong.

"The Church is not institutionally racist but there are subtle forces at work in every institution that keep some people out."

"On behalf of the Church of England I want to extend a welcome to people of every race

into the Church," Bishop Jones added.

The bishop hit the headlines last weekend when it was revealed that the father-of-three daughters was to be featured alongside strippers and table-top dancers in a BBC series to be shown in the run-up to Easter.

Bishop Jones, a close friend of the veteran entertainer Cliff Richard, defended his decision, claiming he was in line with the work of Christ.

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# Bells toll protest at football on Sabbath

THE CONSTANT tolling of a church bell mixed with the chants and shouts of a football crowd in Birmingham yesterday, as a vicar and his diminishing flock staged a protest against the encroachment of football on Sunday worship.

The Rev Keith Sinclair was angry about the rescheduling of Aston Villa's televised game against Chelsea to 11.30am yesterday, which he said would severely disrupt services at nearby churches, including his own Aston Parish Church.

With his congregation down to 30, less than half the normal attendance, his five bellringers kept the tenor bell tolling from 10am to 1pm. "We are not trying to annoy anyone, but we feel it is about time football stopped steamrolling everything in its path," said Mr Sinclair. "When TV ratings are seen as more important than people's freedom to worship, we have a major problem."

The peals of protest were led by Don Finmore, the master ringer, who agreed that it was time to take a stand. "One hundred years ago, Aston Villa

BY JOHN DAVISON

were a Methodist church team. They would never have dreamed of playing a match on the day of worship," he said.

A spokesman for Aston Villa said that the early start was not their fault. "We sympathise with the churchgoers, but the rescheduling was completely out of our hands. Sky are pretty much in control."

Vic Wakeling, managing director of Sky Sports, said: "The game was offered to Sky Sports and we informed the Premier League that we would be able to transmit it if the kick-off was at 12.30pm or 1pm," he said.

"This was because we were already committed to the Worthington Cup Final on the same day." The Premier League then told them that the game would kick-off at 11.30am, Mr Wakeling added.

The bellringers could be back in action for Aston Villa's next home game, against West Ham, which Sky has brought forward to Good Friday.

Leading article  
Review, page 3



Villa supporters pass Aston Parish Church yesterday on their way to the Sunday morning match. Claire Lim

# US and Europe row over GM milk

A FRESH row is brewing between the United States and Europe over genetically manipulated products promoted by the biotechnology giant Monsanto - this time, over milk.

New scientific studies suggest that an artificial hormone used in the US to make cattle produce more milk could raise the risk of breast and prostate cancer in humans.

Yet the American government is now pushing Europe to end a moratorium on the use of animal growth hormones. The moratorium was imposed in 1989 on the grounds that European farmers were already producing too much milk and beef, and there was no need for greater production. It was extended in 1996 and 1997.

But the US says now that the ban infringes free trade rules - and, in particular, restrains the ability of Monsanto, which has patented a genetically engineered version of the milk-producing hormone, to sell its product in Europe.

The row carries echoes of the ongoing arguments over imports of bananas from Caribbean countries to the EU, which, according to the US, breach trade rules. Monsanto's presence also recalls the lack of labelling on genetically-modified soya beans grown in the US but shipped to Europe.

But since the European ban on bovine somatotropin (BST) came into force in 1997, new scientific evidence has found that

BY CHARLES ARTHUR  
Technology Editor

giving cattle excess levels of the hormone - a naturally-occurring substance - can cause a fivefold rise in the levels of a protein called IGF-1 (immune growth factor) in the milk.

Studies published last year in *Science* and *The Lancet*, showed that heightened levels of IGF-1 in humans carry an increased risk of prostate cancer in men, and breast cancer in women.

Senior European vets are understood to have submitted a report to the European Commission calling for the ban on BST to continue. That could trigger a renewed trade row with the US.

BST, produced by genetically engineered bacteria carrying the cattle DNA for the hormone, is marketed by Monsanto under the name Posilac. It was patented, and won approval for use from the US Food and Drug Administration in 1993.

But the quality of the FDA's investigation has now been called into doubt. Critics say that rather than carrying out its own studies on the hormone, it relied on studies summarised and passed to it by Monsanto. A search by *The Independent* of the FDA's literature on BST does not show any investigation of IGF-1 levels in milk produced by injected cattle.

A spokesman for Monsanto dismissed the concerns and insisted the product was safe.

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## IN BRIEF

### Baby found in shopping centre

A NEW-BORN baby was found yesterday abandoned in a box in a shopping arcade in Leicester. The baby boy, only hours old, was taken to Leicester Royal Infirmary. A spokesman said his condition was stable.

### Adolescent angst angers adults

PARENTHOOD IS a frustrating experience, according to a survey published yesterday. Two-thirds of parents are driven to distraction by their children's refusal to help around the home and the state of their bedrooms.

### Diana fund chairman steps down

DIANA, PRINCESS of Wales' former lawyer is standing down as chairman of her memorial fund. Anthony Julius, who negotiated her divorce, will remain a trustee of the fund.

### Three share £13.4m jackpot

THE NUMBERS in Saturday's National Lottery were: 45, 29, 13, 49, 25, 17, bonus 28. Three share a £13.4m jackpot.



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## Wendy Boase

WENDY BOASE, founding editor of Walker Books, epitomised all that is best in an editor: she cared passionately about her authors and her books, she cared about the words and the pictures, she cared about every detail of a book's production. Such editors are rare.

She was born in Melbourne and had what she described as a "typically out-of-control Australian upbringing". Much of her time was spent helping her mother run a country store which sold "everything from bras to bathing caps." An avid reader from the start, she discovered the world of Australian children's classics and never lost her fondness for such seminal titles as May Gibbs's *Snugglypot and Cuddlepup* (1918) and *The Magic Pudding* by Norman Lindsay (1918). Good storytelling was important to her; she valued and appreciated the quality it could bring into a child's life.

Her schooling was somewhat indifferent but she went on to Sydney University to study Anglo-Saxon and Middle English. A two-year period of teaching in a private school followed her graduation, but then, like so many young Australians of her generation, she set off in 1968 for the almost obligatory "year in the U.S." - a year which turned into a lifetime. In London she taught for a while, then took off to travel round Europe and North America.

Returning to London, Boase enjoyed a brief and unlikely spell as a croupier in a gambling club before taking her first publishing job at *Reader's Digest*, where she was a reluctant secretary until she was promoted to the research department. From there she went to Marshall Cavendish, the book packager. There she met the charismatic Sebastian Walker and the art director Amelia Edwards.

When Walker began his publishing adventure Walker Books, in 1978, he invited Boase to join him "to look after the words". Walker, Boase, and Edwards together set up the fledgling company in the spare bedroom of Walker's Islington home and from this modest start grew a children's book publishing company which is now one of the most innovative, successful and admired in the world. After Walker's premature death in 1991 the company took on a more structured framework and Boase

joined the new board, becoming Editorial Director.

Boase's life was Walker Books. She had vast energy, a huge capacity for work and a fiercely protective attitude towards her authors and artists. She also had a finely tuned feeling for good writing, picking out from the never-ending piles of unsolicited manuscripts such talented writers as Hugh Scott, whose novel *Why Weeps the Erogan?* won the Whitbread Award in 1989, and Lesley Howarth, who won the Guardian Fiction Award in 1995 with *Map Head*.

She was especially proud of the *Maisy* books by Lucy Cousins, and when the first dummies of these little books arrived in the Walker office Boase ran round to everyone enthusiastically hailing a potential bestseller. She was

*'Nothing but the rarest kind of best is good enough for children,' wrote Walter de la Mare. Wendy Boase lived that ideal*



Boase's life was Walker Books, which she joined when it began in 1978

right; 10 titles have followed the original *Maisy Goes to Bed* (1990), with several more to be published this autumn, including *Maisy's Mix-and-Match Mousewear*. The books have become world-wide favourites, published in 16 languages. One of Boase's last great coups was the development of a forthcoming television series featuring *Maisy*.

Boase was an influential figure in the groundbreaking deal Walker struck with Sainsbury, the subsequent marketing in Sainsbury stores of high-quality, low-cost children's books, produced by Walker, was one of the most significant developments in children's publishing since the Second World War.

But it was fiction which was Boase's particular love and over 10 years she

built the Walker fiction list to its present pre-eminent position at a time when many publishers were cutting back on their children's fiction. This took courage and vision, and it was a venture supported by the chairman of Walker Books, David Lloyd, from the start.

Like all good editors, Boase abhorred sloppiness and could be impatient if her high standards were not met. But her colleagues loved and respected her, and many young editors benefited from her training. A rather severe and unchanging hair-style could give her a formidable air, but this was misleading - she was never a *grande dame*. She retained her down-to-earth Australian directness of manner, did not suffer fools, and had a robustly earthy sense of humour. Boase claimed to have no hobbies but she enjoyed walking and country life, was interested in antiques, never stopped reading and once knitted a Kaffe Fassett sweater. Cancer struck her with terrible swiftness and was endured with awesome grace.

"Nothing but the rarest kind of best in anything is good enough for children," wrote Walter de la Mare. Wendy Boase lived that ideal, and the many authors and artists she nurtured with such skill will keep it alive for her.

JULIA MACRAE

Wendy Boase, book editor: born Melbourne, Victoria 14 October 1944; married 1979 John Vigurs; died London 15 March 1999.

## Professor Trevor Saunders

TREVOR SAUNDERS was a leading authority on ancient Greek philosophy and a superb teacher. He was known inside and outside Newcastle University for his personal integrity, scrupulous fairness, and strong sense of where a scholar's interests lay, spiced with occasional bouts of dark foreboding about What the Administration Was Planning Next. Each never failed to give pleasure.

He faced the destructive absurdities foisted upon universities in recent years not with blind resistance or hopeless resignation, but with a determination to preserve what every serious researcher in the humanities needs and the authorities nowadays bend over backwards to deny - the time to read, think and write. His own work on Plato showed what could be done by a scholar who harvested his research time carefully, but without compromising his commitment to students and colleagues or his sense of duty, however weary at times, to the administration.

His qualities were always in demand, locally and nationally, and brought him the chairmanship of the Council of University Classics Departments, membership of the government research assessment panel for Classics, a seat on the Council of Durham University. To his secure, clear-eyed judgement the Newcastle Classics Department and Arts Faculty turned, with gratitude and relief, time and again.

Saunders was raised on a farm in

Wiltshire, went to Chippenham Grammar School, in 1953 took up a scholarship at University College London (graduating with a First in Classics) and ended his formal education at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he completed a doctorate on Plato's *Lysis*. Greek, social, political and legal thought was to become the focus of his scholarly life, but early on he found he had a talent for translating, and produced a series of first-rate Penguin Classics. These included Plato's *Lysis* (1970), a complete revision of Aristotle's *Politics* (1981, originally by T.A. Sinclair - this paved the way for his text and translation of the first two books of *The Politics* in the Clarendon Aristotle series, 1983) and Plato's *Ion* in *Early Socratic Dialogues* (1987), a collection he edited and introduced.

His enviable gift for making complicated philosophy in an ancient language and distant culture comprehensible to a lay readership was never more clearly exhibited than in his teaching, to whose clarity, cogency, vigour and wit generations of students can testify. His scholarly work showed precisely the same qualities - he had no time for the trendy obsessions of the contemporary literary scene - and commanded a similar respect among his peers, as two recent international conferences on Plato's *Lysis* demonstrated.

His *Plato's Penal Code* (1991), a fat book without an ounce of fat on it, was the culmination of a lifetime's intense



Saunders: Plato comprehended

reflection on Plato, a major contribution to our understanding of ancient Greek legal theory and practice, and a fitting monument to the man and his scholarship: beautifully written, wide-ranging (the surveys the field from Homer onwards) and sharply focused, rigorously and courteously argued, and exactly annotated.

Due to retire in September, he had been planning for some time the first modern investigation of ancient Greek theories of equity when cancer of the pancreas was diagnosed, leaving him a few weeks to live. This he bore with a proper philosophical equanimity,

buoyed by his and his beloved family's longstanding Catholic faith.

A demon croquet player (given the chance), Trevor Saunders found his relaxation in films and railways. It seemed that there was virtually no film he had not seen or would not go to see (for a long time he possessed no television, despite its small screen) and there was certainly nothing about the most obscure branch-line on which he would not discourse, if prompted. Films about railways were his idea of heaven. He was on the footplate of the last train to travel the Wansbeck line, and tape-recorded the sound for posterity. His cremation ended, as his family fittingly insisted, with the sound of that train chugging out of Woodburn station, bearing him on its way.

PETER JONES

Trevor John Saunders, classical scholar: born Corsham, Wiltshire 12 July 1934; Assistant Lecturer in Latin, Bedford College, London University 1959-61; Assistant Lecturer in Classics, Hull University 1961-63; Lecturer 1963-65; Lecturer in Classics, Newcastle University, 1965-72; Senior Lecturer 1972-78; Reader in Greek Philosophy 1978; Professor of Greek 1978-99; Head of Classics 1972-82, 1987-92; Dean of the Faculty of Arts 1982-85; Chairman, Council of University Classics Departments 1981-84; married 1959 Teresa Schmitz (two daughters); died Newcastle upon Tyne 24 January 1999.

## GAZETTE

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

#### IN MEMORIAM

LASSOW: Hilda. In loving memory of my wonderful mother who left me last year. She was such a bright light and I miss her more than words can say. From her loving daughter.

Announcements for BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette notices are charged at £10 (VAT extra).

#### BIRTHDAYS

Mr George Benson, singer and jazz guitarist, 56; Mr Desmond Browne MP, 47; Miss Betty Callaway, ice-skating trainer, 71; Miss Sheila Cameron QC, Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury, 65; Mr Brian Hamrahan, broadcaster, 50; Mr David Ingman, former Chairman, British Waterways Board, 71; The Very Rev Lawrence Jackson, Provost Emeritus of Blackburn, 73; Dr Harry Kay, former Vice-Chancellor, Exeter University, 80; Mr Werner Klempere, actor, 80; Lord Lloyd-Webber, composer, 51; Mr Peter McEvoy, golfer, 46; Mr Karl Malden, actor, 86; M Marcel Marceau, mime artist, 76; Mr Andrew Morris, High Commissioner to Tonga, 60; Mr Stephen Nash, ambassador to Georgia, 57; Mr Alan Opie, bari-

#### ANNIVERSARIES

tone, 54; Mr Charles Pick, former managing director, Heinemann, 82; Sir Lynden Pindling, former prime minister of the Bahamas, 69; Professor William Ritchie, Vice-Chancellor, Lancaster University, 59; Mr Paul Rogers, actor, 82; Mr Paul Schockemöhle, show-jumper, 54; Mr William Shatner, actor, 68; Mr Stephen Sondheim, composer and lyricist, 69; Professor Sir Colin Spedding, chairman, UK Register of Organic Food Standards Board, 74; Lord Stokes, former president, British Leyland, 85; Miss Mary Tamm, actress, 49; Mr Leslie Thomas, writer, 68; Professor Sir Leslie Turnbull, chairman, Specialist Training Authority, 65; Miss Fanny Waterman, pianist and teacher, 79; Professor David Watson, Director, University of Brighton, 50.

#### ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Prince of Wales, Patron, the Royal Navy and Royal Marines Ethiopian Challenge 1999 Expedition, attends a reception in aid of the expedition. The Princess Royal, Patron, the Butler Trust, attends the Annual Award Ceremony at Buckingham Palace; opens Hill Romes' new nursing home, Bridgeton Lodge in Wharf Road, London N1; and, as Patron, Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, attends the launch of a new biography of Gerald Durrell at Harper-Collins, Fulham Palace Road, London SW7.

#### LECTURES

Royal Academy of Arts, at the Society of Antiquaries, London W1: MaryAnne Stevens, "Monet's Perception of Modernity", 1pm.

#### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; F Company Scots Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am. Band provided by the Scots Guards.

### LITERARY NOTES

DEBBIE TAYLOR

## Time to get out of the kitchen

SPRING IS the season of the Orange Prize for women's fiction. It now sprawls like marmalade across nearly three months: from the inaugural Orange Lecture this Monday, through the Orange Breakfast at the end of the month (when the long short-list is announced), on through to the June Declaration of the short short-list and the final prizewinner a week later.

And once again, as every year, it will be open season on the award's feminist agenda as the media get their knickers in a familiar twist about anything smacking of positive discrimination. What may not be realised, however, is that this whole debate is being quietly overtaken by events. Inexorably women are sloughing off decades of under-education and gaining on men in the race for literary distinction.

From birth, women display a greater aptitude for and love of words. Girls speak read and write earlier than boys and stay ahead in verbal skills all the way through school. As women, they tend to buy more books than men, borrow more from libraries and spend more time reading. In fact, there are now twice as many woman literature graduates than men; twice as many enrolling on creative-writing courses.

Of course, this doesn't

mean it's all petals in the rose garden. All the evidence shows a woman author's path is strewn with many more thorns than a man's.

For a start, women simply have less time to devote to their writing. The UK's most recent national survey found women doing twice as much housework and childcare as men. Candia McWilliam spoke for many when she claimed that "one child equals two unwritten books".

It's no coincidence that so many prominent woman authors, today and throughout history, are either childless or lesbian or both. Confidence is another problem. A series of recent surveys and market research carried out found that, despite their passion for writing, women are over 50 per cent less likely than men to submit their work for publication.

In a sense this is not surprising. The world of literature, as reflected in the national press, is still a very masculine domain, with twice as many books by men published and over twice as many reviewed - by reviewers who are three times as likely to be men.

Then there are the literary prizes. Men have outnumbered women by around two to one on all the major shortlists for the last 30 years. In poetry the imbalance is even greater, with men win-

ning over nine out of every 10 prizes.

But those who look carefully enough see that the tide is on the turn. Never before have so many women taken writing quite so seriously. The two last censuses revealed a quite dramatic increase in the numbers of women taking up writing as a career. From being just 34 per cent of people whose main occupation was writing in 1981, the number of women had increased to 43 per cent a decade later. Come 2001, if the trend continues, female writers will outnumber male writers for the first time in history. And that's not including the many thousands writing part-time, in snatched and stolen time, in "that still blue almost eternal hour before the baby's cry".

It's time to stop picking at the scabs of an old debate and look at the bigger picture. Yes, it is more difficult for woman writers to make a mark. But hey: they are good, they are on their way, they are getting there. And they deserve any prize that's going. As the judges digest the submissions for the Orange Prize, it's time for the spoilers to get out of the kitchen. The cooking time is over.

Debbie Taylor edits *Mislexia*, the new magazine for woman writers launched this month

### CASE SUMMARIES

22 MARCH 1999

THE FOLLOWING notes of judgments were prepared by the reporters of the *All England Law Reports*.

#### Costs

*R v Liverpool Magistrates' Court, ex p Abika*; QBD, Div Ct (Kennedy LJ, Blofield J) 5 March 1999.

ONA true construction of s 16(1) of the Prosecution of Offences Act 1985 any magistrates' court had the power to make a defendant's costs order; the power was not restricted to the particular bench of magistrates who had actually dismissed the case against the defendant. Furthermore, there was nothing in the statute which stated that costs orders had to be made timeously.

*Stuart Mills (RM, Broudie & Co, Liverpool) for the applicant.*

#### Tax

*Hilldown Holding plc v IR Commrs*; Ch D (Arden J) 11 March 1999.

THE WORD "payment" meant "effective payment" in relation to a payment made to an employer out of its approved pension scheme, giving rise to a tax liability under s 601 of the Taxes Act 1988. Where the payment to the employer was found to be in breach of trust and was returned to the pension fund by order of the court, there was no "effective payment" and the Revenue had to repay the tax.

*David Oliver QC and Nigel Giffen (Herbert Smith) for the taxpayer; Ian Glick QC and Richard Gillis UR Sobri for the Crown.*

#### Sentencing

*Attorney-General's Reference (No 71 of 1998)*; CA, Crim Div (Judge LJ, Sachs, Kevan LJ) 8 March 1999.

WHERE AN offender who had

already been convicted of a "serious offence" within s 2(5) of the Crime (Sentences) Act 1997 committed a robbery which, in order to qualify as a second "serious offence" making him liable to a sentence of life imprisonment, required that the offender had had possession of a firearm, it was sufficient that the offence had been committed as a joint enterprise where a firearm had been used, even though the offender himself had never had possession of it.

*Neil Moore (CPS) for the Attorney General; Louise Godfrey QC (Crown Prosecution Service, Leeds) for the offender.*

#### Employment

*Barber and ors v RJB Mining (UK) Ltd*; QBD (Gage J) 3 March 1999.

REGULATION 4(1) of the Working Time Regulations 1998, which set a maximum weekly working time for all workers covered by the regulations, imposed a contractual obligation on the parties which was capable of remedy in the civil courts, and accordingly the employment tribunal did not have exclusive jurisdiction over claims arising out of the regulations.

*Brian Longstaff QC (Keeble Hanson, Sheffield) for the plaintiffs; Nicholas Underhill QC (Preshfields) for the defendant.*

#### Reinsurance

*Württembergische Aktiengesellschaft Versicherungs-Beteiligungsgesellschaft v Home Insurance Co*; CA (Gutler-Sloss, Aldous, Brooke LJ) 9 March 1999.

A JUDGE deciding a preliminary issue in the course of prolonged litigation was wrong to use the expression "persuasive obiter dicta" in relation to earlier judgments on other pre-

liminary issues in the same litigation, since those judgments were binding only in relation to the matters which they had purported to decide.

*Jonathan Hirst QC, Neil Calver (Barlow Lyde & Gilbert) for the appellants; Mark Howard QC, Robin Dicker (Holman Fenwick & Willan) for the respondents.*

#### Extradition

*Re Burke*; QBD, Div Ct (Rose LJ, Mitchell J) 16 March 1999. THE WORD "sentence" in art VII(4) of Sch 1 to the United States of America (Extradition) order 1976 was not confined to a sentence of imprisonment, but included a term of supervised release to be served following a term in custody. Such a supervised release was not an ancillary order, but was an integral part of the sentence passed. Furthermore, an order to pay a sum of money by way of restitution and a fine also fell within the article as being a sentence.

*John Hardy (Christmas & Sheehan) for the applicant; Roy Brown (CPS) for the Governor of Bristol Prison and the United States Government.*

#### Adoption

*Re B (a minor)* (adoption order: nationality); House of Lords (Lord Nicholls of Birkenhead, Lord Hoffmann, Lord Hope of Craighead, Lord Hutton and Lord Millet) 11 March 1999. WHEN CONSIDERING whether to make an adoption order under s 6 of the Adoption Act 1976, the court should not, in determining whether the child's welfare called for adoption, ignore benefits which would result solely from a change in immigration status.

*Michael Harrison QC, David Jones (Blake Lophorn) for the appellants; Ashley Underwood (Treasury Solicitor) for the respondents.*

### WORDS

CHRISTOPHER HAWTREE

ken, n. and v.

A week goes by / In which some one doesn't die. / So we really mustn't grumble very much. One can picture this harmonising vicar

and curate: "though we fill the cup of duty to the very brim / Ideas may sometimes swim / Into our ken". Curiously, *ken* - with many European equivalents and defined by Johnson as "view; reach of sight" - is seemed rare by the OED, when it was surely currency by Kenneth Horne's wireless show.

# Couple lead rush for 'smart babies'

INCREASING NUMBERS of infertile British women are travelling to the United States to buy "intelligent eggs" from Ivy League students for up to £15,000.

One young, professional couple from London has just conceived after selecting a donor with an IQ of 153 on the Internet. British law does not allow a woman to be paid for donating her eggs and the demand far outweighs the supply. Currently 5,000 women are waiting for donor eggs.

Fertility clinics in the US are offering eggs from students at top universities with high IQs who identify themselves as having drive and ambition.

"Intelligence is one of the main attributes people are looking for. Future parents are often more willing to be flexible on health history than they are on academic achievement and intelligence," said Teri Royal, director of the California-based Options National Fertility Registry.

The woman who bought eggs via the Internet, a 31-year-old lawyer, said: "We wanted someone with a good college education, who was intelligent with a cheerful personality."

The woman, who has been married for six years, had failed to conceive using fertility drugs. She turned to the service in the US because she did not want to wait for an egg donor in Britain - a minimum of three years. "I have wanted to be a mother all my life and was devastated when I could not conceive naturally," she said.

One in six couples in Britain has problems conceiving.

BY CHERRY NORTON  
Social Affairs Correspondent

In 1997, 800 egg donors came forward but the discrepancy between supply and demand means that many couples wait several years for an egg.

Money is usually the incentive for the American college students who donate eggs. Mary Johnson, a 26-year-old accountant from Los Angeles who has an IQ of 150, has donated eggs three times at £2,000 each time.

"The first time was at the end of my final year at college when I was desperate to pay off my university debts," said Ms Johnson, who is single and childless. Two sets of twin boys have been produced from her donor eggs.

"I would not have done it if there had been no financial compensation. There is a lot of time and effort involved and it is a difficult physical process. You really have to want to help people, too, to go through with it," she said.

Fertility clinics in Britain say that the Human Fertilisation and Embryology Authority's rule of allowing only egg donors' expenses to be paid was ambiguous. "We can pay their expenses but we cannot pay them directly," said Professor Ian Craft, director of the London Gynaecology and Fertility Centre. "It is not very honourable; a controlled payment would be much more satisfactory. We should be able to offer a selection of donors here. It is not right that couples are forced into going abroad for fertility treatment."



The herald, Jerome Whitney, blowing the horn yesterday as members of the Order of Druids perform a ceremony celebrating the spring equinox at Tower Hill in London. There are about 15,000 Druids in Britain today  
John Voos

# Labour backs prying by CSA

BY COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

NEW POWERS to allow the Child Support Agency to investigate the income of errant fathers were defended yesterday by Alistair Darling, the Social Security Secretary.

The agency is to be allowed unprecedented access to Inland Revenue computer files to cross-check on the income of absent fathers. It will enable the agency to deduct maintenance payments according to a new sliding scale to simplify the system: 15 per cent of their net income for the first child; 20 per cent for the second; and 25 per cent for three or more.

The Conservative spokesman on social security, Iain Duncan Smith, said the plans would be an "appalling breach of privacy".

But Mr Darling said it was intolerable that rich absent fathers "running around in a BMW" should pay nothing toward their children's upkeep. "Most people would say it's entirely reasonable that where that father has money, and sometimes quite substantial amounts of money, we should require him to pay for that child," Mr Darling said.

The Social Security Secretary will be announcing anti-fraud measures this week. He is also planning longer-term changes to the law to let agency inspectors ask the Inland Revenue and National Insurance authorities for details of where unco-operative absent parents worked.

Mr Darling told BBC's *Breakfast with Frost*: "We want to ensure fathers accept that if they help bring a child into the world they are responsible for that child for the rest of its life."

"The current situation, where you can find a mother has been left with a child but the father is running around in a BMW and apparently the CSA can't do anything about it, is intolerable."

# Tories to woo Scots with low tax

SCOTTISH TORIES will fight the Holyrood election as the party of low taxation, their leader, David McLetchie, declared yesterday.

In his keynote address to the Scottish Tory conference in Perth, he said: "The clearest choice of all in this election is tax." He warned that Scottish taxpayers would be in line for a financial pounding with a Labour administration in Holyrood with road tolls, higher business rates and a tourist tax.

And he added: "As far as the Liberals are concerned if Jim Wallace is successful in slipping

BY STEPHEN GOODWIN  
Scotland Correspondent

under the duvet with Donald Dewar you'll get more taxes still."

He said the Scottish National Party would make people in Scotland the highest taxed in the UK, adding: "It's not a penny for Scotland - it's a penalty for being Scots." The Tories, he declared, would stand for "no new taxes, no increased taxes, a parliament that lives within its means just like every family in Scotland has to do."

Mr McLetchie said Scottish

people wanted the parliament to tackle problems in health and education, adding: "They don't want the parliament condemned to endless years of constitutional wrangling. We have had 30 years of debate about the constitution in Scottish politics. The people made their decision in the referendum. We accept and respect that decision. The SNP don't. They want to carry on the war."

Among the cruellest ironies at the Perth gathering was the rapturous ovation accorded to the former cabinet ministers Sir Michael Forsyth and Sir Mal-

colm Rifkind. The elderly matrons and retired business folk who make up much of what is left of the Conservative faithful north of the border would love either of these two political heavyweights to lead them into the home-rule era. But both have turned their backs on the parliament. Instead of the biting wit and energy of Forsyth or the gravitas of Rifkind, the party has to applaud the stolid performances of Mr McLetchie. Thanks to the fairer voting system to be used for the elections on 6 May, the Tories are expected to win around a dozen

seats in the 129-member parliament. Under the traditional first-past-the-post method they would probably have got none.

No party is likely to have an overall majority and Mr McLetchie signalled that he would use any deciding influence to maintain the union with England - pledging to have no truck with anything that helped the "separatists".

Labour was quick to distance itself from any idea of a "grand unionist coalition" - even a hint of a deal with the Conservatives could be an electoral kiss of death.

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# Herbs hous rom

Oxfam also praises Mali and Burkina Faso - two of the world's poorest countries - for community-level initiatives.

to defend itself, saying it would not withstand any attacks by the far superior army of neighbouring Angola. Relations between the two countries have been tense since Angolan alleged that Zambia is supplying arms to Angolan rebels, a charge Lusaka denied. (AP)



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# hechen

**THEY HAVEN'T** shot, Allen is rarely missing yesterday afternoon explosion of his motorcycle.

The accident the fourth he added to his record. "I was riding my motorcycle at a high speed," he said.

The fourth fatal blow of the motorcycle accident came yesterday's loss of his motorcycle and its contents.

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# Brutality of Borneo's smiling killers

By RICHARD LLOYD PARRY  
in Sambas, Indonesian Borneo

EVEN FROM 50 miles away, it was obvious that something awful was happening in Sambas. Our driver had heard the rumours early in the morning, and refused to leave the hotel. In the town of Sinkawang, where we were staying, the shops were closed and shuttered up, although Sambas was more than an hour's drive away. People we met fell into two categories: those who would never be induced to go near the place, and those who could not get there fast enough.

The former were drivers, shopkeepers, the women working in the hotel - they stayed inside, or timidly went about their errands. The latter were all men - armed and dressed for war, piled into trucks, clinging to the roofs of minibuses, and waving at us as they drove by, shouting: "Sambas! Sambas!", and pointing up the road - the only road in this remote north-western corner of Indonesian Borneo.

There was almost no other normal traffic, and it thinned out completely the further north we drove. Just as on the previous day, there were fires burning in the abandoned villages, and 10 minutes from Sambas we could see great billows of smoke rising up a few miles away.

The town itself was deserted, although a fire burnt in the market place. At a T-junction we came upon a massed group of men, perhaps from one of the trucks that had passed us earlier. They wore yellow and red bandannas and T-shirts, and carried spears, guns and machetes. They waved down our four-wheel drive, and the morning's horrors began.

From the direction of the smoke, a man rode up on a motorcycle. His jacket and trousers were wet with blood, but when he saw us he spoke words of welcome. "We don't care about your race," he said. "We don't care about your religion. Christian, Muslim, Buddhist, Dayak, Malay, Chinese or Bugi - all are welcome here. We



just don't want Madurese. All of the Madurese must leave." He held up an object threaded on to a piece of string around his neck. It was a human ear.

There are two things that make this conflict such a baffling and disturbing one, and the first and most striking is its brutal savagery. In the past week at least 73 people have been killed in this area, the Indonesian province of West Kalimantan. A few may have died in their burning houses, but most have been killed in cold blood with blade, spear or bullet. After death (one prays that it was afterwards) their bodies had been viciously mutilated.

But the second mystery is why all this is going on - for, to the unaccustomed foreign eye, there is little difference between the perpetrators of this horrifying violence and its victims.

Unlike the conflict between Christians and Muslims still smouldering on the island of Ambon, this is nothing to do with religion, and it has no obvious political overtones. Apart from West Kalimantan's large ethnic Chinese population, its people have few obvious physical differences. Instead, this is a war about land and culture, and the enormous social and economic tensions that strain against one another beneath the surface of this vast country. The victims are Muslim settlers from Madura, a dry island off the east coast of Java, whose people are famous for their tough and sometimes brutal code of honour. For decades they have migrated from their barren home to the lush forests



Tribesmen burning the home of a Madurese settler in the Indonesian province of Kalimantan in Borneo during renewed ethnic violence

Anastasia Vrachnos/AP

of Borneo, and trouble has frequently followed. The island's other inhabitants accused them of thuggishness and the theft of land, although it is hard to know whether the grievance is genuine or whether the Madurese are another victim of ethnic scapegoating. Two years ago, as many as 3,000 Madurese were beheaded and cannibalised by Dayaks living inland from here. Now the sen-

timent has spread to Borneo's other ethnic groups the Malays, the Buginese from Sulawesi, and the Chinese.

For all the brutality, this is more than just a battle between young thugs. Over the weekend, I met teachers, civil servants and tourist guides, all of them actively in sympathy with the killings. The security forces are playing a role which is, at best, passive, at

worst collusive. Yesterday we were waved through three military checkpoints manned by armed soldiers doing nothing to protect the Madurese in Sambas. But the territory is so vast, and their numbers so few, that there is probably very little that they can do.

The attack on Sambas involved at least 1,000 people. By the time we arrived the worst of it was over, and attention was

focused on the burning Madurese houses, which cast a fierce heat over the sandy road. Trucks were bringing in bottles of water and packets of noodles for the attackers, who sat around, cheerfully waving as we passed by.

Two of the Madurese had been killed, we were told, but the rest had escaped into the jungle. In the distance we could hear gunshots from the hunt-

ing parties sent in to track them down.

One laughing man produced a severed human arm and happily posed with it for photographs. You expect to feel afraid on such occasions but actually they are banal. The killers were smiling, pleased to see us and keen to show off their trophies. What do you say when a young man approaches and politely of-

fers you a lump of human heart?

We drove back through the town market where a charred human femur lay on the road among the embers of a fire. A Dayak man approached, holding a lump of what he said was human meat. He popped it into his mouth and chewed expressionlessly. I asked him the first thing that came into my head, and he said: "Delicious."

## Gunfire as Malays kill 300,000 pigs

MALAYSIAN SOLDIERS firing shotguns and covered in plastic overalls and face-masks slaughtered pigs yesterday in an all-out effort to control a virus believed to have killed more than 50 people.

The tranquillity of rural farms was shattered by the sound of gunfire and the squeals of frightened animals as soldiers exterminated pigs in villages worst affected by the outbreak of Japanese encephalitis. Health authorities used tractors and bulldozers to bury the carcasses of the slain animals.

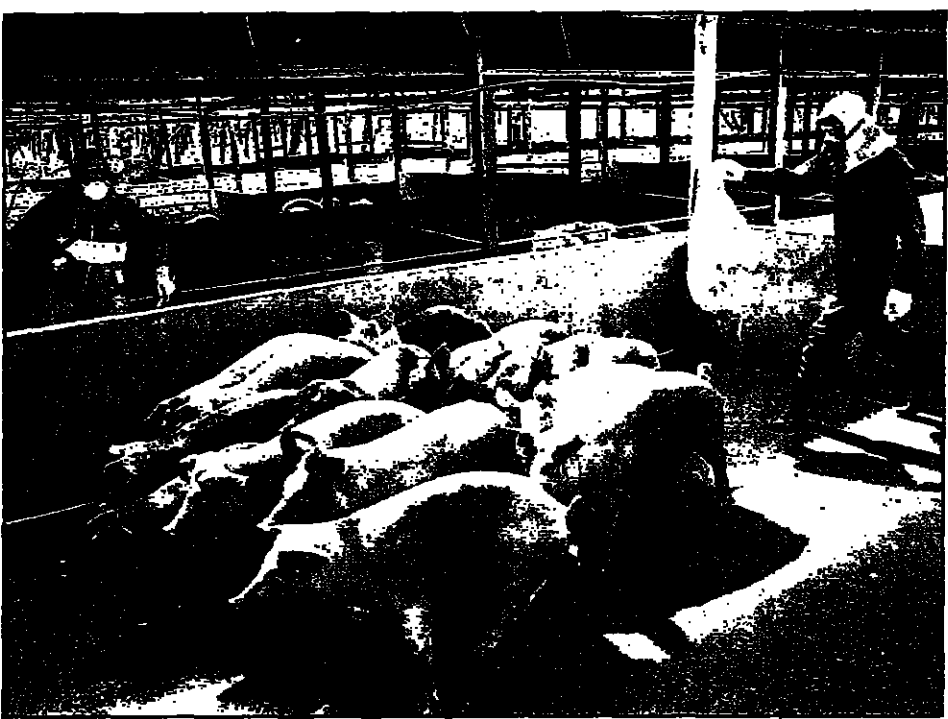
The virus, which attacks the brain, causing high fever, vomiting and coma, is transmitted from pigs to humans by Culex mosquitoes, which thrive in swamps and open drains. The operation, which began

By VINCENT THIAN  
in Sungai Nipah

late on Saturday, originally called for the destruction of 65,000 animals over the weekend. But only about 2,000 pigs were killed on the first day, according to newspaper reports from the state of Negri Sembilan, which is 100 kilometres (62 miles) southeast of the Malaysian capital, Kuala Lumpur.

The killing got off to a slow start because of rain and a shortage of bulldozers. Malaysia's health minister said, Malaysia eventually plans to kill all 300,000 pigs that are living in the affected area, the national news agency Bernama said.

More than 30 people have died in the area, which has a



Malaysian soldiers herd pigs together for slaughter in Sungai Nipah

AP

population of 11,000, bringing the nationwide death toll to 53 since October. Nearly all the victims have lived or worked near pig farms. No further deaths were reported yesterday.

Hundreds of families have already abandoned their villages. Police said that the few who re-

mained in the prosperous pig-rearing district had been evacuated to enable soldiers and police to begin the slaughter.

Fire and rescue helicopters dattered over the villages on Saturday to dump 9,000 litres of insecticide on swamps where mosquitoes breed. "Our aim is

to destroy the mosquito larvae in the canals and ponds," said Soh Chai Hock, the region's fire chief.

The federal government ordered vaccinations for 300,000 people and 500,000 pigs across the country in an attempt to control the disease.

## Poachers, weavers and a market sting

CITY LIFE  
DELHI

CHANDNI CHOWK is the most historic but also the most hysterical corner of Delhi: abutting Shah Jahan's magnificent Red Fort, the main street sliced through by the British after the uprising of 1857 is today a maelstrom of dilapidated cycle rickshaws and trucks and taxis and porters and shoppers all fighting their way through the capital's most teeming bazaar.

Porters pad down the middle of the road with huge squashed bundles on their heads. Small schoolchildren in powder-blue uniforms travel crammed like battery hens into a wooden box hauled by a groaning cyclist. Fat ladies saunter forth in rickshaws to buy jewels, their young daughters perched on the axle.

Under a black marble statue of Gandhi outside Delhi's vaguely roccoco old town hall, a posse of plainclothes policemen sit sweating in a Hindustan Ambassador, waiting for the phone to ring.

On the far side of this whirlpool of traffic, on an upper floor, is a shop that sells shawls: pastunina and cashmere for the wealthy, coarser wool for the rest. Samples are displayed on the walls. But the most desirable item sold by this shop is neither displayed nor advertised.

Shatoosh, which means "king of wools" is the finest wool in the world. But its trade is illegal, because it is leading to the extinction of a Tibetan antelope, the chiru, which produced it.

Chiru roam the vast spaces of the Tibetan plateau. Poachers shoot them in the winter,

when their coats are at their thickest, then shear off the wool. The thread makes its way via Nepal to Kashmir, the only place where it is still legal, where highly skilled craftsmen weave it into shawls of extraordinary delicacy. In Delhi, although illegal, the trade is flourishing, and this shop is one of many that trade in it under the counter.

Yesterday a young Japanese woman visited the shop and said she wanted to buy a large number of shatoosh shawls, for which she would pay in dollars. The shopkeeper pointed out that she could buy them more safely and conveniently in Tokyo, and gave her the details of his agent there. Yes, she said, but there it will be twice the price. The shopkeeper agreed to bring several dozen shawls for her to look at the next day. The time agreed was 3pm.

Now it is exactly 3pm and Yoko Shimizu (not her real name) is back in the shop, crosslegged on the padded floor, and the colour has drained from her face and there is a tremor in her voice. Because she is not a bona fide customer but an undercover agent of the Japan Wildlife Conservation Society. Working in tandem with the Wildlife Protection Society of India (WPSI), she has agreed to be the bait in this shatoosh trap.

The shawls are produced, several removed from their plastic wrappers. Anyone who has touched shatoosh can recognise it at once. This is the stuff Yoko has no doubt. She tells her Indian escort, who has a mobile phone: "Tell the

driver to bring the car." This is the agreed signal.

It is 3.10pm. In the hot car, the phone rings. From this car and from a blue Mahindra Commando in front, officers from the police and the city's wildlife department and a senior representative of the WPSI uncoil themselves, fight their way through the rickshaws, climb a dark, steep staircase, and suddenly the small shawl shop is very full of people and very quiet.

One of the shopkeepers hisses to Ms Shimizu: "You must leave immediately! You must leave immediately!" The man from the WPSI, who looks like anybody's kind uncle and is therefore a good man for the job, takes her arm tenderly and leads her out of the fray. Ninety-two shatoosh shawls are counted out under the eyes of the police, who watch very keenly because each shawl has a street value of at least £500, and for even one to disappear would be a serious matter. When the paperwork is done, the shawls are packed into a box that is sealed, and they and the owner of the shop are taken away to the police station.

The shopkeeper will spend tonight in the station lock-up. Tomorrow he will be charged. If WPSI is successful, bail will be refused and he will have a few more days in jail to contemplate the error of his ways.

The case will then vanish into the labyrinth of the Indian legal system, its conclusion perhaps years in the future. Saving the chiru is a long, slow and uncertain task.

PETER POPHAM

## Short sees funding at work in India

CLARE SHORT, the Secretary of State for International Development, flies to Delhi today for a six-day visit to inspect how her department's money is being put to use.

Under Labour, what used to be called Overseas Aid has been given a higher priority and a bigger budget, and India is a major beneficiary.

By PETER POPHAM  
in Delhi

Development aid to India deserves to be controversial. For one thing, the government of Atal Bihari Vajpayee seems to be bashful about the whole subject - the ideology of the Hindu nationalist Bharatiya Janata Party centres on self-sufficiency.

And why should a nation rich and sophisticated enough to produce nuclear weapons and the missile systems to deliver them deserve British charity? If India is demanding a permanent seat on the United Nations Security Council, should not it teach its own children to read and to write?

India has, in fact, been making strides in that direction. But after 51 years as a free country, nearly half the population remains illiterate and, as illiteracy has a direct impact on population growth, it is arguably in the whole world's interest to get the poorest Indians reading and writing.

After arriving this afternoon in Delhi, a city that is rapidly making a name as one of the most lawless in Asia (six murders reported on Saturday alone), Ms Short flies to Orissa on the east coast.

Orissa is one of the six states that the Department for International Development is backing new Unicef and Indian government programmes to improve sanitation, hygiene and water supply.

A region of wild, natural beauty and chronic underdevelopment, and where a quarter of the population are tribespeople, Orissa has recently seen an upsurge of violence between Hindu and Christian factions within tribal villages. Only last week, hundreds of Christian homes in one village were razed by a Hindu mob.

Ms Short will also visit Andhra Pradesh in the south, where the department is spending £46.5m on a programme to build thousands of new primary schools. Under the leadership of the



Clare Short will meet Atal Bihari Vajpayee



chief minister, Chandrababu Naidu, Andhra Pradesh is rapidly becoming the most go-ahead state in the country. Ms Short's department is one of many international organisations, including the World Bank, pouring money into the state's coffers, to prove that Mr Naidu's mantra of education, liberalisation and globalisation does indeed work wonders. The British minister can expect a warm welcome.

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Draw date: 20/3/99. The winning numbers: 33, 17, 26, 28, 45, 49. Bonus number: 28.  
Total Sales: £61,516,275. Prize Fund: £27,682,323 (45% of ticket sales plus £4,410,472 Rollover amount).

CATEGORY	NO. OF WINNERS	AMOUNT FOR EACH WINNER	TOTAL EACH TIER
Match 6 (Jackpot)	3	£4,474,238	£13,422,717
Match 5 plus bonus ball	6	£173,312	£2,772,992
Match 5	827	£2,025	£1,732,565
Match 4	51,805	£73	£3,767,155
Match 3	1,035,108	£10	£10,351,080
TOTALS	1,087,559		£32,046,519

Total Sales including Interim and Wednesday Draw: £100,526,405.  
Total week's contribution to Good Causes: £57,220,000.

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4874	Anheuser-Busch	69.8	-0.28	87	17.2	108	42	Miller	141.5	0.5	7.4	57	2724	32	Schlitz	96.5	0.0	9.1	81	43	55	10	10
170	Baltimore-Pk	322.5	-7.5	5.6	11.5	1335	34	Wm. S. & Wm.	107	0.0	11.9	19	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
7	Beck's	10.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	42	Domestic	82.0	0.0	9.8	7.4	400	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
7	Beck's	10.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	42	Domestic	82.0	0.0	9.8	7.4	400	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
7	Beck's	10.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	42	Domestic	82.0	0.0	9.8	7.4	400	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
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7	Beck's	10.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	42	Domestic	82.0	0.0	9.8	7.4	400	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
7	Beck's	10.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	42	Domestic	82.0	0.0	9.8	7.4	400	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
7	Beck's	10.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	42	Domestic	82.0	0.0	9.8	7.4	400	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
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7	Beck's	10.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	42	Domestic															

WEEKLY MAIN MOVERS

RISES

Stock Price Volume % Chg

Avnet Hldgs 85.50 24,000 23.48

Chromalloy Int'l 127.00 22,200 31.80

Chromalloy Pte 187.50 49,000 18.80

Chromalloy Pte 865.00 270,000 27.72

Chromalloy Pte 82.50 18,000 5.00

Chromalloy Pte 122.50 21,000 20.00

Chromalloy Pte 14.13 2,000 25.45

Chromalloy Pte 216.00 88,000 25.25

Chromalloy Pte 154.50 22,000 21.00

FALLS

Stock Price Volume % Chg

Marathon Steel 86.00 80,000 -0.50

Marathon Pte 128.00 42,000 -0.78

Marathon Pte 188.50 100,000 -10.00

Marathon Pte 25.25 2,000 -4.00

Marathon Pte 252.00 77,000 -0.78

Marathon Pte 252.00 77,000 -0.78

Marathon Pte 252.00 77,000 -0.78

Marathon Pte 252.00 77,000 -0.78

Marathon Pte 252.00 77,000 -0.78

MARKET LEADERS

TOP 20 VOLUMES at 5pm

Stock Price Volume % Chg

Avnet Hldgs 85.50 24,000 23.48

Chromalloy Int'l 127.00 22,200 31.80

Chromalloy Pte 187.50 49,000 18.80

Chromalloy Pte 865.00 270,000 27.72

Chromalloy Pte 82.50 18,000 5.00

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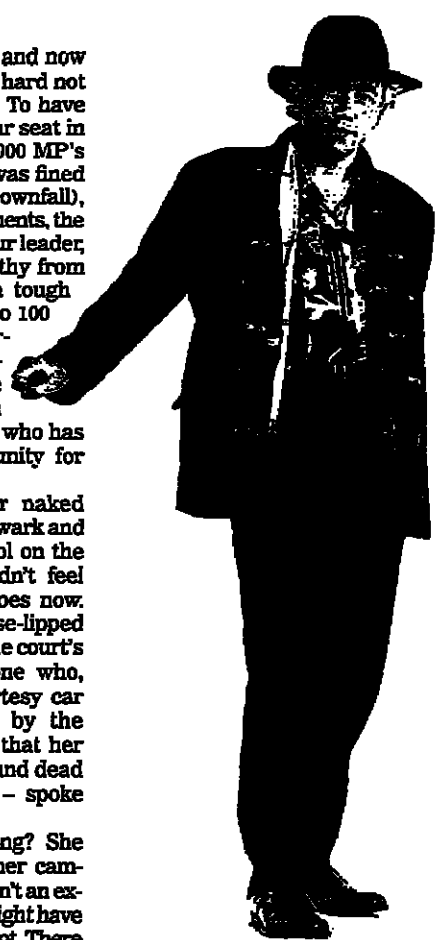
# These days, no expense fiddle is spared

POOR FIONA Jones, MP and now suddenly former MP. It's hard not to feel sympathy for her. To have lost (pending appeal) your seat in the Commons, your £45,000 MP's salary, your agent (who was fined £750 for his part in her downfall), the respect of your constituents, the doe-like loving gaze of your leader, and any shred of sympathy from your political peers is a tough break. To be sentenced to 100 hours of "community service" - the modern equivalent of being put in the stocks - must seem a galling irony to a woman who has represented her community for nearly two years.

If they'd flogged her naked through the streets of Newark and put her in a ducking stool on the edge of town, she couldn't feel much worse than she does now. That faraway look of purse-lipped disbelief she wore after the court's decision - as of someone who, while watching her courtesy car being ritually crushed by the Sergeant-at-Arms is told that her pet hamster has been found dead in the microwave oven - spoke paragraphs.

What did she do wrong? She made a false return on her campaign expenses. But it wasn't an expense fiddle as you or I might have once understood the concept. There was no freebie ride to Morocco or lingering candlelit supper à deux in the Aduller's Rest Hotel, courtesy of the taxpayer. We're not talking designer frocks charged to a bogus "clothing allowance". She didn't indulge a taste for nasal sherbert under the heading of "research materials". All she did was over-spend her own cash on party banners, stickers, hired cars, petrol and toner for the photostat machine; she was, as far as we can tell, simply guilty of being an over-zealous campaigner who finds she's exceeded the legal limit for expenses by 105 per cent, panics and tries to conceal the evidence.

But life is hard in Expenses Land. Fiddles and "creative accounting" used to be a joke ("In Reading she was Charlotte! The pick of all the bunch! But down on his expenses! She was petrol, oil and lunch") and employers sometimes indulged a little moral tramping among their executives. But now the culture of wrongdoing is so advanced, you can't even claim back less than half of the money you



**JOHN WALSH**  
ON MONDAY

spent, without having a political opponent say you've falsified the record and must be challenged in court.

Ms Jones should have had an excuse prepared. Like the famous ICI executive who fiddled his expenses for years with the help of a contacts book of important clients in the pharmaceutical industry, whose names he would carefully rotate through the months, while secretly lunching friends, family and mistresses.

One day, the finance director called him in. "Look George," he said, "it's about your lunch on June 12. It cost £78. Your ex-

penses form claims it was with Philip Harris of Smith Klein Beecham. Do you remember it?"

"Certainly," said George. "At the Ivy. Very tasty, as I recall."

"The trouble is," said the finance director, "Mr Harris sadly died nine months ago."

There was a silence. "Have you anything to say?" asked the finance director.

"Well," said George, "I thought he was a bit quiet."

SIMON BRETT once edited an *Anthology of Useful Verse*, as though to refute W H Auden's famous dictum that "poetry makes nothing happen".

Now there's a new arrival at the interface of modern verse and handy advice. It turned up at the Poetry Society on Friday night, in the shape of Caroline Carver, an unpublished Cornwall-dwelling writer who has just won the National Poetry Competition with an effusion called "Horse Under Water".

Ms Carver arrived late and breathless to pick up her prize, having been delayed by a crash on the M4. A small, sweet-faced woman in her late 50s, like a miniaturised A S Byatt, she sat before the microphone and told the assembled bardic sophisticates how to handle sharks.

"If you try to stroke a shark on its forehead," she said, "you soon realise you have to do it downwards, from nose to tail. Do it the other way and your hand will be covered in blood, because the skin is abrasive, like little knives, all pointing the same way."

Ah yes, nodded the poets, we will certainly bear that in mind. "If you want to kill a shark," she continued, "you have to do it in the lumbar, where the skin is smooth. You may have noticed that a shark's mouth is set quite far back towards its stomach, so if you're standing in shallow water, it has to roll on to its back to bite you. In other

words, if you want to kill a shark, you have to wait until it tries to kill you."

As the audience digested this vital intelligence, Ms Carver read her winning poem - about a horse that's used as shark-bait - in a lazy Caribbean dialect, the legacy of her time spent in Bermuda and Jamaica during the war as an evacuee mumsabih.

She has just stopped working for a lawyer's practice in Plymouth. You can almost see the dorsal fins of publishers circling around her. I predict an exciting new millennium career for the formidable Ms Carver.

"IT WAS like playing with a Stradivarius," said the veteran Italian film director Franco Zeffirelli at the Café Royal on Thursday night, referring to the experience of working with three dames of the English stage and two feisty American divas in his new movie, *Tea With Mussolini*, about a colony of saurian expatriates in Florence who refuse to acknowledge the reality of war in the flower-strewn piazzas they've learnt to call home.

Well *molto grazie*, Frank, they must have thought. I've seen the film and yes, there's a richly familiar quality about the performances of Joan Plowright (fussy and maternal), Maggie Smith (bitchy and xenophobic), Judi Dench (arty and tearful), Cher (hollow-cheeked and theatrical) and Lily Tomlin (playing a lesbian and looking weirdly like Dustin Hoffman these days). But will any of this starry quintet relish being compared to a 250-year-old violin, angular, overpriced, excessively varnished and inconventionally wooden?

I'VE DISCOVERED a new strain of everyday metropolitan fury, a companion to road rage: it's called Radio Cut-in Rage. You're driving, let us say, along the South Circular listening to Melvyn Bragg discussing cosmology, or perhaps to a blast of Schumann on Radio Three, or the *Capital Countdown* or the *News Quiz*. You've just got to an interesting bit. You're negotiating a tricky right-hand turning at Tower Hill while concentrating on the words.

Your mind, hands and feet are meshed in happy Cartesian har-



Fiona Jones may be in disgrace for fiddling her election expenses, but at least she has not been compared to a 250-year-old violin, unlike Joan Plowright, Maggie Smith and Judi Dench

mony. Alan Coren is saying: "I'm grateful to Mr Lionel Flew of Basingstoke for this cutting from the *Henley-on-Thames Gazette*."

And then suddenly - "DUH-Dah DUMM. It's GLR Traffic Update! And had news from the Droitwich intersection. A lorry has jack-knifed, shedding its..." What the hell? You jab a finger at the search button on your radio. By the time you've got back to the station, you've missed it. The mood has gone. You shake your head. You go "Tek".

Five minutes later, you shove a cassette into the tape slot. The Manic Street Preachers sing a delicious, if oddly up-tempo, song of loss and rejection, and you find yourself singing along: "But you / stole the sun from my har-ar-heart. You stole the..." "CRASH. And on the north section of the Hanger Lane

flyover, it's simply chaos out there! For any drivers approaching the..." You thump the steering wheel. "Bugger off!" you cry at the intrusive myrmidons of 94.9 kHz on the FM wave, "I don't care what's happening at the Hanger Lane flyover!"

You try to calm down. You strive for a zen-like, uncaring stillness.

One time, the only local radio stations that could cut in on other stations were pirates operating from a flat in Brixton; the yelling tones of Shabba Ranks would suddenly invade, say, *Just a Minute*, bringing Peter Jones's charming dilation on "My Goldfish" to a brutal end. Now your sonic space is invaded from all directions with dismal jingles and otiose news about failed contraflow systems.

It's happening more and more. Yesterday, en route to Sunday

lunch, Radio Kent cut in, just as *The World This Weekend* was bringing us news of the Breitting Orbiter when...

"Dah-DAH. And drivers should avoid the Maidstone area, where an oil tanker has collided with a milk float on the M2, causing a three-mile tailback..." Radio Kent? Goodness.

Soon Radio Gdansk will be running a stronger signal than the British national radio stations, and cutting in on *Desert Island Discs* with updated news about pig-iron quotas.

I know sound radio is getting more competitive; but this plundering of the airwaves can only result in driver irritation, gear lever abuse, dashboard violence and undisciplined shouting at your windscreen. The Department of Aural Pollution must look into it without delay.

## It's time for a Treaty

We call for the UK Government and citizens to strongly advocate a Treaty between the Australian Government and the Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples.

This Treaty should be concluded by 26th January, 2001 (Invasion Day in the Centenary of Australian Federation) as a symbolic date for negotiated settlement between the nation and the Indigenous Peoples.

We remind the United Kingdom Government and citizens that at no time have Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples been asked or given the freedom to accept or reject the Constitution of Australia or citizenship of the nation.

We remind the United Kingdom Government and citizens that they caused Aboriginal Peoples' and Torres Strait Islander Peoples' dispossession from 1788, and bestowed independence to the Australian colonies from 1901.

And now the United Kingdom Government and citizens fail to reconcile their atrocious deeds because they fail to advocate the restoration of Aboriginal Peoples' and Torres Strait Islander Peoples' human rights including legal ownership of the lands.

Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples have not received the equal treatment and rights afforded to other Peoples of the Commonwealth who have now gained independence and self-determination through the process of de-colonisation.

The crimes and evils of racism have not been washed away by time and events.

This is a contemporary predicament, where injustice prevails, where the plunder and profit is sacred, where the dispossessed Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples remain oppressed in their own country.

Since 1991 the Australian Government has publicised its desire for Reconciliation between Government and the Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples by 2001.

The Australian Government has not made the necessary commitment to negotiate in good faith with Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples.

The Australian Constitution Act was passed by the United Kingdom Government in 1900 with manifest intent to discriminate against Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples and deny their recognition as Australian citizens.

The Constitution of Australia still stands as both a real and symbolic instrument of racial oppression, dispossession and social segregation of Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples.

The Australian nation is considering Constitutional change as a benchmark of 100 years of independent government, but the nation is pre-occupied with less fundamental issues in the Constitution than the nation's institutionalised racism and racial oppression.

We call for a Treaty signed between the Aboriginal Peoples and Torres Strait Islander Peoples and the Government of Australia by 2001.

We petition the United Kingdom Government and the Peoples of the United Kingdom to guarantee human rights by strongly advocating this Treaty.

It's time for the United Kingdom to act with responsibility.

It's time for a Treaty.

### United Kingdom Supporters...

Trade Union Congress (TUC) Race Relations Committee, UNISON National Black Members Committee, National Assembly Against Racism, RMT Black and Ethnic Minority Committee, Roland Biosah Chair 1999 Black Workers' Conference, Unrepresented Nations and Peoples Organisation, Professor Germaine Greer, Dr Greg and Sally Williams, Dr John Wentworth, European Network for Indigenous Australian Rights, Keith Vaz MP, Jeremy Corbyn MP, John Pilger, Jane Hubert, Ros Poignant, Jeff and Fiona Waters, Bob Perkins, Lee Jasper.

For further information contact:- Sanjiv Vadi, UNISON, 20 Grand Depot Rd, London SE18 6SF. Telephone: 0181 854 2244 or 0171 460 7280.

## THE MONDAY CROSSWORD

by Portia

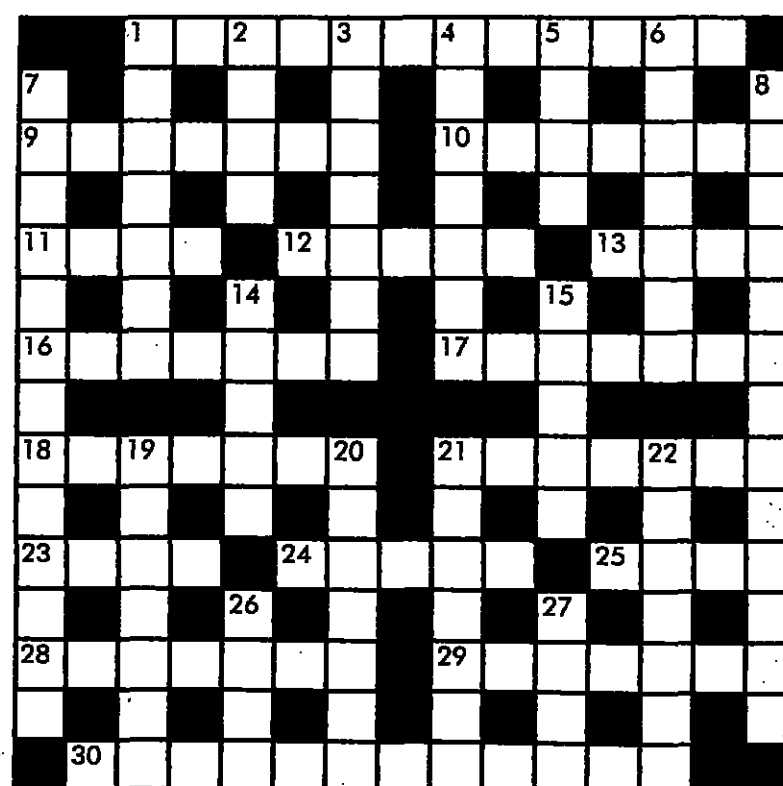
No.3876 Monday 22 March

### ACROSS

- Blow that makes a difference? (4,2,6)
- Full circle's complete without team leader (7)
- Spear fish in English river (7)
- Every tutor's taking time off (4)
- Irish writer's exciting, we hear (5)
- Notes honour given composer (4)
- Can set about meeting price of fertiliser (7)
- Disorderly without the police up front (7)
- Fancy work? (7)
- Junior accountant making for holiday island (7)
- Girl in Peru they visited (4)
- Shame to restrict sweetheart's devotion (5)
- Initially serve sauce by mistake (4)
- Touching spur's point to begin with (7)
- Slide locks and bolt together (7)
- Member of trust in US city (12)

### DOWN

- Deal with hack producing impressive design (7)
- Way of expressing negative - a French word (4)
- Bygone Model T I renovated (3-4)
- Keep quote about commercial trainee (7)
- Surrounded by shadowy area going up (4)
- Sort out directions given for explosive (7)
- Henry can order Noel to reveal secret (4,3,6)
- In a difficult position on board? (2,3,5,3)
- Public schoolboy, popular Dickensian character (5)
- Rock music? (5)
- Record deposit (3,4)
- Wounding glance? (4,3)
- Went with chap in pursuit of partnership (7)
- Decline right to slip away (7)
- Discharge fuel (4)
- Look shabby, by the sound of it (4)



FULL SPORT COVERAGE IN A NEW 12-PAGE SECTION

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JP 11/20/150





# Not guilty as charged but abuse continues

I WENT to the Middlesbrough v Southampton match last Sunday. Nothing remarkable about that, you might think. However, there is. I had not set foot on Teesside since Middlesbrough were relegated from the Premiership two years ago, their fate sealed by the decision of the Premier League to dock them three points for calling off a match at Blackburn Rovers without permission.

It had become clear to me - from the many abusive letters I received and the reception accorded me at two cup finals in 1997 - that most, if not all, Middlesbrough supporters held me solely responsible for their visit to the Nationwide. It made no difference that the ruling on

the three points had nothing whatsoever to do with me. It was entirely a Premier League matter for Rick Parry and his colleagues. But it was I who took the rap. Obviously I was the convenient establishment fall-guy.

The abuse did not worry me too much. I simply resolved to steer clear of Teesside for a while. A considerable while! Then, last Sunday morning, after our Durham Buffaloes team had defied the passing of time with another sparkling performance, my friend Ian happened to offer me a spare ticket for the game later that day. His girlfriend was unable to go, having given birth to their daughter three weeks earlier.

It could have been worse, I learned, because the baby had been due the very day Juninho had, according to rumour, been scheduled to make his return debut. Neither Juninho nor the baby arrived on schedule.

"Are you sure you want to take me?" I asked. "Haven't you forgotten something?" "What's that?" he said. "Your fans don't like me," I reminded him. "I was even barred from a wedding in Middlesbrough last year." "Oh there'll be no problem," he assured me, "we're back in the Premier League now."

So it was that I found myself queuing with Ian outside his chosen entrance at half past three. He is superstitious and firmly believes Boro's performance is inextricably linked to the turnstile he uses. He must have used every door in the ground this season as home performances have fluctuated.



GRAHAM KELLY

three. He is superstitious and firmly believes Boro's performance is inextricably linked to the turnstile he uses. He must have used every door in the ground this season as home performances have fluctuated.

Climbing the steps inside the ground we encountered our first problem. "What's he doing here?" shouted a burly home fan. "He shouldn't be allowed in the ground." To my amusement, Ian apologised to me and attempted to explain the true situation to the protester as I walked on. I can only assume Ian's reasoned argument fell on deaf ears, for the last words I heard (whose they were I am not sure) were "F--- off, you w\*\*\*\*\*".

I received one or two strange looks on the concourse, but no more abuse came my way. I bumped into a former FA colleague. He is another Middlesbrough supporter. He never revealed whether

he had defended me to his friends or joined in the abuse two years ago.

The young defender Robbie Stockdale predicted in the match programme that Middlesbrough's next few games would not be brilliant to watch. He was certainly proved right that day. After the stadium had filled rapidly between ten to four and kick off, there was little hair on display. Gazza was missing. Possibly he had suffered a mishap in the Comic Relief match.

My neutral gaze alighted on Matthew Le Tissier. Sadly, he was out of sorts. Shortly after being booked for a foul, he was fortunate that referee Mike Reed missed him punching clear a free-kick when standing in a defensive wall on the penalty spot. The veteran, Mark Hughes, tried to play some football, but one volleyed shot went out of play near the half-way line.

# Flo fires Chelsea's title dream

A WEEK after Gianluca Vialli conceded the title following a wobble against West Ham, Chelsea made nonsense of their player-manager's pessimism yesterday. Even a three-goal victory at Villa Park which saw them clamber back over Leeds into the Champions' League qualifying zone, did scant justice to their superiority over an Aston Villa side who have now taken one point from eight matches.

Vialli's side, who were indebted to a splendid two-goal flourish from Tore Andre Flo, thus moved to within three points of Manchester United's closest pursuers, Arsenal. They have two games in hand on the leaders and, crucially, expect to welcome back Gustavo Poyet in their next match, at Charlton. The toughest of their remaining fixtures is at home to Leeds. Otherwise, their run-in is largely comprised of mid-table teams or clubs from the lower reaches.

If anyone at Stamford Bridge really had given up on the championship, they forgot to let Flo in on the theory. Breaking his team's sequence of three domestic fixtures without a goal, he fired Chelsea in front moments before the hour. That they did not make sure of the points until the last four minutes, when Bjarne Goldback and Flo scored, was almost entirely due to the agility of Mark Bosnich, the one Villa player seemingly unaffected by a chronic lack of confidence.

Villa will be glad to see the back of Flo for another season. The gaudy Norwegian was on the scoresheet when Chelsea punctured their early optimism with a 4-1 win in the Worthington Cup in October, and then scored the last-gasp goal which consigned them to their first Premiership away defeat in December. But, in truth, Villa will be glad to see the back of the season, period. Having led the pack going into the new year, John Gregory's team are now in danger of missing out on a Uefa Cup place.

Worryingly for the Villa manager, the most conspicuous demonstration of passion yesterday came from their physio. Jim Walker, who was on the pitch to treat Stan Collymore following a challenge which earned Marcel Desailly a yellow card, exchanged heated words with Dennis Wise after the Chelsea captain appeared to cast aspersions on the prostrate striker.

The incident could prove costly for Chelsea. Wise also ended up being cautioned, and now both he and Desailly are suspended for next month's visit to Wimbledon. None of which was of any consolation to Villa, who gave the ball away with alarming regularity.

The only surprise was that Chelsea took so long to translate their ascendancy into goals. They frequently had Bosnich's protectors in disarray and the Australian had to be at his best to keep Flo and Gianfranco Zola at bay before the break. The home side made only one chance during the same period, Dion Dublin's header from Alan Thompson's cross forcing Ed de Goey into a diving catch.

The breakthrough arrived after a deftly chipped release from Flo in the inside-right channel. Switching the ball on to his left foot, and throwing off Gareth Southgate in the process, he curled a low shot beyond Bosnich from the angle of the six-yard box.

Desailly almost gifted Villa an equaliser with uncharacteristically slack control in the 76th minute, only for Julian Joachim's lob over De Goey to pass wide. The miss stung Chelsea into renewed efforts which produced the additional goals their performance merited.

Goldback, arguably the snip of the season at £300,000 from FC Copenhagen, collected his fourth goal for Chelsea with a fulminating finish after being played in by Flo. The provider became predator once more following a marvellous pass by Jody Morris. Flo rounding Bosnich before slotting in his 11th goal of the campaign.

Gregory admitted later that the longer Villa's decline went on, the harder it became to end it. "The transformation has been amazing," he sighed. Goals: Flo (59) 0-1; Goldback (86) 0-2; Flo (90) 0-3.

Aston Villa (3-5-2): Bosnich; Scimeca, Southgate, Barry, Watson, Stone, Hendrie, Taylor (83); Thompson, Wise, Dublin (65), 74). Collymore (60), 74). Substitutes not used: Draper, Oakes (64).

Chelsea (4-4-2): De Goey, Le Saux, Desailly, Lottus, Ferra, Poyet (Lambourde, 78), Morris, Wise, Goldback; Zola, Flo (Nicholls, 80). Substitutes not used: Devery, Newton, Hitchcock (64).

Referee: G Barber (Surrey). Bookings: Villa: Thompson, Chelsea: Ferra, Desailly, Wise. Man of the match: Flo. Attendance: 39,217.

Mark Bosnich, the Aston Villa goalkeeper, punches clear from the head of Chelsea's Gianfranco Zola at Villa Park yesterday. Empics

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Game Results 20/3/99.  
This Saturday there were 7 score draws:

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Category	No. of winners	Amount to each winner
7 Score draws	NO WINNERS	
6 Score draws	64	£1,692.50
5 Score draws	1129	£5

Value of tickets entered this week: £229,986.  
38% of sales contributed to prizes.  
This week's contribution to good causes: £86,800.

EVERY WEEK IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME.  
To claim your prize, follow instructions on the back of your ticket.  
You must be 18 or over to play or claim a prize.  
In the event of any discrepancy in the above, the data contained in the central computer system shall prevail.

# Rovers trio tear Dons apart

IT WAS not just the Blackburn players who were back in form at Ewood Park on Saturday. True to managerial type, Brian Kidd came up with the right result when asked to assess the eight matches that will determine the Premiership fate of his rollercoasting Rovers.

"We're just looking at the next one," he said. "We're taking each game as it comes."

The trouble for the Blackburn manager is that the next one, against Middlesbrough at Ewood, does not come until Saturday week - and there is only one more after that, against Arsenal at Highbury three days later, before 17 April.

Having got his side back on the rails and shifting so impressively, the last thing Kidd needed was a four-week stretch with just two fixtures to contest. It was difficult enough for Rovers to maintain momentum for just 90 minutes on Saturday.

That was hardly surprising, though, considering the tempo of the all-out assault which flattened Wimbledon in the first half. Kidd was pleased his players were disappointed with their second-half efforts but Ashley Ward added: "We were disappointed to be 3-0 up at half-time."

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## Uplifting tale of Ryan and the Rovers revival

**SPARE** A minute or two? Drag your eyes away from what is going on at the top of the Premiership and take a look at the Nationwide Conference table. At the bottom, to be more specific. And ask yourself this: what happened to Doncaster Rovers?

Didn't they used to be there, rock solid on the bottom rung, destined to fall like a stone from the Third Division to the UniBond League in little over 12 months of nightmarish decline? Not any more. Nowadays, you need to look almost to halfway in the Conference chart to find Ian

Snodin's team. Given their recent history it is a remarkable transformation. The recovery owes much to Snodin, but something also to the new men in the boardroom, led by the businessman John Ryan, whose Cheshire-based company enjoys one of the more unusual claims to fame as the supplier of breast implants to Melinda Messenger. After the club's horrendous times under the now-jailed Ken Richardson, Ryan has provided Rovers with an uplift they scarcely thought possible.

The extent of the club's revitalised ambition can be illustrated in the unveiling of a new signing in Saturday's 4-1 defeat of now-bottom Welling United in front of almost 3,000 fans. This was not some ex-pub league no-hoper, but a 20-year-old winger dubbed the "new Ryan Giggs" in non-League circles.

Rovers paid £25,000 to Garforth Town, pipping Middlesbrough and Bolton Wanderers among others, to get Andy Watson, who then scored on his debut. He may not yet feel like the new Giggs, but Rovers must feel like Manchester United.

## Fans cycle 180 miles to see 'home' game

**HOW DID** you get to the match this weekend - bus? train? car? aeroplane? Possibly even by bicycle, although probably not if your starting point was 180 miles away. That particular obstacle, however, did not deter one group of intrepid Southorpe United supporters, who decided to cycle to their team's home match against Leyton Orient at Glanford Park - starting outside the opposition's ground in East London. The journey was not simply an act of eccentricity on the part of Ian Tremayne, Chris Vaughan, Roly Roberts and Paul Rhodes. It had a worthy purpose, to raise money for cancer research. The quartet, whose ages ranged from 29 to 58, are all members of the

**KEY NUMBERS**  
5  
The sequence of consecutive home defeats suffered by Aston Villa, beaten 3-0 by Chelsea yesterday.

**I TOLD YOU SO**  
Another win, over Middlesbrough, and a few results falling our way will really put the pressure on those teams above us.

## THAT WAS THE WEEKEND THAT WAS

EDITED BY JON CULLEY

### PREMIERSHIP TEAM OF THE WEEK

PAOLO DI CANO West Ham United	RAY PARLOUR Arsenal	ROBBIE STOCKDALE Middlesbrough
HARRY KENNEL Leeds United	KEN MONAGHAN Southampton	MARK BOSCH Aston Villa
TORRE ANDRE FLO Chelsea	LEE BOWYER Leeds United	MAURO KONIC Coventry City
ANDY TOWNSEND Middlesbrough	IAN HARTIE Leeds United	

Manager of the week: George Graham - Showed he still has the trophy-winning touch as Tottenham recapture glory days. Performance of the week: Blackburn Rovers - bouncing back to reverse their drift towards relegation.

### Missing... making it... and mistaken



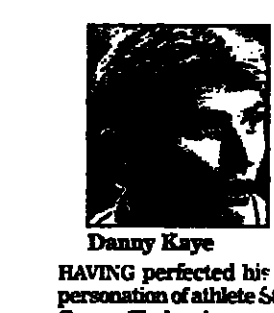
**DEREK LILLEY**  
LEEDS UNITED

The former Greenock Morton striker has been frustrated at every turn in his attempts to win a first-team place at Elland Road, slipping down the pecking order behind new signings and developing youngsters. Without a senior start in two seasons, reports suggest the 25-year-old could join Norwich this week with Leeds getting back the £500,000 they paid for him on deadline day in 1997.



**ROBBIE STOCKDALE**  
MIDDLESBROUGH

BRYAN ROBSON has been accused of failing to back the younger members of his Middlesbrough squad, but 19-year-old Stockdale looks to be the exception to the rule. The locally-born wing-back made a solitary league start last season but has recently established himself on the right side of defence at the Riverside, clocking up his 16th appearance at Nottingham Forest on Saturday.



**DANNY KAYE**

HAVING perfected his impersonation of athlete Steve Cram, Chelsea's versatile goalscorer has now added the American entertainer Danny Kaye to his repertoire although, with cutting down his legs not an option, the Norwegian striker has to pretend to be wearing stilts under his trousers.

### RUMOURS

## Magpies linked with Larsson raid

**WITH DEADLINE DAY** looming the biggest money may be splashed out by Newcastle, according to the Sunday Mirror, which believes Raul Gullit is poised to launch an £1m bid to land Celtic's prolific goalscorer, Henrik Larsson, who has 35 goals to his credit so far this season. Middlesbrough could emerge as the big spenders in the People's view, with a £5.5m swoop for the West Bromwich striker Lee Hughes.

The Mirror says Liverpool will offer £5m for Celtic's former Bolton centre-back Alan Stubbs, who has also been a target for Aston Villa, but the People says Gerard Houllier has missed out on Finnish striker Jari Litmanen, who has opted to leave Ajax for Barcelona. The Express reckons Houllier's sights are now on the Czech striker Vladimir Smicer, rated at £5m by his French club, Lens, and also a target for Internazionale and Paris St-Germain.

The People also reports plans by Arsenal to spend

£8m on Leicester's Emil Heskey this summer as insurance should hometown Nicolas Anelka be tempted to return to France, but says Tottenham will pip them in the chase for Peterborough's 17-year-old winger Matthew Etherington.

The Mail on Sunday says Manchester United have a summer spending spree in mind with Alex Ferguson looking to sign three Dutchmen - the Real Madrid midfielder Clarence Seedorf, Barcelona's Ronald de Boer and the Ajax goalkeeper Edwin van der Sar - at a combined cost of £30m. The Mirror says Monaco want United's current No 1, Peter Schmeichel, as replacement for the Milan-bound Fabien Barthez.

The Mail on Sunday and Express both say Juninho is eager to join Leeds United, while the News of the World claims Nottingham Forest want David Platt to take over from Ron Atkinson as manager before next season.

### SEEN AND HEARD

**OLD-FASHIONED LOGIC:** "We probably scored too early" - Jim Smith explains Derby County's 4-1 defeat at Leeds.

**LANGUAGE COACH:** "I think the chaps know the pressure is on now" - Gianluca Viali becomes the first Italian manager to describe his players as chaps. That's what talking to Ray Wilkins does for you.

**ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS:** "He's not how people maybe see him - he's made a big mistake but he's over that now. I never thought he was a gamble" - The West Ham manager, Harry Redknapp, drools over Paolo Di Canio.

### FA CARLING PREMIERSHIP

		Home					Away					5-game form					
	Pl	Pts	GD	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Next	most on right	Upcoming matches	
1	Man. Utd	30	63	+37	11	4	1	38	16	7	5	2	30	15	DWWDW	3 Apr. Walsley (H) 5 Apr. Watford (A) 10 Apr. Walsley (H) 17 Apr. Watford (A)	
2	Arsenal	30	59	+29	10	5	0	26	4	6	6	3	16	9	WDWWW	3 Apr. Southampton (H) 6 Apr. Watford (A) 10 Apr. Walsley (H) 17 Apr. Watford (A)	
3	Chelsea	30	56	+26	9	5	1	21	3	6	6	3	25	9	WDWWW	3 Apr. Charlton (H) 6 Apr. Leeds (A) 10 Apr. Walsley (H) 17 Apr. Watford (A)	
4	Leeds	30	54	+22	10	3	2	27	7	5	6	4	22	20	WWWWW	3 Apr. Nottm Forest (H) 6 Apr. Oxford (H) 12 Apr. Watford (A) 17 Apr. Oxford (H)	
5	West Ham	30	46	+5	9	3	3	25	19	4	4	7	12	20	DWLLW	3 Apr. Nottm Forest (H) 6 Apr. Charlton (H) 10 Apr. Watford (A) 17 Apr. Charlton (H)	
6	Aston Villa	30	44	+2	8	2	5	25	24	4	6	5	14	13	DLILL	3 Apr. Watford (A) 6 Apr. Charlton (H) 10 Apr. Southampton (H) 17 Apr. Leeds (H)	
7	Derby	30	44	0	7	5	3	18	15	4	6	5	14	17	LDWWL	3 Apr. Newcastle (H) 6 Apr. Nottm Forest (H) 10 Apr. Watford (A) 17 Apr. Watford (A)	
8	Wimbledon	30	40	-10	7	5	3	19	15	3	5	7	15	29	DWLLL	3 Apr. Man. Utd (H) 6 Apr. Walsley (H) 10 Apr. Charlton (H) 18 Apr. Arsenal (H)	
9	Liverpool	29	39	-15	7	3	7	23	16	4	2	9	19	21	WLILL	3 Apr. Bolton (H) 6 Apr. Nottm Forest (H) 12 Apr. Leeds (H) 17 Apr. Man. Utd (H)	
10	Tottenham	29	39	0	7	6	2	24	17	2	6	6	10	17	DWLWW	3 Apr. Burnley (H) 6 Apr. Newcastle (H) 10 Apr. Nottm Forest (H) 20 Apr. Oxford (H)	
11	Middlesbrough	29	39	-1	5	8	1	19	10	4	4	7	20	30	LDLWW	3 Apr. Southampton (H) 6 Apr. Walsley (H) 10 Apr. Charlton (H) 14 Apr. Oxford (H)	
12	Newcastle	30	38	-3	7	3	5	22	19	3	5	7	16	22	LDWLL	3 Apr. Derby (H) 6 Apr. Tottenham (H) 17 Apr. Charlton (H) 21 Apr. Sheffield Wed. (H)	
13	Sheff Wed	30	35	+2	6	3	6	17	12	4	2	9	18	21	WLILL	3 Apr. Charlton (H) 6 Apr. Bolton (H) 17 Apr. Man. Utd (H) 21 Apr. Watford (A)	
14	Leicester	28	34	-9	5	4	5	19	21	3	6	5	9	16	LLWLL	3 Apr. Tottenham (H) 6 Apr. Aston Villa (H) 10 Apr. West Ham (H) 16 Apr. Oxford (H)	
15	Coventry	30	31	-11	6	5	4	20	16	2	2	11	11	26	LDWLL	3 Apr. Sheffield Wed. (H) 6 Apr. Southampton (H) 11 Apr. Charlton (H) 17 Apr. Middlesbrough (H)	
16	Everton	30	31	-12	3	8	4	9	9	4	2	9	14	26	LDWLL	3 Apr. Liverpool (H) 6 Apr. Sheffield Wed. (H) 11 Apr. Charlton (H) 17 Apr. Newcastle (H)	
17	Blackburn	30	30	-10	6	3	6	19	19	1	6	8	13	23	LLDWW	3 Apr. Middlesbrough (H) 6 Apr. Arsenal (H) 10 Apr. Southampton (H) 20 Apr. Arsenal (H)	
18	Southampton	30	29	-28	7	2	6	22	22	1	3	11	6	34	LLWLL	3 Apr. Arsenal (H) 6 Apr. Coventry (H) 10 Apr. Aston Villa (H) 17 Apr. Blackburn (H)	
19	Charlton	29	28	-7	4	5	3	18	13	2	5	8	15	27	WLWLL	3 Apr. Charlton (H) 6 Apr. West Ham (H) 10 Apr. Walsley (H) 12 Apr. Leeds (H)	
20	Nottm Forest	30	20	-32	1	6	8	13	28	3	2	10	14	31	LDLWL	3 Apr. Leeds (H) 6 Apr. Liverpool (H) 10 Apr. Walsley (H)	

### NATIONWIDE FIRST DIVISION

	Home									Away									5-game Form		Upcoming matches
	Pt	Pts	GS	W	D	L	F	A		W	D	L	F	A		Most recent on right					
1 Sunderland	38	85	74	16	2	1	48	9		9	8	2	31	14		WWWWW	3 Apr. West Brom (H) 5 Apr. C. Palace (H) 10 Apr. Stockport (H) 17 Apr. S. Walsley (H)				
2 Ipswich	38	73	54	13	1	5	28	11		9	6	4	26	14		WWLWW	3 Apr. Swindon (H) 5 Apr. OPR (H) 10 Apr. N. Walsley (H) 17 Apr. S. Walsley (H)				
3 Bradford	37	70	66	13	3	3	41	16		8	4	6	25	22		WWLWW	Swindon C. Palace (H) 3 Apr. Oxford (H) 5 Apr. Bury (H) 10 Apr. Portsmouth (H)				
4 Birmingham	38	68	59	10	7	2	29	12		9	4	6	30	19		DWWDW	2 Apr. OPR (H) 3 Apr. G. Palace (H) 5 Apr. Watford (H) 10 Apr. Swindon (H)				
5 Bolton	37	64	68	11	5	3	38	22		6	8	4	29	28		LDWWL	3 Apr. Oxford (H) 5 Apr. Stockport (H) 10 Apr. Watford (H) 17 Apr. S. Walsley (H)				
6 Wolves	37	59	53	9	8	1	29	15		7	3	9	24	22		DWWDW	30 Mar. OPR (H) 3 Apr. Stockport (H) 5 Apr. Sheff. Utd (H) 10 Apr. C. Palace (H)				
7 Sheff. Utd	37	56	60	10	5	4	35	25		5	6	7	25	29		DWLLW	3 Apr. Oxford (H) 3 Apr. Barnsley (H) 5 Apr. Walsley (H) 10 Apr. Stockport (H)				
8 Watford	38	55	51	8	8	3	23	17		6	5	8	28	33		LLDLD	3 Apr. Barnsley (H) 5 Apr. Birmingham (H) 10 Apr. Bolton (H) 17 Apr. S. Walsley (H)				
9 Huddersfield	38	54	54	11	7	1	36	19		3	5	11	18	47		WLWLL	Walsley Huddersfield (H) 3 Apr. OPR (H) 5 Apr. Swindon (H) 10 Apr. Stockport (H)				
10 West Brom	38	53	61	11	2	6	38	25		4	6	9	23	34		LDWLL	3 Apr. Sunderland (H) 5 Apr. OPR (H) 10 Apr. OPR (H) 17 Apr. Portsmouth (H)				
11 Grimsby	35	50	35	9	4	4	22	15		5	4	9	13	24		DLILL	Thamesmead Port Vale (H) 3 Apr. Bradford (H) 5 Apr. N. Walsley (H) 10 Apr. Oxford (H)				
12 C. Palace	38	49	52	10	8	1	39	22		2	5	12	13	37		DDWDD	Swindon Bradford (H) 3 Apr. Barnsley (H) 5 Apr. Stockport (H) 10 Apr. Bolton (H)				
13 Accrington	37	49	50	8	9	3	28	22		6	4	9	22	29		DLILL	Walsley Huddersfield (H) 3 Apr. C. Palace (H) 5 Apr. Grimsby (H) 10 Apr. Bolton (H)				
14 Tranmere	38	46	50	6	5	8	28	26		4	11	4	22	25		WLILL	3 Apr. Bury (H) 5 Apr. Bolton (H) 10 Apr. Sheff. Utd (H) 17 Apr. Bristol C (H)				
15 Stockport	38	45	43	6	7	6	21	18		4	8	7	22	29		LDWLL	3 Apr. Sheff. Utd (H) 5 Apr. Port Vale (H)				
16 Portsmouth	38	43	49	9	5	5	30	19		1	8	10	19	38		LDWLL	Swindon Bradford (H) 3 Apr. Walsley (H) 5 Apr. Bristol C (H) 10 Apr. Bradford (H)				
17 Barnsley	37	42	44	5	7	6	27	23		4	8	7	12	23		LLDLD	Thamesmead Bristol C (H) Swindon Portsmouth (H) 3 Apr. Sheff. Utd (H) 5 Apr. Port Vale (H)				
18 Swindon	38	40	51	6	8	5	37	34		4	2	13	14	33		LDLWL	3 Apr. Walsley (H) 5 Apr. Huddersfield (H) 10 Apr. Portsmouth (H) 17 Apr. C. Palace (H)				
19 OPR	37	40	41	7	6	4	24	17		3	4	11	17	30		DWLLW	3 Apr. Watford (H) 5 Apr. Walsley (H) 10 Apr. West Brom (H) 17 Apr. Grimsby (H)				
20 Bury	38	36	29	7	7	5	19	19		0	8	11	10	32		DDDDD	3 Apr. Stockport (H) 5 Apr. Bradford (H) 10 Apr. Oxford (H) 17 Apr. S. Walsley (H)				
21 Port Vale	36	35	38	7	2	8	16	24		3	3	13	22	43		WLWLL	Thamesmead Grimsby (H) 3 Apr. Bristol C (H) 5 Apr. Barnsley (H) 10 Apr. OPR (H)				
22 Oxford	38	35	37	6	7	6	24	25		2	4	13	13	37		LLDLD	3 Apr. Sheff. Utd (H) 5 Apr. Bolton (H) 10 Apr. Watford (H) 17 Apr. S. Walsley (H)				
23 Crewe	36	33	43	5	4	9	25	35		3	5	10	20	35		LDWLL	3 Apr. Sheff. Utd (H) 5 Apr. Walsley (H) 10 Apr. Walsley (H) 17 Apr. Walsley (H)				
24 Bristol C	36	29	45	4	8	7	27	33		1	6	10	18	35		DLILL	Thamesmead Barnsley (H) 3 Apr. Port Vale (H) 5 Apr. Portsmouth (H) 10 Apr. Grimsby (H)				

### FOOTBALL RESULTS

WORTHINGTON CUP FINAL		SECOND DIVISION		BANK OF SCOTLAND SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE		ITALIAN LEAGUE	
Leicester (H) 1-1 Tottenham (A) 1-1 7,852 Nottm Forest (H) 1-1 Leicester (A) 1-1 Nottm Forest's Justin Edinburgh sent off, 63 (at Wembley)		Colchester 0-0 Luton 1-1 Colchester 0-0 Mill Wall 1-1 Gillingham 0-0 Lincoln City 1-1 Northampton 0-0 Macclesfield 0-2 Preston 0-0 Southend 1-1 Reading 0-2 Wycombe 1-1 Rushmore 0-0 Walsley 1-1 Sheff. Wed. 0-0 Walsley 1-1 Walsley 1-					















But how will he respond to the inevitable run of bad form with the boot? "If he carries on like this, I don't see why he should ever have a bad run." Wilkinson himself claims to suffer from nerves and sleepless









## SPORT

## t Angry Agassi abandons Davis Cup

DISCORD CONTINUES to blight the Americans, who are due to announce their Davis Cup squad today for their first round encounter with Britain at Easter. The latest rift concerns the United States Tennis Association's decision to dispense with the team's doctor, George Fareed.

Andre Agassi's response was to vow that he would never play in the Davis Cup again, having already declared himself unavailable for the forthcoming match in Birmingham, along with Pete Sampras. "They just fired George Fareed," Agassi said, breaking the news to the American media, "that's the last straw for me."

Fareed had been the team's doctor for eight years, succeeding his late father, Omar, whose respected court-side manner dated back to the old professional tour, where his medical expertise enabled the likes of Pancho Gonzales and Jack Kramer to play matches night after night.

"Good old Omar, God rest his soul, was there for the team on every level," Agassi said. "George came in and did the exact same thing. The players loved him. He goes to the wall for you during Davis Cup weeks, and away from Davis Cup weeks. [The USTA's decision] is just another example of how players aren't consulted about anything that happens. I didn't hear about it till last week. I'm done with Davis Cup."

Rick Ferman, the USTA's executive director, said Agassi's statement that the doctor was fired was "grossly overstated", explaining that Fareed was a casualty of the new regulations and standards the USTA is about to implement regarding medical staff. The requirements include board certificates in specific areas; completion of fellowship training; involvement on a daily basis with the treatment of professional athletes; and

## TENNIS

BY JOHN ROBERTS  
in Key Biscayne, Florida

significant experience in dealing with professional tennis players.

Agassi said that the USTA president, Judy Levering, had called his office to tell him about the Fareed decision. "She said that they have some concerns about him. That was it. Some legalities. Find out from them. They'll explain it better, I'm sure."

Ferman said: "Dr Fareed's service level was top notch, but his credentials do not match up to our requirements". He added that a new team doctor is due to be appointed this week.

Sampras, who has said he is missing the Davis Cup to concentrate on personal goals, said he was "shocked" to hear that Fareed had lost his job. "I've known George for many years. He's one of the nicest people I've met in tennis. It's not really my business who should be the doctor. I give my input. I like George. He seemed very knowledgeable."

Jim Courier, one of the players who is expected to fill the void Sampras and Agassi have left in the squad that will travel to Birmingham, said: "I don't know enough about [the situation] at the moment to make a comment, other than to say I think we all loved Doc Fareed and we'll certainly miss him dearly. I'll want to know why [this has happened] and try to understand it, because he's been such an integral part of our team."

The former world No 1, while agreeing that the timing of the doctor's dismissal was unfortunate, did not react with Agassi's vehemence regarding the Davis Cup. "I wouldn't say that [I won't play], if that's the case [with Andre]," Courier said. "I don't want to down-play the fact of how much I appreciate everything that Doc Fareed

does for our team. I'm disappointed that he's not going to be with us from here on in.

"I don't understand exactly the whole scenario yet. The continuity is a very nice part of a team. Although our team changes personnel player-wise, we've had the same medical staff, trainer, massage therapist and captain now for many years. To disrupt that is not the most helpful, certainly."

The 28-year-old Courier, ranked No 52 in the world, had just stepped off the Stadium Court at the Lipton Championships after a second round defeat by Sampras, 6-3, 7-6, but was in an optimistic mood. "I like the way I'm hitting the ball," he said. "I like the way I'm competing. It's like Brad [Stine], my coach, said to me after the match, 'Keep playing like that, you're going to win a lot of matches and do well.'"

Agassi, also aged 28 but ranked No 9, was unable to suppress the promising Slovak, Dominik Hrbaty, and slipped out in the second round with the deflation of two consecutive double-faults.

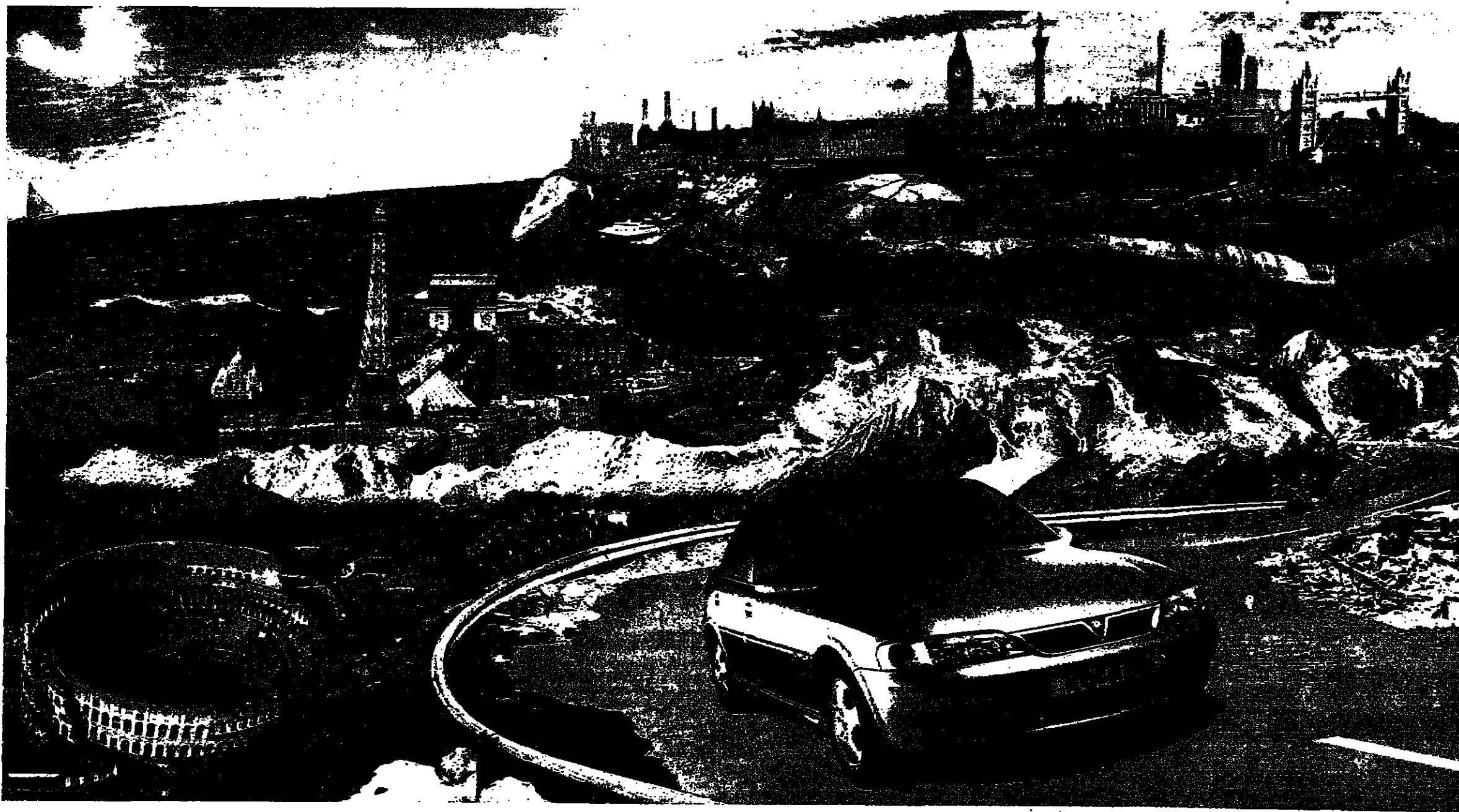
Tom Gullikson, the United States Davis Cup captain, intends to speak with Agassi in the hope that he will change his mind about playing in the Davis Cup in the future. "Never is a strong word," Gullikson said. "Maybe, hopefully, it's a reaction to the loss [to Hrbaty]."

Boris Becker's bade farewell to the Lipton singles, having found Marat Safin too strong for him in the second round, the 19-year-old Russian winning, 7-5, 6-0. "He has very raw power," Becker said. "If he's able to use it in a proper way, he's a future No 1. I haven't seen anybody hitting that hard from both wings for a long time."

Greg Rusedski advanced to the last 16 yesterday with a 6-3, 6-4 victory over Germany's Hendrik Dreckmann. He now plays Australia's Pat Rafter or Nicolas Pietrangeli, of Germany.



Martina Hingis plays a backhand return during her 6-1, 6-1 third-round defeat of Amy Frazier at the Lipton Championships yesterday. AFP



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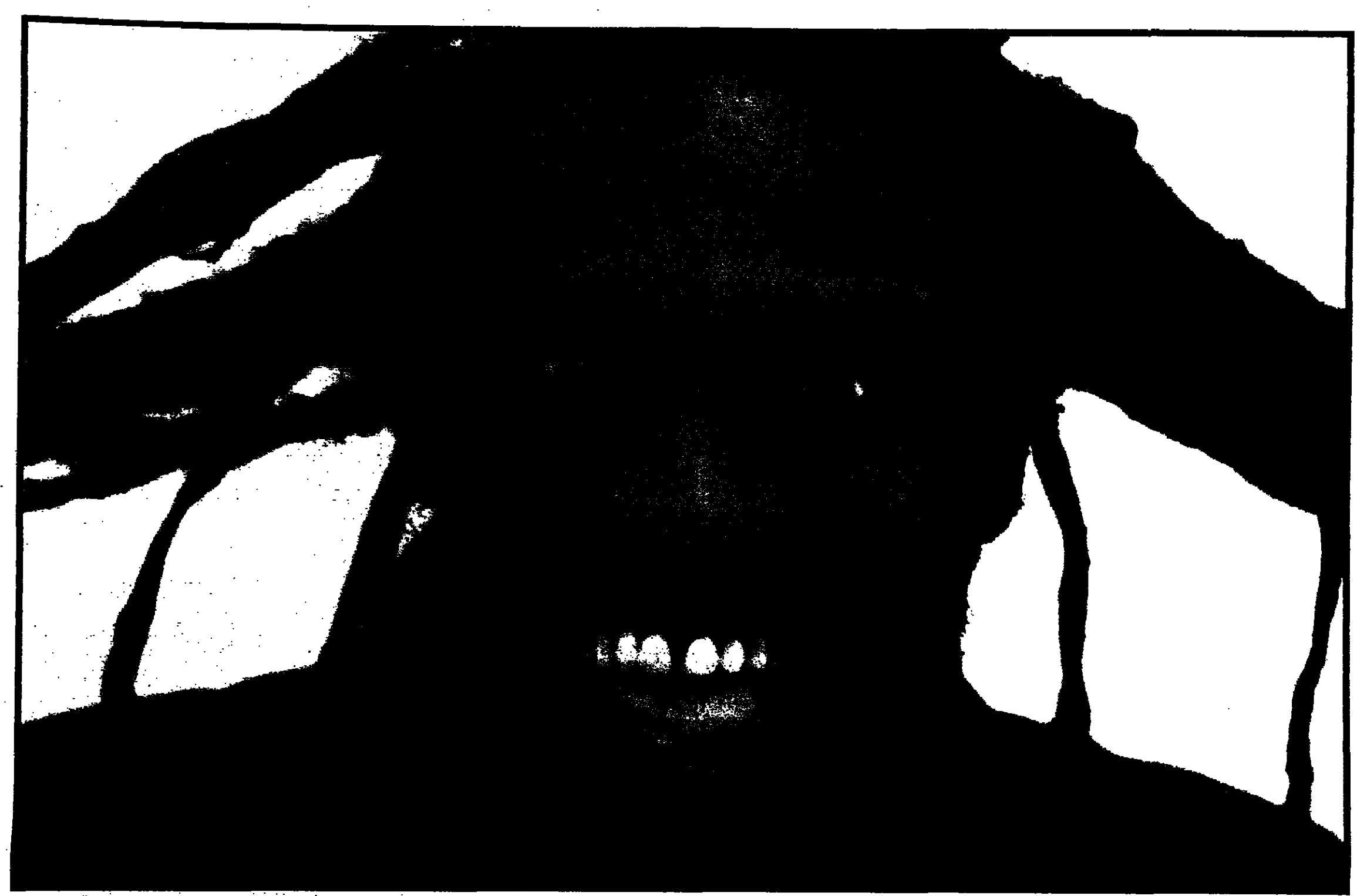
THE INDEPENDENT

22 March 1999

Cup

# MONDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION



## Poetry in motion

Benjamin Zephaniah is fed up with people labelling him. That's understandable, since he's a 40-year-old Jamaican-Brummie-London dyslexic rasta burglar jailbird turned dub-reggae poet activist. But what if the label was Poet Laureate?

**B**arking Road in east London stretches through three postal districts. It goes on for miles. It seems longer than Sunset Strip, though rather less glamorous. Mile after mile, there unrolls a landscape of urban grot, thrift shops and miserable eating-houses until, somewhere in the 700s, you find yourself in Newham. Newham is known for two things: being the home of West Ham football club and being a dangerous place for racial attacks a few years ago, especially by the Combat 18 boot-boys.

In the Newham Parents' Centre Bookshop – perhaps the most unlikely shop to find in these tough surroundings – Benjamin Zephaniah is waiting. A tall and striking fellow with an un-reconstructed Bear-mingham accent, he is sprouting hair like an old leather sofa. Curly sideburns wave around his cheeks. A black tangle sits on his chin like volcanic tuff. His matted dreadlocks dangle below his waist. "As a matter of fact, I'm not very hairy at all," he says. "I've never grown a beard. Never had a shave in me life. My hair's never been cut since I was 12. You'd have to make love with me to find out, but I have got the most silky smooth skin."

I'll take your word for it. He lives across the road from the bookshop and likes the cultural mix of the area. "There's a new East End around here," he says, "a lot of Caribbean and African and Asian people, but also a lot of the old white community who have extended families the same way that we always had when I was growing up. You can see them in the afternoons, exchanging babies and looking after each other's children. He always brings journalists here. He likes getting them out of central London and showing them his backyard – how much better it is than the centre, more racially integrated, with better schools and a real community spirit."

"When I did my first British tour in four years last autumn, we finished in London and I hired Stratford town hall, because I wanted to draw

people here and say, 'It can be done'. We had four or five hundred people at the town hall, a lot of local talent. Doreen Lawrence was on stage, just before the Stephen Lawrence enquiry. We invited refugees along and made it a political event." And when Radio 4's *Down Your Way* team asked him to nominate a favourite place: "Usually they want to go to the Lake District or somewhere, but I said, 'This is a place I love; why don't you come and do a programme about Newham and the people that make it tick?'"

Zephaniah is big on community. While the word has temporarily fallen into disrepute because of its invariable companion words "care in the", he's keen to give to communal experience a voice it won't otherwise have. He is a poet of the backyard. He... but here I must be cautious, because he is fed up with people calling him names. He is tired of taxonomies. He is exhausted with definitions. But I suppose when you're a 40-year-old Jamaican-Brummie-London

dyslexic Rasta burglar jailbird turned dub-reggae poet activist and Laureate nominee, you can see how people might wish to label you.

"It's so frustrating," he says. "I get called a dub poet, and the image is of an angry young guy who performs with a certain rhythm. Well yeah, that's the tradition I came out of, but now I write love poems. My anthology, the *Bloomsbury Book of Love Poetry*, is out in September. And people are saying, 'What you writing love poetry for?'"

Typocasting is a bitch, we agree. So is the way fashions overtake you. "We used to call ourselves rap poets before the whole rap music thing took off. People expect me to come on talking in an American accent about homies, and saying 'Get down and grabbing at my crotch. And I don't do that.' Indeed no. Zephaniah is serious about his work and about his public role. But his standing among British literary celebrities is a little hard to fathom.

He left school at 13, expelled for being a rebel and "a born failure". A bad-boy teenager, he was sent to an approved school in Shropshire ("which wasn't a school at all. More a dating agency. No, I'm joking") and did a car-mechanics course. But he was angry, the National Front were active in Birmingham, and he turned to crime. "I used to think that anybody who had a car was the enemy. Rich people were the enemy of poor people. It took a while to realise it's not as simple as that." A spell of burglaries landed him in Winson Green nick. After prison he became a disc-jockey in Handsworth, selling his patter with comic stories of British life.

In the late Seventies he was one of the "ranter poets" who accompanied the punk explosion, people such as John Cooper Clarke, Jools, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Attila the Stockbroker, who would come on in the middle of a Clash concert and declaim simple, snarling bursts of agitprop and emotional disarray. "We all felt

the same," he says, "working-class British kids who felt that nobody was speaking for us. There were writers doing all this highbrow stuff, but no one represented how we thought. I remember, if anything happened where I grew up in Birmingham, they'd go and get the local vicar at the black church and say, 'Community leader the Reverend So-and-so says', and we'd say, 'Who?'"

Zephaniah didn't learn to read and write until he was 20, and is still severely dyslexic – when he performed at a children's gig in Battersea this weekend, as part of The Word festival, rather than read from his work he got some of the audience to act out the poems for him. He affects puzzlement as to what things mean ("It's a mnemonic – is that the right word?" "My *oeuvre*? What's an *oeuvre*?"). He's been called "a walking rhyming dictionary", but didn't realise such things existed until the other day. He is not disposed to hobnob with his peers. "One reason I

live round here is that it's away from other poets," he says. "I don't like hanging out with other poets." His verse is simple, immediately understandable bar-room stuff, often funny and astute about white attitudes to black culture, but politically naïve in that ghastrly right-on Seventies manner, full of "government spies", arms dealers and iniquitous "politician men". Zephaniah should, by rights, have retired from the game years ago, like Attila and Cooper Clarke; instead his name keeps coming up. The elections for a new Oxford Professor of Poetry? Vote for Zephaniah. Nominations for Ted Hughes's replacement as Poet Laureate? How about Zephaniah? A South Bank programme on performance poetry? Step right up, Benjamin.

Why does it happen? Is it a middle-class giggle, to get a semi-literate black ex-convict with dreadlocks to storm the ivory towers on Parnassus? Or is it genuine respect?

It's quite possibly the latter. Zephaniah has been an ambassador of world poetry from South Africa to Palestine, from Argentina to Scandinavia. He is an inveterate traveller and visitor of schools and prisons and youth clubs. He is Mr Global Cool Guy, insisting on the primacy of the oral tradition in poetry, and the fundamental rhythms that are common to everyone.

"I remember being at a conference in South Africa, when this woman got up and started to perform a poem, not in Zulu or any dialect I recognised. It was an old patois thing. She said: 'What you do, we've been doing in South Africa for years, but we've lost touch with it, because of the big struggle with apartheid. This is what it used to be like.' What was amazing was that the rhythm was the same as a classic dub poem, though it was thousands of years old."

Zephaniah's conversation is full of such meetings, such impromptu exchanges. People are always coming up to him. They treat him as their personal poet. They harangue him for being insufficiently radical. "I get old black women in

Continued on page 8

BY JOHN WALSH

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VAUXHALL  
RACING

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, London E14 5DL and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk. E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

## Falklands claims

Sir: I disagree with Alastair Forsyth (Letters, 18 March) that the International Court would probably find in favour of the Argentine claim to the Falkland Islands. On all the normal grounds for claiming sovereignty, Britain has the stronger claim.

The crucial point in modern international law is that, since 1833, Britain has enjoyed effective, continuous and peaceful possession, occupation and administration of the Falkland Islands – peaceful, that is, except for Galtieri's folly in 1982.

As for the primacy of territorial integrity mentioned by Ambassador Pöhl's letter, can he seriously claim that a group of islands separated from the mainland by over 200 miles of open Atlantic Ocean is an "integral" part of Argentina?

Surely the only sensible, humane solution to this sovereignty issue as we approach the new millennium is to let the people most involved – the Falkland Islanders – decide for themselves.

Sir REX HUNT  
Chairman, the Falkland Islands Association  
Sunningdale, Berkshire

Sir: The letter of the Ambassador of Argentina (18 March) reflects a serious historical amnesia.

The "colonial situation" did not begin in 1832 – when the British took over the Falkland Islands – but in 1516 when the Spanish began colonising Argentina. Modern "South Americans" are not the native population, which by the 19th century had been liquidated, so any talk of "self-determination" and continued exclusion of the original population seems rather anachronistic.

The true dimensions of "the problem" are five, not two, centuries of colonialism, none of which conforms to any principles the UN may now hold. Overall, the best solution seems to be the one suggested by Prince Charles: that two democracies have the maturity to recognise that the past is a different country and be prepared to make a better future by living together in peace.

DOMINIC KIRKHAM  
Manchester

## Molecular memory

Sir: Lionel Milgrom's account of Jacques Benveniste's research ("The memory of molecules", 19 March) failed to make it clear that the experiment discussed, where a biological signal is recorded, transmitted over the Internet, and applied to water elsewhere to regenerate the biological effects of the source, is not just an idea but rather an experiment that has already been carried out, with impressive results (see Benveniste's web pages at [www.digbio.com](http://www.digbio.com)).

We invited him to describe his work at our weekly colloquium to learn more about the research, which seems both scientifically interesting and potentially of considerable practical importance. While the results claimed may seem surprising, the Cavendish Laboratory has been host to many surprising discoveries during the 125 years of its existence, and the controversial nature of the claims was not seen as good cause to follow the herd and veto his making a presentation.

In regard to the Nature condemnation of 1988, my conclusion at that time was that its authors had made an insufficient case for its headline claim "High-dilution experiments a delusion", and nothing since has led me to see the frequent denunciations of the work as anything other than the hysteria that frequently accompanies claims that challenge the orthodox point of view.

The manifestations of scientific prejudice, well documented by Michel Schiff in the book *The Memory of Water*, can be extraordinary; another reason why we felt it important to invite Dr Benveniste to talk at our

colloquium and be able to present his results to scientists in an uncensored form. I am grateful to *The Independent* for following on with its article.

Professor BRIAN JOSEPHSON  
Cavendish Laboratory  
Department of Physics  
University of Cambridge

## Chinese and Welsh

Sir: Yasmin Alibhai-Brown (Comment, 18 March) writes of her distaste for devolution. She can accept that "Blacks and Asians" have a British identity but not a Welsh or a Scottish identity.

As an inhabitant of Wales I can reassure her that I have been able to be Welsh as well as enjoying my German, Polish and English heritage, whilst my children are able to be Welsh as well as retaining their Chinese heritage and language through the Chinese community in Wales.

Multiculturalism is a fact of life in Wales. Sadly, what also is a fact of life is unemployment, poverty-stricken hill farmers, dilapidated schools, cash-strapped hospitals and social inequality. These can be addressed more directly from Cardiff than from Westminster.

A loathing of racism is not a reason to avoid greater democratisation but rather a reason to embrace it. Yasmin Alibhai-Brown is doing the Black and Asian communities in Wales and Scotland a disservice by not positively encouraging them to vote and stand for election.

HANNA CHEUNG  
Caernarfon, North Wales

## Bad example

Sir: The chairman of the Advisory Committee on Releases into the Environment says: "The Americans are not stupid, and we should... examine why there is such a different attitude to GMOs on their side of the Atlantic." ("Tesco isolated over policy on GM foods", 18 March.)

He is referring I assume, to the same Americans who contribute massively to global warming, refuse to take part in a biotechnology convention and refuse to segregate GMOs or label foods containing GMOs, who have introduced laws to muzzle the press and prevent US "food scare" reports and who have recently permitted licences for the felling of their last old-growth forests.

Individually the Americans are not stupid, but collectively they do not know what they are eating, their politicians are controlled by big business, and their environmental record is dubious. They are no example for us to follow.

LESLEY ELLIS  
Alton, Hampshire

## Charity and tax

Sir: You suggest that the Government should decide for us which organisations are sufficiently "good" to be allowed to benefit from tax-breaks on donations by individuals (leading article, 19 March).

However, tax relief on charitable donations is given to individuals (who are thereby enabled to contribute more than they might

otherwise have chosen to do). The underlying principle is that the donor agrees to forgo some of their gross income for the benefit of others, and thus pays tax only on what remains. An appropriate test of eligibility for such tax relief is therefore whether the donor obtains any resulting personal benefit which they would not otherwise have received.

On this basis genuine donations to, for example, developing world charities, churches and even political parties should qualify for tax relief. Membership subscriptions of all kinds, and payments such as school fees, should not.

STAN ZACHARY  
Edinburgh

Sir: You are quite right to identify tax relief for charities as a flawed concept but quite wrong in your solution to the problem. The way forward is not to discriminate between good charities and bad charities but to deny tax relief to them all. Tax relief for charities is just another way for the rich to transfer the burden of taxation to the poor. The less tax they pay the more we have to pay.

ROGER CHAPMAN  
Keighley, West Yorkshire

## Access to justice

Sir: Ashley Holmes' article "Access to justice is not just a gimmick" (4 March) shows the dangers of taking parliamentary debate on the new clause in the Access to Justice Bill out of context.

The new "principles" clause imposed on the Bill was unnecessary. It was forced into the Bill, when the Government had already proposed its own amendments which clearly set out the separate purposes of the Community Legal Service and the Criminal Defence Service. The new clause creates confusion by trying to cover two distinct schemes with a single set of objectives.

Bizarrely, the clause seeks only to prevent discrimination against the disabled, whose interests are already protected by the Disability Discrimination Act 1995; it does not mention other vulnerable groups.

Also, some parts of the new clause are unrealistic. They suggest that the taxpayer should meet any legal costs that a person wants to incur but cannot afford: without any test of merits, or any consideration of the ways in which

the case could otherwise be brought forward, for example, under a no win, no fee agreement, and without any recognition that not everyone can have a solicitor's office on the doorstep, any more than a hospital or a supermarket.

I want to maximise access to justice and to provide high-quality services as widely as possible, within reasonable limits on the resources available from the taxpayer's pocket. Those ends are not achieved by including defective clauses in Bills. My criticisms were about the drafting of the clause, and the way it was proposed ahead of more sensible alternatives, not the sentiments underlying it.

LORD IRVINE OF LAIRG  
Lord Chancellor  
House of Lords

## Heart dilemmas

Sir: Your article about the dilemmas facing Chris and Daphne Ford when they discovered that their baby son had been buried without his heart (Review, 17 March) highlights issues which the NHS and healthcare professionals must take very seriously.

Clarity in giving information and integrity in seeking consent are essential in maintaining the confidence of patients and parents. Practices which were previously taken for granted are no longer acceptable. It was the determined arguments of Daphne and Chris Ford in 1992 that led us to change our policies at Great Ormond Street Hospital then, and similar policies are now in place at other paediatric centres.

But there may be an argument for a legislative framework or central guidance, and we have made it clear that we wish to contribute to that debate.

ROBERT CREIGHTON  
Chief Executive  
Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children NHS Trust  
London WC1

## Apologise to Sudan

Sir: In view of the fact that there is to be a debate in the House of Commons next Wednesday, there is now an opportunity for MPs to make sure that the Government is open with us concerning the attack on the pharmaceutical factory in the Sudan by US missiles.

No chemicals of any kind which can be linked to nerve gas production have been found by new analyses of the soil around the factory. The factory was incapable of producing any such chemicals. There are no links between the factory and any terrorist activities.

Every time questions are asked in Parliament on these points the Prime Minister has replied evasively by reference to the early remarks of US officials, which everyone I know believes to have been mistaken. Now he is aware of the facts, can not the Prime Minister apologise and attempt to persuade the US government to do the same?

Professor R. J. P. WILLIAMS FRS  
Inorganic Chemistry Laboratory  
University of Oxford

## Peaceful bedtime

Sir: I did a parenting course, Systematic Training for Effective Parenting, about a year ago. I too used to have a stressful time putting my children to bed ("But I'm not tired", 15 March). The facilitator encouraged me to try a new approach, which I was sceptical about initially.

I asked my children what time they would like to go to bed. They suggested one o'clock in the morning. The understanding was that they would put themselves to bed whenever they wished, but that they must get up in the morning by a specified time.

On the first night they went to bed ridiculously late but, as agreed, were up at 7am.

My very tired 10-year-old son said: "I think in future I will go to bed at 9.30 on schooldays, and allow myself a late night on Fridays and Saturdays." He had fixed a bedtime only half an hour later than the bedtime I had stressed myself out to achieve. His elder sister (then aged 12) followed suit.

REBECCA NG  
London W6

## Vicar's income

Sir: The pastoral reorganisation in the Gaulby group of parishes ("Vicar loses fight to keep his flock", 18 March) will not affect the Rev Ashley Cheesman's personal income at all. The quote from Roger Lyons, general secretary of the Manufacturing, Science and Finance Union that "his new parish will not provide sufficient income for a man with a wife and two children" is misleading.

The income of Anglican clergy is a stipend. Fees for baptisms, weddings and funerals are either assigned direct to the diocese, or a record is kept of such fees to report to the diocese and the stipend is adjusted accordingly through the Church Commissioners. This avoids the situation where some clergy would be paid more than others because they were in an area that has a high number of weddings, for example.

Emotional quotes such as using "an administrative measure effectively to starve him out", are inaccurate and unfair.

SUE KYRIAKOU  
Bishop's Press Officer  
Diocese of Leicester  
Burton on Trent, Staffordshire

## Double-banked

Sir: The irritation inflicted on A J Edwards by others' use of the phrase "PIN number" is nothing compared with my being made to write a monthly cheque to TSB Bank plc. I think it must be a ploy to get customers to change to direct debit.

ANDREW TEAL  
Ripponden,  
West Yorkshire



HMS Invincible No1: A Harrier pilot leaves his aircraft after helping to enforce the southern no-fly zone over Iraq

Neville Elder

## IN BRIEF

does for charity. Since when has speaking the truth become sanctimonious? He has said many times that if the major stars when they tour gave the proceeds of just one concert to charity it would hardly hurt their bank balances. What a good start to the millennium to have less greed.

Mrs J SADLER  
Liverpool

Sir: Dr Chris Dawson points out (letter, 19 March) that Jacques Santer in fact said

that he considered himself "entièrement blanchi" (completely cleared), rather than "whiter than white". While not wishing to question Dr Dawson's translation, I feel it is worth mentioning that in financial contexts blanchi means "laundered" – or perhaps, in this case, "taken to the cleaners".

NIGEL GREENWOOD  
London N22

Sir: On the question of naming a millennium child, may I suggest – Bug?

J GREGORY  
Beverly, Humberside

## We have ways of making sure you respect English law

HOW MUCH do you know about the law? The answer, of course, is not that much. Nobody knows much about the law. That's the whole point of the law – to be so baffling and mysterious that not even top judges and lawyers know much about it. If small gatherings of law lords can't agree on anything, what chance have we got?

So, starting today, I am going to bring you a series of tests on the state of English law. This is not to teach you about the law, but to point out how very little you do know and to increase your respect for the majesty and unknowability of the law. The first set of test questions is all about animals and the law, and is based on three recent court cases. Here we go.

1) Mr Threlfall of Willesden had a

long-running dispute with his neighbour, Mr Jacobs. The cause of the dispute is immaterial; what matters is the mode of revenge chosen by Mr Jacobs. Knowing that Mr Threlfall disliked dogs, and was even quite scared of the bigger kinds, Mr Jacobs proceeded on a campaign of capturing a series of stray dogs, then putting collars on them and releasing them again. These collars all had one thing in common; they bore a metal tag on which was written a made-up name for the dog and Mr Threlfall's very real name and address. The result was that whenever one of these stray dogs was caught and brought in, it was returned to Mr Threlfall.

The constant stream of unknown dogs being brought to his door was more than he could stand, and he might well have

gone mad had he not suspected that Mr Jacobs was involved in this stray dog campaign.

He soon found a local pet shop which had sold an unexpectedly high quantity of dog collars recently.

"Do you know who bought them?" he asked.

"Yes, a Mr Threlfall," said the pet shop man. "I know that was his name, because he also had a large quantity of tags engraved with his name and address."

"What did this Mr Threlfall look like?" asked Mr Threlfall.

The pet shop man gave an accurate description of Mr Jacobs, and soon Mr Threlfall had instructed his solicitor to lay charges against Mr Jacobs. But with which of the following could Mr Jacobs be charged?

a) Falsely imprisoning a stray dog



MILES KINGTON

The whole point of the law is to be so baffling and mysterious that no one knows much about it

b) Cruelty to neighbours  
c) Conspiring to give false information to a registered animal shop  
d) Falsely uttering another

man's address as his own  
e) Giving a dog a bad name

2. Mr Iwan Williams, a small-time Welsh burglar, was caught in his house with the proceeds of a burglary he had committed the night before, including a rare parrot. The parrot was produced in court as evidence, and the owner identified the parrot as his, based on the fact that it could utter several identifiable phrases, including "Rhodri Morgan was cheated".

The defence argued in favour of Mr Williams, the accused burglar, that all evidence in the court had to be given in either Welsh or English, on request, and they therefore demanded that the parrot also parade his vocabulary in Welsh. As the parrot was unable to do this, they claimed a mistrial.

Can an animal be required to give evidence in Welsh? And can he be sued by Tony Blair for uttering malicious and libellous comments on the election of a Welsh boss figure?

3. Mr Whistler, a Cumberland farmer, was out with his gun one day looking for rabbits when he spotted a fox and shot it. Unfortunately, it was a tame fox belonging to a Mr Kidwelly, who was out for a walk with it; the fox had been trained not to attack sheep or poultry, and to walk off the lead. Mr Kidwelly was determined to sue Mr Whistler for shooting his pet. His solicitor, however, was of the opinion that he would never persuade the court that anyone should assume that a fox was a pet.

"I have an alternative line of thought," he told his client. "I

have inspected the site of the unfortunate shooting and I have noticed that although Mr Whistler was standing on his own land at the time, and the fox was also on his land, he in fact shot across territory belonging to someone else. If we can prove that the bullet passed through air space not belonging to him, I think we can get him on all sorts of gun infringements."

Was there any truth in this? Or was it just the usual sort of hot air talked by lawyers when they're up against it?

I'd like to give you the correct answers to these three. Unfortunately, there is no such thing as a "correct" answer in English law. That's what English law is all about!

If you're beginning to get the idea, we'll have another test paper soon.

JP 11/01/50



# THE INDEPENDENT

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## The time has come to show that Nato's threats aren't empty

AFTER A year of warnings from the British and the Americans, it looks as though Nato is finally going to use military force in Kosovo. The anti-war voices raised against the bombing of Baghdad will be horrified, questioning the purpose of air strikes and repeating the conventional wisdom that wars cannot be won from the air. Not that they will be wrong to do so. This is a solemn moment, and it is right that, before the lives of Nato forces are risked, we should hesitate.

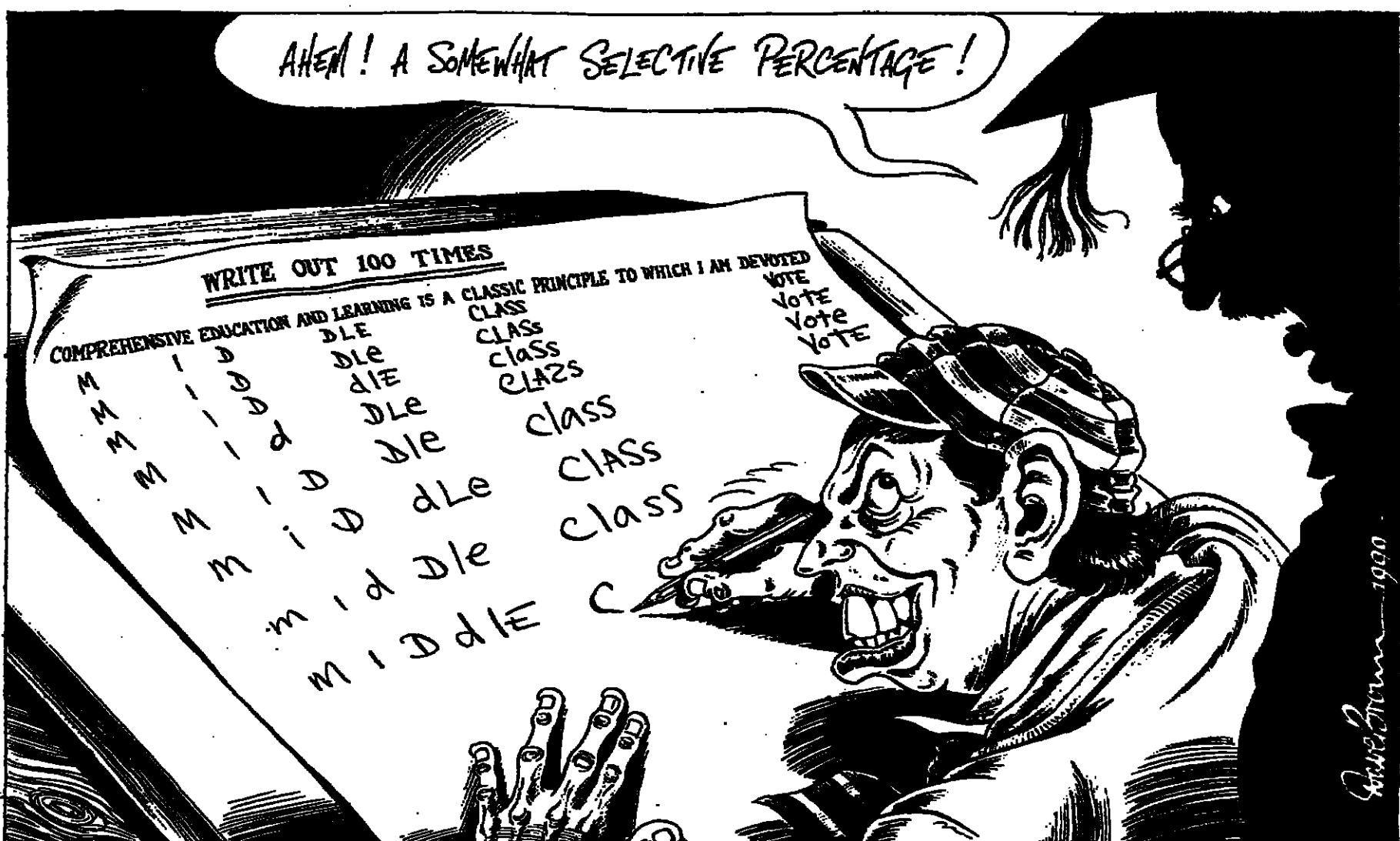
It is alarming that the withdrawal of the Western observers from Kosovo has left the Albanian-speaking majority in the Serbian province at the mercy of the Serbian tanks. It is likely that air strikes on Serbian military targets would kill civilians. And it is certain that, if the West wanted to keep Serbian troops out of Kosovo, which is the only guarantee of the security and freedom of the Kosovo people, it cannot be done from the air. If Slobodan Milosevic, the Serb leader, were to choose to defy the West in Kosovo, the only way to stop him would be to wage a long land war against one of the most aggressive and highly motivated armies in Europe, which is a prospect few in the West have even begun to contemplate.

But what is the alternative? It is obvious that we should not have started from here. It was obvious that the lesson of Bosnia should have been learnt long ago: that the only way to face down the bullies of Belgrade is by the threat of force – and that the threat must be genuine. If Milosevic had been forced to this point a year ago, a series of massacres of Albanian-speaking Kosovars would not have happened, and the Kosovo Liberation Army would not have gained its hold or carried out so many reprisals (and the Serb minority in Kosovo has rights, too).

There are those who would argue that the use of force is better never than late. But they are the people who would have left the Kosovars to their fate, which would have been "ethnic cleansing" and migration. Their argument is similar to those who say that the sanction Saddam Hussein should face for trying to acquire weapons of mass destruction is a telling-off.

In the end, the use of force is justified and necessary. Robin Cook and Tony Blair have since last March told Milosevic that if he does not end the repression in Kosovo, he will face the consequences.

Each time, the Serbs did enough to buy a bit more time, but then wrote their insincerity in the blood of Kosovar farmers. Last July, Mr Cook became annoyed with his Shadow, Michael Howard, for suggesting that Nato's warnings were "empty threats". Now, at last, the time has come to show that they are not empty. It is a grim duty but, as in Iraq, it must be done.



## All children need help, not just the most able

THE LATEST scheme from the Downing Street Sunday Headlines Unit is a worthy proposal for the brightest tenth of comprehensive school pupils to be selected for extra tuition in their best subjects. But even from a government whose policy-making processes are exceptionally driven by the need for favourable press coverage in mid-market newspapers, this is thin stuff. You can just imagine Mr and Mrs Range-Rover deciding to send their offspring, who they fondly believe are Oxbridge-bound, to the local state school because, though most of the lessons are rubbish, they will be studying rocket science on Saturdays.

The plan may help a few pupils, who are either highly motivated themselves or whose parents push them, to recognise that extra tuition is the passport to higher

education and its rewards. Many middle-class parents, especially in London, already buy private tuition to top up the education provided by even relatively good schools. But it should not be necessary to add time to an already bulging timetable. This scheme merely tries to make up for the fact that far too much of children's time at school is wasted – a lot of it in trying to follow an over-prescriptive national curriculum.

This Government is, of course, doing much else in its busy flurry of ideas for raising standards. Many of its policies, for taking over management of failing schools and bringing in private companies, are bold, and a welcome advance on the sterility of the previous administration. But it could go even further. In attacking the central problem today's announcement is intended to solve, namely the relative failure of some state schools in urban areas, the Government has not yet matched the laudable urgency of its rhetoric with the zealotry of its actions. In a system that allows parental choice, schools with a poor reputation will

quickly spin down a negative spiral. That spiral needs to be disrupted at the earliest stage by decisive intervention – or closure. Today's scheme will make a small contribution to targeting resources on the schools that need it most, but a bigger overhaul is needed – and one directed at more than just the ablest 10 per cent.

## Hell's bells

THE REVEREND Keith Sinclair's decision to take on the combined forces of Mammon, football and BSkyB is praiseworthy indeed. Concerned that the switching of Aston Villa's game with Chelsea might force his flock to choose between God and goals, he organised a protest toll of church bells. Aston Villa pleaded that they were bound by the FA Premiership agreement with Sky. Rev Sinclair may not stand a chance against the powers arrayed against him on this earth, but at least Aston Villa lost.

## Mr Portillo should remember his rallying call: 'Who dares, wins'

THERE IS no evidence that William Hague is a vindictive man. But if he were, there would be a sweet means of revenge now open for his humiliation at the hands of Michael Portillo in the former secretary of state for defence's highly watchable and instructive television series last year.

The series included a memorable sequence in which Mr Portillo, his handsome features etched against a darkening Yorkshire skyline, strode across the moors with the Tory leader trotting behind him, clad in a deeply unsuitable cagoule borrowed, it now turns out, from one of Mr Portillo's camera crew. It was, all the parties now insist, a complete accident. But it rather neatly illustrated the Hague image problem which Mr Portillo, who has turned out to be a dazzlingly talented television presenter, discussed so freely on air with the focus group commissioned by the makers of the programme.

The strategem is this. Mr Hague could ask Mr Portillo, in the wider interests of the party, to put his name forward as a potential candidate in the Newark by-election. He would have to do it privately, of course. Unlike Labour, the Tories still respect the autonomy of local associations and it is not for the leader to dictate whom they should or should not choose as parliamentary candidates.

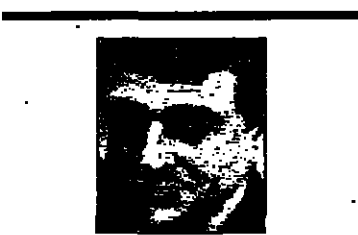
But, in the now routine fashion of modern politicians, he could discreetly "let it be known" to a couple of newspapers that this was his desire, putting Mr Portillo, who by all accounts is not interested in trying for the seat, firmly on the spot.

The interesting question of who will be the Tory candidate at Newark – after a freakily long interval of well over a year in which there have been no by-elections at all – should not, of course, distract from the reasons, none of them favourable to the Government, why it is taking place.

First, Fiona Jones, the sitting Labour MP, was found guilty by her peers of what looks like more than a mere technical infringement of election law. Second, however, the application of archaic laws to electoral techniques – including mass telephone canvassing and the use of information technology – that were unknown when the laws were framed, have underlined the need for an Electoral Commission of the sort that has long been promoted by Dr David Butler. Finally, Ms Jones's conviction has exposed the fact that the deeply divided Newark Labour Party is, to put it mildly, in a bit of a mess.

But that's just the point. Although it would require a swing to the Tories of 2.9 per cent to win the seat – at a time when the national opinion polls show Labour at comfortably above the national vote share with which it won its historic landslide on 1 May 1997 – the evident disarray of the Labour Party makes the outcome considerably more unpredictable than it might otherwise be.

This is especially the case since the seat was regarded as a pretty safe Tory one before the general election, and since there are bound to be fears about the scale of Labour turnout in the by-election. What's more, the Labour candidate, almost whoever he



DONALD MACINTYRE

Sooner or later even his many admirers are going to start wondering when he is going to get his hands dirty

or she turns out to be, is bound to suffer from a backlash against the party's role in the events that caused the by-election to happen in the first place. The Tories have more than a sporting chance of winning.

That's not all. Hague could, if he chose, present it to Mr Portillo as his solemn duty to his party to make every effort to get back into Parliament at the earliest possible opportunity.

The shrinking of the Tory party in the last election means that the Shadow Cabinet, let alone the tier of politicians just below it, is not so overburdened with talent and charisma that it can afford to do without one of the party's undoubted stars. Who better, for example, to sharpen the Tory attack on the Government by replacing Michael Howard as Shadow foreign secretary after Mr Howard's

decision to bow out of politics?

That is not, it seems, how Mr Portillo sees it. Mr Portillo is having rather a nice time at the moment: speaking, writing, thinking, appearing on radio and television, rotating selectively and graciously around the Conservative dinner circuit. By his sheer, if conveniently distant, presence he invites favourable comparison with Mr Hague. Portillo is a man who knows that he can have the pick of safe seats in the run-up to the next general election; he is in no hurry at all to get back. He will, by all accounts, go for a by-election unless the seat is rock-solid Conservative. Nor does this apparently mean that he intends to remain in Enfield Southgate, where he was cruelly defeated in 1997 by a tactical squeeze on the Liberal Democrats – even though Enfield is one of those seats that the Tories will have to win back if it is to have any serious chance of recovery. And why should he be in a hurry?

Although he would deny it vigorously, by staying out of Parliament until the next general election he can be sure of not being part of the problem if or when the Tories go down to their second defeat, but, rather, a potential solution. It says something about the state of modern politics that, a few ritual trumps from Labour apart, most people accept this situation, which has everything to do with personal ambition and little to do with improving the fortunes of his party, without batting an eyelid.

And yet it is even as clear as the sophist's claim, that Mr Portillo would be "finished" if he went for

Newark and lost? Roy Jenkins did no damage to himself by failing, in the admittedly rather different circumstances of the Warrington by-election in 1981, to win. Nor is the argument that he might not be able to hang on to the seat in the general election quite the clincher it is made out to be.

By standing in and winning the by-election he would incur a massive debt from the Conservative Party, becoming, the day after, an instant star. To have gambled on Newark would have been a gutsy, risky decision, for which he would have to be rewarded, if necessary, by another seat. Wasn't it Portillo who said in the ill-judged party conference speech which marked an otherwise distinguished term as secretary of state for defence: "Who dares, wins?"

In this respect Portillo is an odd mixture: insouciant enough to make that speech, fatally comparing the Conservative Party to the SAS, or to install telephones in a safe house in premature anticipation of a leadership election in 1995; too cautious to stand in that election or to risk a parliamentary defeat now. Maybe Newark is not the right choice for such a controversial figure, especially if John Stevens's pro-European break-away Tories run. But there will be other by-elections.

If Portillo is too controversial to win a closely fought by-election, then it raises questions about his ability to win a general election as party leader. Sooner or later even some of his many admirers among Tory MPs are going to start wondering when he is prepared to get his hands dirty.

### QUOTE OF THE DAY

"Knowing Eric Morecambe, he will say, 'You're late again!'"  
Des O'Connor, entertainer,  
on the death of the comedian Ernie Wise

### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"I look upon all the world as my parish"  
John Wesley,  
founder of methodism

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## MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD  
The Sunday newspapers reflect on recent events in Brussels

When the voices of arrogance and avarice combine with unaccountable power, the violation of an electorate's trust becomes inevitable. Replacing one lot of disgraced commissioners with another bunch of hopefuls will not change that. The critical issue is not who runs the commission, but how it is run.  
Sunday Business

THE EUROPEAN Parliament's failure to sort out the corruption of several of its Commissioners is undeniably a blot on its escutcheon. But the Parliament exists and we should exploit not exorcise it, in order to serve ourselves better, and to bring more transparency and accountability to the EU.  
The Independent on Sunday

THE COMMISSION has become not so much the servant of the European Union as its master.

The events of last week offer a golden opportunity to rebalance Europe's institutions.

If Tony Blair wants to persuade voters that joining the single currency is safe, surely simultaneous action to rein in the Commission's free-ranging powers to interfere in other aspects of our lives is a sensible course. It will be a lonely battle, but so was Mrs Thatcher's in winning our budget rebate. (Charles Powell)  
The Sunday Telegraph

FROM THE shambles of the European Union shines a small light of hope: Britain's insistence on the appointment of an outside fraudbuster. Making the independent watchdog a must for the next President of the Commission is a great move forward.  
News of the World

IT HAS been said, in as many languages as there are in the European Union, that Europe is at a crossroads. If only it were

that simple. Europe is at a roundabout around which it will spin while the passengers squabble about which direction to take. (Andrew Roamsley)  
The Observer

THE ABRUPT departure of 20 commissioners has been a source of joy for many Eurosceptics, but should not delude the Continent's overburdened taxpayers into believing that a chastened Brussels will rush to clean up its act.



## PANDORA

THE SUNDAY Times is the Sunday papers? No, The Sunday Times is last Sunday's papers. "Eye surgery lifts Salman Rushdie's brooding looks" screamed the rag's page one, above-the-fold story this week. Pandoraphiles experiencing déjà vu are right on the money - you read the story here 10 days ago. It's a sign of how grim life is becoming at Wapping; no wonder the Sunday Times's editor, John Witherow has been reduced to public admissions that his rag "isn't making waves any more".

For the Wapping barn, the only way is down, as management there becomes increasingly adrift from life as the rest of us understand it. Example: The Times's editor Peter Stothard deigned to give an enterprising Cambridge undergrad, Sam Coates, a valuable tip for readers of the collegiate magazine Varsity: "Well I wouldn't bother with work experience; I'd spend the summer reading Ovid." Welcome to the 19th century, guys.

IT ISN'T just Auntie and Ike who prefer clean-shaven staff: the parcel delivery outfit UPS forbids beards, too.

TRUDIE STYLER's husband Sting took a break from recording his new album in Florence to join a stellar on-stage cast performing the best bits of the Bard at the Globe theatre this weekend. Ethan Hawke left Uma Thurman and their baby to fly in from New York and join the iconic Vanessa Redgrave, the omnipresent Richard E. Grant, the deadpan comedian Jack Dee and the lachrymose folkie James Taylor to tread the boards before a full house. But it was the Lock Stock and One Smoking Crisp Packet old boys who stole the show with their Romeo and Juliet fight scene. As Tybalt (the former Big Issue seller Jason Statham), boyfriend of the Big B's, left babe Kelly Brock died, he stage-whispered the word "Bastard". "He's all emotional," explained Romeo Vinnie Jones, (pictured) to the crowd. Diamond fridges!

STYLER, A self-confessed bossy-boots and producer of the Lock Stock film, organised the Globe gig to raise some £240,000 for Shi-Wa, is London's new Tibetan Peace Garden, scheduled to be opened this summer opposite (surprise!) the

Imperial War Museum by the Dalai Lama. There was only one hitch - Styler had planned overnight accommodation for her performers in the Highgate demesne she shares with Sting. But she was embarrassed by the volume of talent that appeared on the night. And with her house still occupied by Pierce Brosnan, who's renting it for the duration of the Bond shoot, Anouska Hempel had to step in to save Styler's blushes. Hempel generously put everyone up overnight at her eponymous, and very smart, Paddington hotel. Peaceful gardens are important to the Australian-born socialite; local residents objected to her attempted annexation of Craven Hill Gardens when she first opened the hotel.

THE EU Commissioners' learning act presents a wonderful opportunity for Euroland to eliminate the anomaly of the fat cats' duty-free allowance. The old mob enjoyed 20,000 duty-free cigarettes per year (1,000 packs of 20); the booze exemption runs to a drrhotic 530 bottles of wine and 120 bottles of spirits annually. Perhaps following the same rules as the rest of us might clear Commissioners' heads on the duty free issue - especially the one belonging to the Danish prissypants Ritt Bjerregaard.

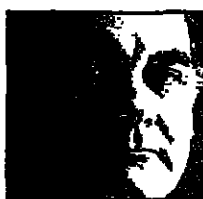
THIS JUST in from Madvertising Avenue: Löwenbrun has sanctioned a £1m advertising campaign that pokes fun at the Germans' national lack of humour. Its first poster says: "Was Mozart a cross-dresser? Who cares?" Not the clever boys and girls at the ad agency Edge, apparently - London resident Wolfgang Amadeus wasn't German but Austrian. Still, Löwenbrun's boss suits are sure to see the funny side. Aren't they?

CAN THIS be true? Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston are rumoured to be getting married this week in London.

SO CHERIE Blair likes the music of Sir Cliff Richard. Devil Woman? It's plausible - the Christian Socialist Movement's phone number is the positively beautiful 0171-833 0666.

Contact Pandora by e-mail: pandora@independent.co.uk

## A question for the Prime Minister



ANDREW MACKINLAY

The Government control freaks are winning and the rights of backbenchers are under threat

I ASKED Tony Blair at Prime Minister's Question Time last June for an assurance that he would distinguish his period in office by discouraging "fawning, obsequious, softball, well-rehearsed and planted questions" and ensure that loyal Labour Party backbenchers can provide scrutiny and accountability "without fear or favour and without showing partiality or affection".

Nine months on, the answer is becoming all too glaringly obvious. The control freak tendencies within the Government are winning and the rights of backbenchers are under threat. I did not know, when I put that question, that as I did so, select committee reports were being leaked to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Robin Cook.

The latest evidence that ministers are in a position to influence the committees came only last week when Gordon Brown, the Chancellor, admitted that his Parliamentary private secretary had received a leaked Select Committee report about the taxing of child benefit.

Answering my question, Mr Blair said he respected my "independence of mind and I shall do my very

best to ensure that he retains it". The Prime Minister has sought to blur two quite distinct, and not necessarily conflicting, obligations of Labour backbenchers. Of course, we are there to argue for, and advance the implementation of, our manifesto. But manifestos are short on detail and we have a duty to ensure that the crafting of the legislation, or the executive action taken

by ministers, is within the party's policy pronouncements and our own Socialist aims and objectives.

Second, the Prime Minister chose to ignore the constitutional duty of MPs not on the payroll to help in providing the most rigorous scrutiny and accountability. This is part of Parliament's historic role of voting supply to the Crown, which is now done, at best, superficially.

Constituency activists rightly expect me to support the Government in the lobbies, and I do. But they also expect me to criticise and cajole, encourage and enthuse the Government in fulfilling our aims and aspirations, to make the executive accountable - the principle that is the cornerstone of our democracy.

If Tony Blair has to be reminded of the need for the executive to remain accountable, he should look no further than the favouritism and cronyism of the Commissioners who brought the whole Brussels show into disrepute last week. Without checks and balances - and the freedom of elected MPs to criticise - Westminster, too, will become a breeding-ground for the abuses of power that contributed to the

downfall of the Major government.

Activists are dismayed by control-freakery. They do not understand why it is necessary for ministers' aides to create a new industry of planted questions and rehearsed supplementary questions. That is what has happened. Every day Parliamentary private secretaries can pass pre-typed questions around MPs, asking them to lob them into the daily ballot for ministerial questions to be answered two weeks later. It's as rehearsed as *Have I Got News for You*.

This diminishes the chances of those MPs who have taken the trouble to be the authors of their own questions from succeeding in the ballot. Partly as a consequence of this choreography, the opportunities for true scrutiny are now shifting - increasingly - to the select committees. They have become even more relevant as, inexorably, government has demonstrated a rapacious appetite for rushing through legislation, minimising debate, and arbitrarily using executive powers.

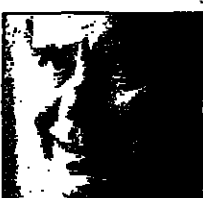
There is a presumption that in British politics "promotion" means becoming a minister. I hope we can

create a culture in which it is seen that younger MPs aspiring to advancement might, instead of becoming chairs of Select Committees, There is a need to provide additional resources for the Select Committees so they can match the government departments and public bodies that they are charged with appraising.

The Select Committee system needs reinforcing, not undermining, by ministers. All evidence should be under oath - like the US Congressional committees - and it should be seen as a serious offence to noble witnesses or members of the committees. They should also vet appointments such as the Monetary Committee of the Bank of England; the head of the new Strategic Rail Authority and the chairman of the new Countryside Agency. Each committee should have a powerful commissioner, comparable to the Comptroller and Auditor General, to help root out the facts. This is how Mr Blair should now answer the question I put to him in June.

The author is the Labour MP for Thurrock

## The rise of 'bedroom culture' spells trouble for our children



ANDREAS WHITTAM SMITH

Children are not willing prisoners in their homes; they say watching TV is what they do when bored

THE CABINET could profitably spend an entire meeting discussing the findings of a research project by the London School of Economics, published last week: "Children, Young People and the Changing Media Environment". First to speak should be the Home Secretary. He would perceive that parents' fears that their children could be the victims of crime or become involved with illegal drugs have significantly affected the way they are brought up.

About a third of the parents who were questioned said that their children spend "very little" or "none" of their time outside the home or garden without adults around. Most parents are more restrictive than they remember from their own youth.

These secondary effects of crime are rarely measured but can outweigh the more obvious results. Society always adjusts. Because parents no longer feel that they can let their children play in the street or run off to friends on their own, they spend a surprisingly high proportion of their income on providing media hardware for the home - television sets, videos, games machines, music equipment and PCs - often buying two of each in order to turn their children's rooms into media laboratories. At least the cooped-up young, they sigh, will have something to do. Indeed they do; they spend some five hours a day watching TV or video, listening to music, playing computer games, using the PC or reading.

At this point, the Prime Minister should turn to Mr Prescott. For there is a second reason why children spend so much of their free time at home. They cannot find affordable and accessible meeting-places. They complain about a lack of cafes, parks, swimming-pools, cinemas, skating-rinks and youth clubs.

Nowhere else in Europe are young people so dissatisfied with what is available. I am not saying that Mr Prescott can easily make good this lack of facilities. But part of it is explained by planning rules and regulations and part by the inability of local authorities to meet local needs. Both are his responsibility.

The tragedy which everyone round the cabinet table should contemplate is this. Our children are not willing prisoners in their homes, with parents as more or less kindly gaolers. When the researchers asked children and young people what would comprise "a really good day", they replied: going out to the cinema, going to see friends, or playing sport. In contrast, watching television is widely seen as what you do when you are bored and have nothing better to get on with.

Yet six- to 17-year-olds spend on average two-and-a-half hours almost every day in front of the television screen, to a large extent just filling in time.

Next to participate should be David Blunkett, Secretary of State for Education. What does he make of the report's assertion that a print or reading culture as such does not exist among young people? I shall try to reply for him.

First, it is questionable whether many young people have ever done much reading. In the Fifties, before TV became a mass medium, American research showed that children read on average for 15 minutes a day. The London School of Economics study finds exactly the same figure. In fact, reading for pleasure declines with age. About two-thirds of primary school children read books for fewer than 45 minutes a day on four days a week, especially at bedtime. Thereafter there is a fall-off until, aged 15 to 17, only 45 per cent do so.

Second, history shows that new media hardly ever replace older media. The cinema did not extinguish the theatre. Television did not put radio out of business. Instead, new media add to the available options.

Third, speaking for Mr Blunkett, I would say that Marshall McLuhan's famous aphorism - the medium is the message - is wrong. What matters is the message; the means of delivery is, in the final analysis, unimportant. Increasingly in education, the screen will supplement but not supplant the printed word, as it does in work and in leisure. Literacy nowadays is an ability to handle and learn from all media - from websites to classical text. There isn't book knowledge as opposed to, say, TV learning or what the Internet teaches. Knowledge is knowledge, regardless of its origin.

The report also has implications for another minister, Chris Smith, Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport. For it confirms beyond doubt that in many homes, children



Do too many children have computers in their bedrooms?

and young people are watching television, unsupervised, well beyond 9pm. Yet television scheduling, and with it regulation, is based on the notion of a 9pm watershed.

The report shows what parents with young families reading this newspaper know very well: from around nine years old, children's bedrooms become a centre of private activity. Overall, 72 per cent have their own rooms and need not share with a sibling. And what do you find when you look in? Some 63 per cent have their own television set and 21 per cent have a video recorder. Of course, with the door shut and their parents elsewhere, even many six-to-eight-year-olds admit that they often watch TV after 9pm.

In truth, bedtime is "bedroom" time, the end of the family day but not the start of sleep. Safe in their bedrooms, many young teenagers are watching the box up to 11pm.

Yet the report finds that parents are ambivalent. They "do not worry overmuch about their children's media use". Drugs, the impact of crime and poor job prospects are of

greater concern. Nonetheless, parents strongly wish to be able to rely upon the good judgement of broadcasters and media regulators.

In the light of these findings, Mr Smith will have to examine the watershed afresh. The questions are whether it should be moved later and whether new rules regarding the type of material that follows immediately after it need to be devised. Bolder still would be to analyse the role of consumer advice to see whether it could be made more conveniently available. Prohibition is a difficult policy.

Of course, I have been engaging in wishful thinking. It is said that the Cabinet rarely has sustained discussions of policy matters. Everything is decided in committees and the results are merely reported to the full meeting.

Yet New Labour also believes in something called "joined-up" government. Very well then. Let the Cabinet have a joined-up discussion about the development of "bedroom culture" and what it means for trends in our society.

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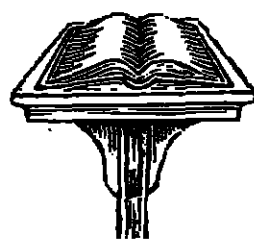
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## An unhealthy obsession with sex



PODIUM

CARDINAL HUME  
From a speech by the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England and Wales to a Life conference

WE NEED a society that first, protects and promotes marriage and the family; second, ceases to be so obsessed with sex, curbs pornography and puts sexual intimacy back into its proper place in marriage; and third, respects human life from conception to its natural end and thus abolishes abortion.

The idea of marriage as a permanent lifelong commitment is often regarded as unrealistic, and even undesirable because it limits future choices. And the notion of confining sexual relationships to marriage is seen by many as an unattainable fantasy. The link between life and love is broken. It is almost taken for granted that there need be no connection at all between the unitive and the procreative aspects of sexual intimacy.

Our society is faced with competing visions of what makes for human fulfilment and happiness. We have elevated freedom of choice to the seeming exclusion of other values. In the endless obsession with sex in so much of the media we see the peddling of unreal fantasies about what makes for human happiness.

The advancement of the "pro-life" cause regarding abortion is, I believe, not unlike the battle over slavery in the 19th century. There are powerful social, cultural, and economic forces opposing change. Gradually, however, the battle for hearts and minds will be won. And that is because, as with the right of the slave to freedom, the right of the unborn child to life is in the end absolute and unanswerable.

The need to respect human life from its conception to its natural end is an imperative of any civilised society. Besides the question of abortion there is also the real threat of euthanasia.

I want to raise a different issue now, though. It is one that is already rushing towards us. Our society as a whole is ill-prepared to meet it. The Church is ill-prepared to tackle it. We have already seen how the contraceptive mentality has distorted our society's understanding of the purpose and place of sex. In future the impact of genetic technology could have a far more profound and devastating impact on our understanding of the nature of human life itself.

There is no doubt that recent advances in understanding the genetic basis of many diseases hold out the long-term prospect of therapeutic interventions at an early stage, aimed at treating the individual affected. It is said to be some years before such treatment could be a practical reality, but we are continually being surprised by the pace of science and technology. What is already a reality,

however, is the selective abortion of foetuses. There are many stories of women who have felt under pressure to have antenatal tests for Down's syndrome, for instance, and to abort if the test is positive.

Given the astonishing rate at which the Human Genome is being mapped, I understand that it is not long before it will be possible for scientists to detect many more genetic disorders, as well as many genetic predispositions.

If such tests become widely available, and widely used, what will be the consequences? Will not individual parents start to demand the right to choose, perhaps with the wider use of IVF technology, and to discard embryos that do not meet their requirements? It is a profoundly human instinct for parents to want the best for their children, for them to have as great a chance of succeeding in life as possible. But we seem to be on the verge of the possibility of parents choosing what they regard as the best children to have.

What this could unleash is the spectre of eugenics. It is not the state-sponsored kind that has haunted this century, from

which we know that human beings are capable of using the latest scientific advances to pursue a state-sponsored eugenic policy of a horrific kind. Rather, what could now emerge is a privatised form of eugenics in which individual parents choose which children to have, and which to abort.

What if such choices are available only to the rich? And if they are available to all, how will those who choose not to abort children suffering from genetic diseases be regarded? Will society be prepared to pay the health care costs if such a child could have been aborted? How will such children see themselves? These are just some of the many questions that arise, quite apart from abortion.

The interest of society as a whole demands that we do all we can to foster a society in which every child is a wanted child, in which family life is protected and supported, in which sexual intimacy is revered as the point at which life and love meet, and in which each and every human life, from the moment of conception, is respected and protected.

JP 11/20/50







# Ernie Wise

FOR 40 years, Ernie Wise was half of the greatest comedy double act in the history of British television. Morecambe and Wise. Wise, the smaller in stature (a disparity in height being the feature of all the finest comedy duos), was the butt of Eric Morecambe's jokes, referred to as the one with the "short, fat, hairy legs", and teased about his non-existent toupee with the words "You can't see the joint".

It was Wise who opened each show with the greeting, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the show", and revelled in boozing of "a play wot I wrote", while Morecambe proceeded to sabotage such literary efforts, determined to knock his supposedly pompous partner down a peg or two. "What do you think of it so far?" Morecambe would ask, replying himself in ventriloquist style, "Rubbish!"

Morecambe and Wise's Christmas shows were consistently ratings-toppers, with audiences of as many as 28 million, and stars queued up to appear on screen with the pair, often only to be sent up. Glenda Jackson performed with Morecambe in a pastiche of a Fred Astaire/Ginger Rogers dance routine that finished with the Oscar-winning actress vanishing over the top of a staircase that led nowhere. The newsreader Angela Rippon danced deftly across the screen in an evening dress split to the thigh. The conductor André Previn leapt into the air while conducting his symphony orchestra so that Morecambe, playing a Grieg piano concerto rather amateurishly, could see him over the piano lid. Even the former prime minister Harold Wilson appeared in one sketch.

The list of personalities who joined Morecambe and Wise on screen down the years read like a roll-call of Britain's finest actors and entertainers. The joke was that Wise would grovel to these luminaries while Morecambe treated them with contempt and consistently forgot their names.

Morecambe and Wise had originally modelled their cross-talk act, combining quickfire gags with visual jokes, on the film giants Abbott and Costello and the more short-lived but hugely popular Wheeler and Woolsey - to whom they bore a remarkable physical resemblance - but their brilliant timing later caused critics to liken them to Laurel and Hardy. In their craft, crafted in music halls and variety theatres, Wise was the straight man, on the receiving end of Morecambe's buffoonery and insults, although this one-sidedness gradually changed as greater subtlety and characterisation took over.

The partnership ended only with Morecambe's death in 1984, which left Wise with the task of rebuilding his career. Although he never reached the same heights as he had

with his bespectacled partner, he branched out to work as both a West End stage actor and television game-show panellist.

He was born Ernest Wiseman in Leeds in 1925, and had his first taste of show business at the age of seven performing in northern working men's clubs alongside his father, a railway porter. In the amateur double act Carson and Kid, later known as Bert Carson and His Little Wonder and, at times, The Two Teddies, after the local beer. It was a song-and-gags act but also included the youngster performing a high-speed clog dance. "The faster I danced, the faster the crowds threw money," he later recalled.

He made his professional debut in January 1939 in the band-leader-turned-impresario Jack Hylton's stage production of the popular BBC radio programme *Band Waggon*, alongside Arthur Askey and Richard Murdoch, at the Prince's Theatre, London, after being audi-

Sid Field, at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, although they were only understudies in that and performed their double act just twice. However, they gained good broadcasting experience by landing regular work in the BBC radio series *Youth Must Have Its Fling*.

Then both went their separate ways to do National Service. Wise joined the Merchant Navy and Morecambe - after working for a short time with the comedian Gus Morris - becoming a Bevin Boy down the coalmines, only to be discharged after 11 months with a weak heart. In 1947, the two met again by chance, when Morecambe joined Lord George Sanger's Circus and Variety Show as feed to the resident comic, who turned out to be Wise. Standing in the centre of the circus ring, wearing dinner suits and gumboots, they would sometimes perform with not a soul in the audience. After the show folded, they eventually found an agent who booked them for

lished them as major stars. It was during this series that they adopted a Johnny Mercer number, "Two of a Kind", as one of their theme tunes. Later, "Bring Me Sunshine" was to become their trademark song, played at the end of the show as they exited with a hornpipe-style dance, hands behind backs.

Their venture into feature films, with three comedy-thrillers - starting in 1966 with *The Intelligence Men*, followed by *That Riviera Touch* and *The Magnificent Two* in each of the following years - was less successful. The Morecambe and Wise humour was never successfully translated to film, with storylines that were far removed from their usual patter and a method of shooting that did not suit their off-the-cuff style, but lack of success in this medium did nothing to abate their small-screen popularity. They even travelled to America to appear regularly on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and had their own series, *Piccadilly Palace*, made in Britain by Low Grade for screening in the United States.

The ITV show finished in 1968, when Eric Morecambe suffered a heart attack, but he recovered and *The Morecambe and Wise Show* switched channels, with Eddie Braben replacing Dick Hills and Sid Green as scriptwriter a year later after work lured the original writers to America. The duo's 10 years at the BBC proved to be their most popular. The series was a ratings topper and the annual *Morecambe and Wise Christmas Show* became an institution. The sight of Morecambe wearing glasses on the side of his head and slapping Wise across the face was a guaranteed audience-puller and ended some of the biggest stars to join them in front of the cameras during this time - so it was a blow to the BBC when the pair returned to ITV with their show in 1978.

They were lured back by Thames Television with the promise of more money and a chance to appear in films but, with a change of scriptwriters, *The Morecambe and Wise Show* never reached the heights it had done and only one television film was made, the poorly received *Night Train to Murder* (1984). The BBC cashed in by repeating old programmes under the title *Morecambe and Wise* at the BBC and repackaging them into 70 half-hour shows for screening in America. The move to ITV also saw Morecambe and Wise making a guest appearance in *The Sweeney* (1978), with Regan and Carter conducting an investigation at a club where the pair were supposedly performing in cabaret.

A year later, Morecambe suffered his second heart attack and had to undergo open-heart surgery. Then, in 1984, after finishing a real-life stage show, at the Roses Theatre, Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, he died of another attack. His death, at the age of 58, signalled the end of British television's best-loved comedy duo, who had appeared in five Royal Variety Performances.



Wise, right, and Morecambe. They were initially billed as Morecambe and Wisdom

tershire, he died of another attack. His death, at the age of 58, signalled the end of British television's best-loved comedy duo, who had appeared in five Royal Variety Performances.

Picking up the pieces of his career, Wise had the difficult task of being the straight man who had to find new vehicles for his talents. He performed in cabaret in Australia in 1986, played the chairman, William Cartwright, in the London West End musical version of the unfinished Dickens novel *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (Savoy Theatre, 1987), which ran for only 10 weeks, and Det Sgt Porterhouse in the farce *Run for Your Wife* (Criterion Theatre, 1988) and was on television as a regular

panellist in *What's My Line?*, as well as appearing in three Telethons in New Zealand and one in Australia. He acted in the American television comedy series *Too Close for Comfort* (1985) and, back in Britain, presented *The Morecambe and Wise Classics*, featuring some of the duo's finest performances from their BBC shows.

Wise was also the subject of *This is Your Life* (1991) and a 40 Minutes programme subtitled *The Importance of Being Ernie* (1993), which charted the problems of facing up to life as a solo performer after years of endearing himself to the nation as half of a double act. "We were ordained for each other," he said. "I wouldn't have teamed up

with anybody else, only Eric. It was like a marriage."

Morecambe and Wise wrote two autobiographies together, *Eric and Ernie* (1973) and *There's No Answer to That!* (1981), as well as several other books based on their television shows, including *The Best of Morecambe and Wise* (1974) and *Morecambe and Wise: Special* (1974). Wise later wrote his own autobiography, *Still on My Way to Hollywood* (1990).

ANTHONY HAYWARD

Ernest Wiseman (Ernie Wise), comedian and actor: born Leeds 27 November 1925; OBE 1976; married 1953 Doreen Blyth; died Wexham, Buckinghamshire 21 March 1999.

## Alfred Schlee

ALFRED SCHLEE was one of the most important and least prominent arbiters of taste in 20th-century music. The enthusiasts of the conductors and pundits fill the headlines; Schlee, head of the Vienna-based music publishers Universal Edition for 40 years, was more concerned with filling his catalogue, and he chose his composers with an impeccable ear for their likely development.

The list of Universal composers testifies to the acuity of his judgement: it bristles with names like Berio, Birtwistle, Kagel, Messiaen, Pärt, Rihm, Schwertsik and Shchedrin. The basis of his success was his unflinching intellectual curiosity - Pierre Boulez, one of the modernist jewels in the Universal crown, said of Schlee: "He always has his nose in the wind."

Schlee was born in Dresden in 1901, studying piano, cello and music theory at school before moving on to Munich University to take courses in musicology with Adolf Sand-



Schlee: 'A nose in the wind'

berger and composition with August Reuss. Schlee was already showing a deep interest in modern art: he was in close contact with the Bauhaus circle in Dessau and the architect Oskar Schlemmer, and in 1925 he got

to know the conductor Erich Kleiber, then busy preparing for the premiere of Alban Berg's opera *Wozzeck*.

Schlee had intended to go on to a PhD in Vienna, but the combination of two factors - his father's sudden illness and the hyper-inflation that was then beginning to bite - put further study beyond his financial means. He took to the keyboard and the pen, acting as accompanist to the singers Mary Wigman and Yvonne Georgi and writing ballet criticism. In 1924 he took up a post as Dramaturg at the Stadttheater in Münster, where he also worked as répétiteur. It was now that he first came into contact with Universal Edition (which, founded in 1901, was exactly the same age as he was); among the jobs he was given was the editing of a special number of *Anbruch*, the periodical of Vienna's musical avant-garde. In 1927 Hans Helsenheimer, the visionary head of the operatic section of Universal Edi-

tion, offered Schlee a job. Universal became his life - and he saved it.

His first important job was as Universal's representative in Berlin, where the Nazis' cultural policies were putting large sections of the Universal catalogue out of bounds: Arnold Schönberg and Alban Berg were both Jewish; so, too, were Gustav Mahler, Darius Milhaud, Ernst Krenek, Karol Rathaus and many others; and Anton von Webern, though an enthusiastic national socialist, also wrote "degenerate" music. For the Nazis, indeed, Universal was a "Jewish publisher". Schlee watched the exodus of his friends with a heavy heart, bolstered by his conviction that Hitler's regime couldn't last.

Schlee returned to Vienna in 1933, and his finest hour began, as Germany's swallowing of Austria was repeated in music-publishing microcosm. With the weight of Hermann Goering behind them, the

German publishers Schott bought up Universal; the prize was passed to another firm, Peters, when it was decided that Schott wasn't reliable either. Schlee decided he would have to act if Universal was to survive.

With the help of some of the more humane officials in charge of Vienna, Schlee set about preserving the Universal catalogue. The mayor of Vienna was, of course, a Nazi, but he was also an Austrian nationalist, and Schlee saw that he would be useful in preventing the wholesale loss of Universal to Germany. Highly placed helpers made sure the Gestapo were kept off Schlee's back - they called on Universal only once, confiscating music by Kurt Weill and Franz Schreker.

But Schlee saw the danger and immediately began removing scores and instrumental parts to safe havens, often in semi-official transport, on the grounds that the material had to be protected from bombing. Works

of Schönberg and Weill were hidden behind organs in country churches; Schlee's own house in Semmering was used to secrete scores; and until the war Schlee did what he could to export his forbidden music, correctly reckoning that the Nazis were even more interested in gaining foreign currency than in suppressing Jewish composers.

After the war, and with Universal re-established as an Austrian, not a German, business, Schlee now began to expand the company. He had already contracted Rolf Liebermann and Frank Martin to Universal, with a view to publishing them "when that Hitler is out of the way". Gottfried von Einem, whose mother had been instrumental in safeguarding condemned music, became a Universal composer; so, too, did Luigi Dallapiccola, Bohuslav Martinů and Mario Peragallo.

Schlee enthusiastically embraced the avant-garde, bringing into his

fold Karlheinz Stockhausen, Roman Haubenstock-Ramati, Mauricio Kagel, Friedrich Cerha, Sylvano Bussotti and others, and extended his helping hand to Eastern bloc composers - György Kurtág, György Ligeti, Edison Denisov, Alfred Schnittke - being given the official cold shoulder by the Communists who had taken over their homelands.

Schlee was an intensely private man. Pierre Boulez, who knew him for nearly 50 years, confessed, "If you want to know something about him, you have to ask someone else." That privacy was maintained even in death: Schlee's funeral was over and done with before the world knew he had gone.

MARTIN ANDERSON

Alfred Schlee, music publisher: born Dresden, Germany 19 November 1901; married 1960 Margarethe Molner (two sons); died Vienna 16 February 1999.

## Sir Giles Loder Bt

FOR MOST of this century the Loder family has been synonymous with West Sussex gardening. Members of its various branches have owned tremendous gardens at Leonardslee near Horsham, High Beeches near Handcross and Wakehurst near Haywards Heath. While all three survive and flourish, only Leonardslee remains in the family's ownership, due largely to the commitment and sensible management of Sir Giles Loder.

The names Loder and Leonardslee are familiar to gardeners all over the world who may never have been near the garden to which Loder devoted much of his life; for both are attached to several varieties of rhododendron. One, Leonardslee Giles, was specifically named for the baronet who inherited the estate when he was only five, kept it going

during the testing middle years of the century and continued the work on rhododendrons that his grandfather Sir Edmund Loder, the second baronet, had pioneered.

To grow rhododendrons successfully you need a large woodland garden on acid soil. To create such a garden is one kind of achievement; to sustain and embellish it in adverse economic conditions is another, requiring immense reserves of patience and dedication.

Giles Loder had those qualities in abundance. Born at the beginning of the First World War, he scarcely knew his father, Captain Robert Loder, Sir Edmund's eldest son, who was killed in action. The baronetcy passed directly to Giles when Sir Edmund died in 1920.

While he was at Eton and Trin-

ity College, Cambridge, in the inter-war years, his mother Muriel ran the estate. His lifelong fascination with machines led him to take an Engineering degree at Cambridge, where he also became interested in sailing and boat design. When the Second World War broke out he was first commissioned in the Surrey and Sussex Yeomanry but was moved to the Vesper shipyards to work on the technical and design aspects of new vessels for the Royal Navy.

A few months before the war he had married Marie Symons-Jeune, the daughter of Captain Bertram Symons-Jeune, a 1930s garden designer best known for his work on naturalistic rockeries. Her inherited expertise and interest in horticulture made her an invaluable partner when, returning from the

war, he devoted himself full-time to running the garden and the estate. Loder never lost his interest in sailing and owned several boats, continuing as an active yachtsman until he was obliged to give it up at 65. Family holidays with their two sons would often involve navigating the waterways of Europe. A member of the elite Royal Yacht Squadron, he was a regular at the Cowes regatta, where he sometimes skipped the 12-metre yacht *Kajlena*, belonging to a friend.

At Leonardslee, Giles and Marie Loder decided to enhance the plantings of rhododendrons and magnolias by introducing hundreds of new varieties of camellias, which they especially enjoyed. They built two large greenhouses so that they could extend the range to tender va-

rieties. Both sat on many RHS committees and were holders of the Victoria Medal of Honour, the highest accolade of the RHS.

His was a tremendous presence in the circle of knowledgeable enthusiasts drawn to rhododendrons and in 1997 he had the odd distinction of winning the society's Loder Cup for his work on the shrub - an award instituted by one of the Wakehurst Lodgers. He also won prizes for his pedigree Red Poll and Dexter cattle.

Leonardslee was created by Sir Edmund Loder in the 1890s in a lovely valley embracing a series of hamlets ponds used in iron smelting in the 16th and 17th centuries, when that was the area's principal industry. Although essentially a late spring garden it is popular throughout the summer months, when visi-

itors enjoy looking out for the wallabies who live in the valley and help keep the grass trimmed.

When, in 1981, Giles and Marie Loder moved to Cuckfield, they handed over the estate to their younger son, Robin, because his elder brother, Edmund, was more interested in training and breeding racehorses. The family tradition is being maintained by Robin's son Christopher, who runs a nursery on the estate.

Giles Loder took a keen interest in birdwatching. He and his wife would go on ambitious journeys to the Amazon or the Antarctic to look at the wild life. They were on one such trip in October 1987 when a hurricane tore through the south-east of England and did so much damage to Leonardslee and other gardens.

MICHAEL LEAFMAN



Loder: rhododendron growing

Giles Rolls Loder, gardener: born London 10 November 1914; succeeded 1930 as third Bt; married 1939 Marie Symons-Jeune (two sons); died Haywards Heath, West Sussex 24 February 1999.



## Wendy Boase

WENDY BOASE, founding editor of Walker Books, epitomised all that is best in an editor: she cared passionately about her authors and her books, she cared about the words and the pictures, she cared about every detail of a book's production. Such editors are rare.

She was born in Melbourne and had what she described as a "typically out-of-control Australian upbringing". Much of her time was spent helping her mother run a country store which sold "everything from bras to bathing caps." An avid reader from the start, she discovered the world of Australian children's classics and never lost her fondness for such seminal titles as May Gibbs's *Snugglypot and Cuddlepup* (1918) and *The Magic Pudding* by Norman Lindsay (1918). Good storytelling was important to her; she valued and appreciated the quality it could bring into a child's life.

Her schooling was somewhat indifferent but she went on to Sydney University to study Anglo-Saxon and Middle English. A two-year period of teaching in a private school followed her graduation, but then, like so many young Australians of her generation, she set off in 1968 for the almost obligatory "year in the U.S." - a year which turned into a lifetime. In London she taught for a while, then took off to travel round Europe and North America.

Returning to London, Boase enjoyed a brief and unlikely spell as a croupier in a gambling club before taking her first publishing job at *Reader's Digest*, where she was a reluctant secretary until she was promoted to the research department. From there she went to Marshall Cavendish, the book packager. There she met the charismatic Sebastian Walker and the art director Amelia Edwards.

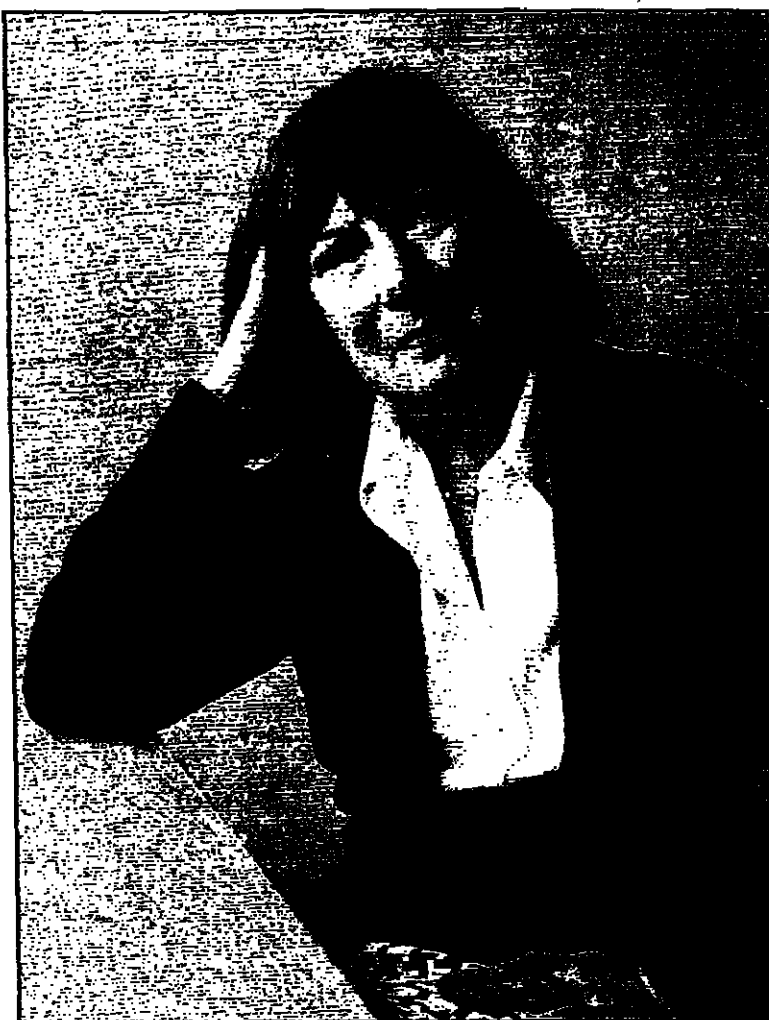
When Walker began his publishing adventure Walker Books, in 1978, he invited Boase to join him "to look after the words". Walker, Boase, and Edwards together set up the fledgling company in the spare bedroom of Walker's Islington home and from this modest start grew a children's book publishing company which is now one of the most innovative, successful and admired in the world. After Walker's premature death in 1991 the company took on a more structured framework and Boase

joined the new board, becoming Editorial Director.

Boase's life was Walker Books. She had vast energy, a huge capacity for work and a fiercely protective attitude towards her authors and artists. She also had a finely tuned feeling for good writing, picking out from the never-ending piles of unsolicited manuscripts such talented writers as Hugh Scott, whose novel *Why Weeps the Erogan?* won the Whitbread Award in 1989, and Lesley Howarth, who won the Guardian Fiction Award in 1996 with *Map Head*.

She was especially proud of the *Maisy* books by Lucy Cousins, and when the first dummies of these little books arrived in the Walker office Boase ran round to everyone enthusiastically hailing a potential bestseller. She was

*'Nothing but the rarest kind of best is good enough for children,' wrote Walter de la Mare. Wendy Boase lived that ideal*



Boase's life was Walker Books, which she joined when it began in 1978

right; 10 titles have followed the original *Maisy Goes to Bed* (1990), with several more to be published this autumn, including *Maisy's Mix-and-Match Mousewear*. The books have become world-wide favourites, published in 16 languages. One of Boase's last great coups was the development of a forthcoming television series featuring *Maisy*.

Boase was an influential figure in the groundbreaking deal Walker struck with Sainsbury, the subsequent marketing in Sainsbury stores of high-quality, low-cost children's books, produced by Walker, was one of the most significant developments in children's publishing since the Second World War.

But it was fiction which was Boase's particular love and over 10 years she

built the Walker fiction list to its present pre-eminent position at a time when many publishers were cutting back on their children's fiction. This took courage and vision, and it was a venture supported by the chairman of Walker Books, David Lloyd, from the start.

Like all good editors, Boase abhorred sloppiness and could be impatient if her high standards were not met. But her colleagues loved and respected her, and many young editors benefited from her training. A rather severe and unchanging hair-style could give her a formidable air, but this was misleading - she was never a *grande dame*. She retained her down-to-earth Australian directness of manner, did not suffer fools, and had a robustly earthy sense of humour. Boase claimed to have no hobbies but she enjoyed walking and country life, was interested in antiques, never stopped reading and once knitted a Kaffe Fassett sweater. Cancer struck her with terrible swiftness and was endured with awesome grace.

"Nothing but the rarest kind of best in anything is good enough for children," wrote Walter de la Mare. Wendy Boase lived that ideal, and the many authors and artists she nurtured with such skill will keep it alive for her.

JULIA MACRAE

Wendy Boase, book editor: born Melbourne, Victoria 14 October 1944; married 1979 John Vigurs; died London 15 March 1999.

## Professor Trevor Saunders

TREVOR SAUNDERS was a leading authority on ancient Greek philosophy and a superb teacher. He was known inside and outside Newcastle University for his personal integrity, scrupulous fairness, and strong sense of where a scholar's interests lay, spiced with occasional bouts of dark foreboding about What the Administration Was Planning Next. Each never failed to give pleasure.

He faced the destructive absurdities foisted upon universities in recent years not with blind resistance or hopeless resignation, but with a determination to preserve what every serious researcher in the humanities needs and the authorities nowadays bend over backwards to deny - the time to read, think and write. His own work on Plato showed what could be done by a scholar who harvested his research time carefully, but without compromising his commitment to students and colleagues or his sense of duty, however weary at times, to the administration.

His qualities were always in demand, locally and nationally, and brought him the chairmanship of the Council of University Classics Departments, membership of the government research assessment panel for Classics, a seat on the Council of Durham University. To his secure, clear-eyed judgement the Newcastle Classics Department and Arts Faculty turned, with gratitude and relief, time and again.

Saunders was raised on a farm in

Wiltshire, went to Chippenham Grammar School, in 1953 took up a scholarship at University College London (graduating with a First in Classics) and ended his formal education at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he completed a doctorate on Plato's *Lysis*. Greek, social, political and legal thought was to become the focus of his scholarly life, but early on he found he had a talent for translating, and produced a series of first-rate Penguin Classics. These included Plato's *Lysis* (1970), a complete revision of Aristotle's *Politics* (1981, originally by T.A. Sinclair - this paved the way for his text and translation of the first two books of *The Politics* in the Clarendon Aristotle series, 1983) and Plato's *Ion* in *Early Socratic Dialogues* (1987), a collection he edited and introduced.

His enviable gift for making complicated philosophy in an ancient language and distant culture comprehensible to a lay readership was never more clearly exhibited than in his teaching, to whose clarity, cogency, vigour and wit generations of students can testify. His scholarly work showed precisely the same qualities - he had no time for the trendy obsessions of the contemporary literary scene - and commanded a similar respect among his peers, as two recent international conferences on Plato's *Lysis* demonstrated.

His *Plato's Penal Code* (1991), a fat book without an ounce of fat on it, was the culmination of a lifetime's intense



Saunders: Plato comprehended

reflection on Plato, a major contribution to our understanding of ancient Greek legal theory and practice, and a fitting monument to the man and his scholarship: beautifully written, wide-ranging (the surveys the field from Homer onwards) and sharply focused, rigorously and courteously argued, and exactly annotated.

Due to retire in September, he had been planning for some time the first modern investigation of ancient Greek theories of equity when cancer of the pancreas was diagnosed, leaving him a few weeks to live. This he bore with a proper philosophical equanimity,

buoyed by his and his beloved family's longstanding Catholic faith.

A demon croquet player (given the chance), Trevor Saunders found his relaxation in films and railways. It seemed that there was virtually no film he had not seen or would not go to see (for a long time he possessed no television, despite its small screen) and there was certainly nothing about the most obscure branch-line on which he would not discourse, if prompted. Films about railways were his idea of heaven. He was on the footplate of the last train to travel the Wansbeck line, and tape-recorded the sound for posterity. His cremation ended, as his family fittingly insisted, with the sound of that train chugging out of Woodburn station, bearing him on its way.

PETER JONES

Trevor John Saunders, classical scholar: born Corsham, Wiltshire 12 July 1934; Assistant Lecturer in Latin, Bedford College, London University 1959-61; Assistant Lecturer in Classics, Hull University 1961-63; Lecturer 1963-65; Lecturer in Classics, Newcastle University, 1965-72; Senior Lecturer 1972-78; Reader in Greek Philosophy 1978; Professor of Greek 1978-99; Head of Classics 1972-82, 1987-92; Dean of the Faculty of Arts 1982-85; Chairman, Council of University Classics Departments 1981-84; married 1959 Teresa Schmitz (two daughters); died Newcastle upon Tyne 24 January 1999.

## GAZETTE

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

#### IN MEMORIAM

LASSOW: Hilda. In loving memory of my wonderful mother who left me last year. She was such a bright light and I miss her more than words can say. From her loving daughter.

Announcements for BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette notices are charged at £10 (VAT extra).

#### BIRTHDAYS

Mr George Benson, singer and jazz guitarist, 56; Mr Desmond Browne MP, 47; Miss Betty Callaway, ice-skating trainer, 71; Miss Sheila Cameron QC, Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury, 65; Mr Brian Hamrahan, broadcaster, 50; Mr David Ingman, former Chairman, British Waterways Board, 71; The Very Rev Lawrence Jackson, Provost Emeritus of Blackburn, 73; Dr Harry Kay, former Vice-Chancellor, Exeter University, 80; Mr Werner Klempere, actor, 80; Lord Lloyd-Webber, composer, 51; Mr Peter McEvoy, golfer, 46; Mr Karl Malden, actor, 86; M Marcel Marceau, mime artist, 76; Mr Andrew Morris, High Commissioner to Tonga, 60; Mr Stephen Nash, ambassador to Georgia, 57; Mr Alan Opie, bari-

#### ANNIVERSARIES

tone, 54; Mr Charles Pick, former managing director, Heinemann, 82; Sir Lynden Pindling, former prime minister of the Bahamas, 69; Professor William Ritchie, Vice-Chancellor, Lancaster University, 59; Mr Paul Rogers, actor, 82; Mr Paul Schockemöhle, show-jumper, 54; Mr William Shatner, actor, 68; Mr Stephen Sondheim, composer and lyricist, 69; Professor Sir Colin Spedding, chairman, UK Register of Organic Food Standards Board, 74; Lord Stokes, former president, British Leyland, 85; Miss Mary Tamm, actress, 49; Mr Leslie Thomas, writer, 68; Professor Sir Leslie Turnbull, chairman, Specialist Training Authority, 65; Miss Fanny Waterman, pianist and teacher, 79; Professor David Watson, Director, University of Brighton, 50.

#### ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Prince of Wales, Patron, the Royal Navy and Royal Marines Ethiopian Challenge 1999 Expedition, attends a reception in aid of the expedition. The Princess Royal, Patron, the Butler Trust, attends the Annual Award Ceremony at Buckingham Palace; opens Hill Romes' new nursing home, Bridgeton Lodge in Wharf Road, London N1; and, as Patron, Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, attends the launch of a new biography of Gerald Durrell at Harper-Collins, Fulham Palace Road, London SW7.

#### LECTURES

Royal Academy of Arts, at the Society of Antiquaries, London W1: MaryAnne Stevens, "Monet's Perception of Modernity", 1pm.

#### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; F Company Scots Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am. Band provided by the Scots Guards.

### LITERARY NOTES

DEBBIE TAYLOR

## Time to get out of the kitchen

SPRING IS the season of the Orange Prize for women's fiction. It now sprawls like marmalade across nearly three months: from the inaugural Orange Lecture this Monday, through the Orange Breakfast at the end of the month (when the long short-list is announced), on through to the June Declaration of the short short-list and the final prizewinner a week later.

And once again, as every year, it will be open season on the award's feminist agenda as the media get their knickers in a familiar twist about anything smacking of positive discrimination. What may not be realised, however, is that this whole debate is being quietly overtaken by events. Inexorably women are sloughing off decades of under-education and gaining on men in the race for literary distinction.

From birth, women display a greater aptitude for and love of words. Girls speak read and write earlier than boys and stay ahead in verbal skills all the way through school. As women, they tend to buy more books than men, borrow more from libraries and spend more time reading. In fact, there are now twice as many woman literature graduates than men; twice as many enrolling on creative-writing courses.

Of course, this doesn't

mean it's all petals in the rose garden. All the evidence shows a woman author's path is strewn with many more thorns than a man's.

For a start, women simply have less time to devote to their writing. The UK's most recent national survey found women doing twice as much housework and childcare as men. Candia McWilliam spoke for many when she claimed that "one child equals two unwritten books".

It's no coincidence that so many prominent woman authors, today and throughout history, are either childless or lesbian or both. Confidence is another problem. A series of recent surveys and market research carried out found that, despite their passion for writing, women are over 50 per cent less likely than men to submit their work for publication.

In a sense this is not surprising. The world of literature, as reflected in the national press, is still a very masculine domain, with twice as many books by men published and over twice as many reviewed - by reviewers who are three times as likely to be men.

Then there are the literary prizes. Men have outnumbered women by around two to one on all the major shortlists for the last 30 years. In poetry the imbalance is even greater, with men win-

ning over nine out of every 10 prizes.

But those who look carefully enough see that the tide is on the turn. Never before have so many women taken writing quite so seriously. The two last censuses revealed a quite dramatic increase in the numbers of women taking up writing as a career. From being just 34 per cent of people whose main occupation was writing in 1981, the number of women had increased to 43 per cent a decade later. Come 2001, if the trend continues, female writers will outnumber male writers for the first time in history. And that's not including the many thousands writing part-time, in snatched and stolen time, in "that still blue almost eternal hour before the baby's cry".

It's time to stop picking at the scabs of an old debate and look at the bigger picture. Yes, it is more difficult for woman writers to make a mark. But hey: they are good, they are on their way, they are getting there. And they deserve any prize that's going. As the judges digest the submissions for the Orange Prize, it's time for the spoilers to get out of the kitchen. The cooking time is over.

Debbie Taylor edits *Mislexia*, the new magazine for woman writers launched this month

### CASE SUMMARIES

22 MARCH 1999

THE FOLLOWING notes of judgments were prepared by the reporters of the *All England Law Reports*.

#### Costs

*R v Liverpool Magistrates' Court, ex p Abika*; QBD, Div Ct (Kennedy LJ, Blofield J) 5 March 1999.

ONA true construction of s 16(1) of the Prosecution of Offences Act 1985 any magistrates' court had the power to make a defendant's costs order; the power was not restricted to the particular bench of magistrates who had actually dismissed the case against the defendant. Furthermore, there was nothing in the statute which stated that costs orders had to be made timeously.

*Stuart Mills (RM, Broudie & Co, Liverpool) for the applicant.*

*Stuart Mills (RM, Broudie & Co, Liverpool) for the applicant.*

#### Tax

*Hilldown Holding plc v IR Commrs*; Ch D (Arden J) 11 March 1999.

THE WORD "payment" meant "effective payment" in relation to a payment made to an employer out of its approved pension scheme, giving rise to a tax liability under s 601 of the Taxes Act 1988. Where the payment to the employer was found to be in breach of trust and was returned to the pension fund by order of the court, there was no "effective payment" and the Revenue had to repay the tax.

*David Oliver QC and Nigel Giffen (Herbert Smith) for the taxpayer; Ian Glick QC and Richard Gillis UR Sobri for the Crown.*

#### Sentencing

*Attorney-General's Reference (No 71 of 1998)*; CA, Crim Div (Judge LJ, Sachs, Kevan LJ) 8 March 1999.

WHERE AN offender who had

already been convicted of a "serious offence" within s 2(5) of the Crime (Sentences) Act 1997 committed a robbery which, in order to qualify as a second "serious offence" making him liable to a sentence of life imprisonment, required that the offender had had possession of a firearm, it was sufficient that the offence had been committed as a joint enterprise where a firearm had been used, even though the offender himself had never had possession of it.

*Neil Moore (CPS) for the Attorney General; Louise Godfrey QC (Grime Stone Bateson, Leeds) for the offender.*

#### Employment

*Barber and ors v RJB Mining (UK) Ltd*; QBD (Gage J) 3 March 1999.

REGULATION 4(1) of the Working Time Regulations 1998, which set a maximum weekly working time for all workers covered by the regulations, imposed a contractual obligation on the parties which was capable of remedy in the civil courts, and accordingly the employment tribunal did not have exclusive jurisdiction over claims arising out of the regulations.

*Brian Longstaff QC (Keeble Henson, Sheffield) for the plaintiffs; Nicholas Underhill QC (Freshfields) for the defendant.*

#### Reinsurance

*Württembergische Aktiengesellschaft Versicherungs-Beteiligungsgesellschaft v Home Insurance Co*; CA (Gutler-Sloss, Aldous, Brooke LJ) 9 March 1999.

A JUDGE deciding a preliminary issue in the course of prolonged litigation was wrong to use the expression "persuasive obiter dicta" in relation to earlier judgments on other pre-

liminary issues in the same litigation, since those judgments were binding only in relation to the matters which they had purported to decide.

*Jonathan Hirst QC, Neil Calver (Barlow Lyde & Gilbert) for the appellants; Mark Howard QC, Robin Dicker (Holman Fenwick & Willan) for the respondents.*

#### Extradition

*Re Burke*; QBD, Div Ct (Rose LJ, Mitchell J) 16 March 1999.

THE WORD "sentence" in art VII(4) of Sch 1 to the United States of America (Extradition) order 1976 was not confined to a sentence of imprisonment, but included a term of supervised release to be served following a term in custody. Such a supervised release was not an ancillary order, but was an integral part of the sentence passed. Furthermore, an order to pay a sum of money by way of restitution and a fine also fell within the article as being a sentence.

*John Hardy (Christmas & Sheehan) for the applicant; Roy Brown (CPS) for the Governor of Bristol Prison and the United States Government.*

#### Adoption

*Re B (a minor)* (adoption order: nationality); House of Lords (Lord Nicholls of Birkenhead, Lord Hoffmann, Lord Hope of Craighead, Lord Hutton and Lord Millet) 11 March 1999.

WHEN CONSIDERING whether to make an adoption order under s 6 of the Adoption Act 1976, the court should not, in determining whether the child's welfare called for adoption, ignore benefits which would result solely from a change in immigration status.

*Michael Harrison QC, David Jones (Blake Lophorn) for the appellants; Ashley Underwood (Treasury Solicitor) for the respondents.*

### WORDS

CHRISTOPHER HAWTREE

ken, n. and v.

A week goes by / In which some one doesn't die. / So we really mustn't grumble very much. / One can picture this harmonising vicar

and curate: "though we fill the cup of duty to the very brim / Ideas may sometimes swim / Into our ken". Curiously, *ken* - with many European equivalents and defined by Johnson as "view; reach of sight" - is seemed rare by the OED, when it was surely currency by Kenneth Horne's wireless show.



# You've always got a friend in New Hampshire

I WAS intending this week to write about some exasperation or other of modern American life when Mrs Bryson (who is, may I say, a dear woman) brought me a cup of coffee, read the first few lines off the computer screen, muttered, "Bitch, bitch, bitch", and shuffled off.

"Pardon, my dewy English rose?" I called.

"You're always complaining in that column."

"But the world needs righting, my luscious, cherry-cheeked daughter of Boadicea," I rejoined tranquilly. "Besides, complaining is what I do."

"Complaining is all you do."

Well, excuse me, but not quite. I believe that on these very pages I once wrote a few words of praise for American garbage disposal units, and I clearly recall commending our local post office for providing me with a free doughnut on Customer Appreciation Day. But perhaps she had a point.

There are many wonderful things about the United States of America that deserve praise -

the Bill of Rights, the Freedom of Information Act and free bookmatches are three that leap to mind - but none is more outstanding than the friendliness of the people.

When we moved to this little town in New Hampshire, people received us as if the one thing that had kept them from total happiness up to that point was the absence of us in their lives. They brought us cakes and pies and bottles of wine. Not one of them said: "So you're the people who paid a fortune for the Smith place", which I believe is the traditional greeting in England. Our next-door neighbours, upon learning that we were intending to go out to eat, protested that it was too dreary to dine in a strange restaurant on your first night in a new town and insisted that we come to them for dinner there and then, as if feeding six extra mouths were the most trifling of burdens.

When word got round that our furniture was on a container ship making its way from Liverpool to Boston, evidently by way of Port

Said, Mombasa and the Galapagos Islands, and that we were temporarily without anything to sleep on, sit on or eat from, a stream of friendly strangers (many of whom I have not seen since) began traipsing up the walk with chairs, lamps, tables, even a microwave oven.

It was dazzling, and it has remained so. At Christmas last year we went to England for 10 days and returned home late at night and hungry to find that a neighbour had stocked the fridge with both essentials and goodies, and filled vases with fresh flowers. This sort of thing happens all the time.

Recently, I went with one of my children to a local college basketball game. We arrived just before game time and joined a queue at one of the ticket windows. After a minute a man came up to me and said: "Are you waiting to buy tickets?"

No, I wanted to reply, I'm standing here to make the line more impressive, but of course all I said was: "Yes, I am."

"Because you can have these,"



**BRYSON'S AMERICA**

he said and thrust two tickets at me. My immediate thought, born of years of stupidly misreading situations, was that he was a tout and that there must be a catch.

"How much?" I said warily.

"No, no, you can have them. For free. We can't go to the game, you see." He indicated a car outside, with the motor running and a woman sitting in the passenger seat.

"Really?" I said. "Well, thank you very much." And then I was struck by a thought. "Did you make a special trip here to give away two tickets?"

"They were going to go to

waste otherwise," he said apologetically. "Enjoy the game."

I could go on and on about this sort of thing - about the young man who returned my son's lost wallet with nearly all his summer's wages in it and wouldn't take a reward; about the employees of the cinema who go out if it starts to rain and roll up all the windows of cars parked along nearby streets on the assumption that at least some of them will belong to cinema customers who don't know it is raining; how after the wife of the local police chief lost her hair during chemotherapy treatment every member of the force had his head shaved to raise money for a cancer charity, and to make the chief's wife feel less conspicuous.

That people leave their cars unlocked and the windows open tells you something more about the town, of course. The fact is, there is no crime here. People will casually leave a \$500 bicycle propped against a tree and go off to do their shopping. If someone did steal it, I am almost certain

the victim would run after the thief shouting: "Could you please return it to 32 Wilson Avenue when you've finished? And watch out for the third gear - it sticks."

No one locks anything. I remember being astounded by this on my first visit, when an estate agent took me out to look at houses (and there's another thing - estate agents in America know how to stand up and move around) and she kept leaving her car unlocked, even when we went into a restaurant for lunch and even though there was a portable phone on the seat and some shopping in the back.

At one of the houses she discovered she had brought the wrong key. "Back door'll be unlocked," she announced confidently, and it was. I subsequently realised that there was nothing unusual in this. We know people who go away on holiday without locking their doors, don't know where their house key is, aren't even sure whether they still have one.

Now you might reasonably wonder why, then, this is not a

thief's paradise. There are two reasons, I believe. First, there is no market for stolen goods here. If you sidled up to anyone in New Hampshire and said, "Wanna buy a car stereo?" the person would look at you as if you were off your head and say: "No, I already have a car stereo." Then they would report you to the police and - here is the second thing - the police would come and shoot you. But, of course, the police don't shoot people here because they don't need to, because there is no crime. It is a rare and heart-warming example of a virtuous circle. We have grown used to this now, but when we were still new in town and I expressed wonder about it all to a woman who grew up in New York City but has lived here for 30 years, she said a hand on my arm and said, as if imparting a great secret: "Honey, you're not in the real world any longer. You're in New Hampshire."

*Notes from a Big Country' by Bill Bryson is published by Doubleday, price £16.99*

Stalking is a crime which can be terrifying and can destroy a victim's life. So why would anyone make it up? By Dr Raj Persaud

## Stalking out of the mind's shadows

For four years, one woman claimed she was being terrorised by a stalker called "The Poet", who bombarded her with threatening letters in rhyme. A butcher's knife arrived from him at Christmas; he cut her telephone line; he threw concrete blocks at her home; he even abducted her, stabbing her in the back.

When she was found mailing letters from "The Poet" to herself, the middle-aged American woman confessed that he had never existed.

This case, reported in 1984, was the first claim of false stalking to be made. But now new research from Australia suggests that as many as 10 per cent of stalking claims may be fictitious.

"False Victimisation Syndrome"

is just one of a new set of psychiatric disorders that has joined illnesses such as cancer, which are favourites among those who set out to dupe doctors. The motivation of the "pseudovictims" can seem mysterious, but most psychologists believe the behaviour is attention-seeking, the only way an isolated individual has of obtaining sympathy.

In their paper in the *British Journal of Psychiatry*, Australian psychiatrists Dr Michele Pathé and colleagues, examined 12 individuals who had falsely claimed to be victims of stalking. Significantly, none was in a stable relationship, a stark contrast with the true victims that the Australian doctors saw in their specialist clinic. This strongly suggests that it is the enlistment of help and support from others that drives the need to claim you are in danger.

According to psychologists, true

victims of stalking are usually embarrassed by their situation and would rather not draw attention to themselves, in contrast to pseudovictims, who try as hard as possible to get assistance from others. Genuine sufferers are often reluctant to notify the authorities of their problem, fearing that this may even exacerbate their predicament, while false victims happily, even gleefully, come forward.

Another clue as to what is really going on lies in the rhythm with which incidents are reported. Pseudovictims tend to generate more complaints if it seems as though others may be losing interest in the case. But in three of the 12 cases reported from Australia the victims had suffered genuine stalking in the past, and had as a result become hypersensitive to a possible recurrence, seeing stalking in the blameless actions of others.

In six of the 12 cases Dr Pathé describes, the cause of the false claims was in fact a paranoid delusion about being followed, which the psychotic had incorporated into their fantasy life, perhaps because paranoia about stalking, fuelled by media reports, is currently so widespread. Yet the public fear of stalking is often based on a false picture generated by the media, which focuses on celebrity stalking, where disturbed fans are usually involved.

In cases involving ordinary members of the public, it is much more common for any stalking to be done by someone already fairly well known to the victim. Ironically, in one case reported by Dr Pathé the false victim of stalking was in fact a stalker - the false claim seemed to be an attempt to pre-empt the vic-



A new study suggests about ten per cent of reported stalking incidents are fictitious, the only way some isolated individuals can get attention

Chris Clark

tim's complaint. This echoes another bizarre case from the US where a stalker took out an injunction against a victim, to stop the person following the stalker.

This begins to make psychological sense if you see stalkers as people so obsessed with their victims that they are unable to get thoughts of their quarry out of their minds, even when they may want to. In a sense, they themselves feel trapped by their targets.

However complex the problem of telling the genuine from the false in the weird world of stalking, one salient fact is incontestable: the time and energy devoted to investigating false claims takes away precious and increasingly meagre

resources from genuine crimes and victims. But even when the authorities suspect they have a pseudovictim on their hands, the problem of how to confront the issue with the perpetrator can be a difficult one.

In another famous US case, a woman filed 60 complaints over six months, claiming that she had found underwear in her house with red hearts drawn on in lipstick, and that she had suffered break-ins and had found blood-soaked teddy bears left above her garage entrance so they would fall on those closing the door. One was found in her baby's cot. After several press conferences held by the victim, where she complained about the lack of interest of the local police, she was caught on

videotape placing a teddy bear in her garage. It transpired that the motivation was an attempt to make living in her house so uncomfortable that it would force her reluctant husband to agree to move.

In 1985, Cindy Garvey, the ex-wife of a famous baseball player, reported a number of stalking events to the Los Angeles police. After numerous phone calls pleading for help, she went to them with a black eye and damaged nose. It later emerged that she had in fact been harassing her ex-husband and an ex-boyfriend. She confessed that she manufactured the stalking incidents to exact revenge against her ex-boyfriend.

This is a common motivation - to inflict vengeance against a loved one

who has ended a relationship. Alternatively an ex-partner may be galvanised into protecting the "victim" from a mysterious anonymous threat, and so fictitious claims of being stalked can connect you with someone who was not otherwise likely to return.

Dr Pathé and her colleagues suggest a sympathetic approach which acknowledges that false victims in most cases are distressed and disturbed individuals. Dr Kris Mohandie, a police psychologist at the Los Angeles Police Department who specialises in False Victimisation Syndrome, explains that their approach is to state to the pseudovictim that "events did not occur as you told us", but then to

allow a face-saving exit for the perpetrators by portraying the falsehood as a "cry for help". After all, seeking a victim's role as the only way of achieving a sense of personal identity suggests something fundamentally wrong with their psychological development.

But perhaps the cause also partly lies in a society so obsessed by the cult of celebrity that anyone who is anyone must have their own stalker - the ultimate status accessory; the same society where assuming the role of a victim is increasingly the only way to get any attention.

Dr Raj Persaud is a consultant psychiatrist at the Maudsley Hospital in south London

## The dyslexic rasta jailbird turned dub-reggae poet activist

Continued from page 1  
wheelchairs saying: "Why don't you write more about black women in wheelchairs?" Gradually you understand that he's something of a community hero. Posters of him (looking like Lenny Kravitz) appear in shop windows. The British Dyslexia Association put his picture on postcards ("He finds it difficult to cope with the word 'But' it's never stopped his voice being heard"). There's even a brief, respectful hagiography about him, written for children and illustrated in pastels, like the life of Christ or Nelson Mandela. His role as black spokesman and political poet was recently crystallised by a single work: a poem called "What Stephen Lawrence has Taught Us",

commissioned by Channel 4, a chilly indictment of things even government enquiries can't ameliorate. It starts and ends with the line "We know who the killers are".

"The poem," said Zephaniah, "is about how we sit and watch the academics and super-cops trying to define institutionalised racism, while black people continue to die in police custody, or emptying out their pockets in the street, or are killed without there being any killers. It's like, we're trying to define racism, but there they are, we know who they are. I think you can genuinely tap into what people feel and what they think is not being expressed."

It sealed his reputation. "The day after it came out, a busload of

kids went past me and they shouted out, 'We know who the killers are'. People were walking around in the street saying, 'We know who the killers are'."

In other words, Benjamin, you've become the People's Poet. How about the Laureateship? "I don't want to talk about it. I've always refused to talk to the press about it. But there's a banner down the road saying 'Benjamin Zephaniah for Poet Laureate'. Little old ladies come up and say, 'You are the people's laureate, you don't need that job. You wrote that poem about Stephen Lawrence and it moved me'."

Mr Zephaniah is, he says, a "griot", a Jamaican word that means several things: a poet who is also an

actor; a musician; an alternative newscaster; a political commentator. There's no English equivalent, though a troubadour with a satiric bent might come close. It's a frustration for Zephaniah, who left Britain three years ago to recite his verse in places where they'd understand such things. "I had this yearning to perform where this tradition was very much alive, and where I wasn't always being asked 'What is the poet's role in society?' and 'Why are you so political?' and 'Are you a failed actor?' When I perform in the townships of South Africa, and in India and Pakistan, they think of poetry first and foremost as being oral. In fact, they ask me: 'Why do you have to put it into books at all?'"

Zephaniah has a novel for children, entitled *Face*, out in August. His love poetry anthology out in September and a new volume of angry political verse, *Too Black, Too Strong*, out next year. He's developing a children's television series for Granada and planning to go on tour with a band. He is amazingly busy, energetic and passionate. If he is not an especially accomplished poet qua poet, he's a dozen other things at once - a voice of the community; a hero to disadvantaged young blacks; an asker of awkward questions; a happy rapper.

"I'm at home in any city," he says, in his cool, travelling-man way. How fortunate for east Londoners to have such a "griot" in their midst.



JP 11/10/50



# When two heads are better than one

## FAMILY AFFAIR

Amrit and Rabindra Kaur Singh, 33, are identical twins and work together as artists in the Wirral on Merseyside. Their critically acclaimed paintings – always done in tandem – use intricate detail in modernising the classical Indian miniature tradition, and include a recent portrayal of Diana, Princess of Wales, as a Hindu goddess with six arms



Amrit Kaur Singh

**B**indy and I share the same room. We've got single beds on opposite sides of the room. So we are together all night and most of the day. We have identical wardrobes, right down to hair-bands and ribbons, so whoever gets up first opens up the cupboard and sees what needs ironing. The one who is up takes one set of clothes downstairs and leaves the other set behind. Then whoever is still in bed knows what we are wearing that day.

We make a point of dressing identically not because we are freakish or faddish. In terms of our art it is a political statement. It is part of our image as artists. When we were at college, the be-all and end-all of modern art was to express individualism. It was the same at school, where we were put in different classes, even though best friends were always allowed to sit together. The official line seems to be that twins are better off brought up individually. But that did not fit in with us as Asians or as twins.

On the Asian front, this idea of individuality is quite an alien concept. We focus on family. There is no such thing as "I" or "me". Equally, tutors could not understand how as twins we were inspired by the same Indian miniature tradition and produced very similar art. There is this fear among people who do not understand the relationship between twins. They think that because you are similar physically or in action, dress or hobbies, you are not two individuals. There is a feeling in the art world that this is not healthy. An examiner in our final examinations asked us whether we had ever tried to be different. People were always asking us that question. It brought home to us the prejudice people have towards who we are. We are not trying to copy each other – we are just being who we are.

We even get irritated now if people can tell us apart. We think that if we are going to be twins we should do it properly. So when people call me Rabindra, I find it quite funny. We answer to both names anyway – it saves a lot of time. But there are differences. My sister is much neater and more organised in her work. She is more of a perfectionist. She is also more bubbly in company than me.

The only time we are apart on a regular basis is when my sister goes to karate lessons three times a week. I used to go as well, but there was an

illness in the family, and someone was needed to look after that person. I also took up flute lessons, which was the first thing we did differently. Rabindra always wanted to learn the piano, so now she plays that. But we go to the same teacher for lessons, one after another, so we get back in sync again.

The prospect that one day we may not be together is difficult. Marriage is highly valued in our culture – it's arranged by the family. I don't think one of us would marry and the other would not. In an ideal world it would be nice if we could marry twins. The only reason being that they would be two people who were close, so the four-some would be close. For myself, I think there may be more value or stronger relationships than the twin relationship – between a mother and her children, or perhaps between husband and wife.

Rabindra Kaur Singh

**W**e do look identical, but I would not say we are identical in every way. There have been periods in our lives when we looked identical, but at the moment we look like sisters. We both have a beauty spot on the right cheek. Over the years, Amrit's has grown more prominent than mine. So when we go out, I'll pencil mine in. Only one person has been cheeky enough to smudge it with their finger to see who is telling the lie.

I remember that when we were at school, Amrit had a dental appointment. At that time, the teachers insisted on putting us in different classes. So I went to Amrit's class to say she would be late. I was just walking in and the teacher, thinking I was Amrit, started to tell me off for being late. I let her carry on, and she told me to face the blackboard until after morning prayers. When she turned me around I said, "Miss, I'm Binky. She's Amrit", which was a bit naughty. She just said, "You stupid girl".

Actually, I would enjoy being twins more if we were really identical. But you cannot fix some things. Amrit has a thinner jaw and face than me. I'm rounder. It's not about who eats more chocolate – though I always eat more than her. It is in the bone structure of the face. The rest of our bodies are very similar. Some people cannot pick it out, but it is obvious to us.

In our work there are differences. I'm a bit more patient. Amrit wants to get jobs done. But Amrit has tried to



'Indian Summer At Dhigpal Nivas', 1995, by Amrit and Rabindra Kaur Singh Twin Studio Collection

catch up with me, to make her style neater. Now you can hardly tell our work apart, whereas 10 years ago it would have been easy. Amrit also does some things better than me. She is more imaginative, better at designing motifs and patterns straight from her head. So I try to emulate her in that respect.

Secrets between us are impossible. A few weeks ago, it was our birthday and a member of the family asked me to buy a CD for Amrit. It was Jesus Christ Superstar, the sound-track. We were going to a meeting in Liverpool, and I told her we would have to go early because I had to pick something

up. She immediately said: "You're going to buy that CD, aren't you?" What could I say? It is impossible to keep things from one another.

In fact, we have never bought each other birthday presents or cards. It would seem silly, like buying presents for yourself. We get very upset if people don't buy us the same presents, especially when it is clothes or jewellery. If they buy only one of something, we have to exchange it or buy another.

The longest we have been apart was when Amrit was in hospital for a week. It was quite depressing. I missed her company and worried

about her being ill. When you have spent your life together and always shared the same bedroom, it is hard.

When it comes to death, I suppose the ideal is to die together so neither person suffers. That isn't just true for twins like us. It is relevant for husbands and wives, brothers and sisters. But it's not going to happen like that. It will be saddest for the person left behind. They will have the heartache.

INTERVIEW BY JACK O'SULLIVAN

Entwined is on display at Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery until 13 June

# A desperate plight for old and young

Caring for an elderly relative is no easy task, and many find the strain too great. By Jack O'Sullivan

MARY STANSBIE, 78, had been dead in her bed for up to three weeks when her body was discovered by a district nurse. "Help me" and "No help" were scrawled on her bedroom walls.

Her case sounds like a tragic account of an elderly person dying alone, bereft of friends or relatives. You imagine her on her own in a high-rise flat, her absence unnoticed. Yet Mrs Stansbie died in her family home in Smethwick, West Midlands. She lived there with her daughter and two granddaughters. Apparently, they had not realised she was dead.

Put so bluntly, the story seems as bizarre as it is sad, a tale of extraordinary suffering rather than a comment on everyday life. What happened to the family ties that provide comfort in people's final days?

Yet the inquest last week into her death highlighted common problems when elderly people seek sanctuary with their families. Ms Stansbie suffered from dementia. Her daughter said she often took to her room for weeks, armed with biscuits and other food. The breakdown in relationships which took place in this instance is not unusual.

Take Thomas, from Yorkshire, as an example. He had to give up his job to look after his elderly mother, who was paralysed and unable to speak. So she was totally dependent, but able to give him little feedback for his efforts. He had no break for four years. "He rang to say that he had hit his mum out of sheer frustration," recalls Jill Harrison, who runs the Carers' Helpline. "He had hit her quite badly, and felt dreadful when he rang us. He was worried about how far he would take it."

Resentment can poison life with a vulnerable old person. Whereas, in the past, daughters – who still do most of the work – might have been at home in any case, these days looking after an elderly relative requires a dramatic change in lifestyle. Suddenly, the hospital rings to say that your mother is being discharged, and she cannot manage at home. She needs to stay with you. Yet she could be a person for whom you never felt much affection.

Ms Harrison describes a caller who had been abroad for years, and was told by social services that her mother needed residential care. "Since her mother lived alone, the house would be sold to pay the fees. But that was money the daughter had been hoping would revive her business abroad. So she returned to Britain to look after her mother, and became very resentful. She told her mother, who had had a stroke, that she did not intend to be around all the time; if she had a fall, then tough."

That might sound like an uncaring statement. Yet those who look after old people grow desperate. "Looking after someone can include never getting a good night's sleep, and being on call 24 hours a day,

every day," says Denise Malcolm, of the Carers' Association. "You may never be able to take a holiday. It can be impossible to attend family events such as weddings because there is no one to look after Mum. Couples may also not agree about an elderly person coming to live with them. A woman may be keen to look after her own mum and dad, but not her partner's stepfather."

"There can be a serious money problem," says Jill Harrison. "A carer will say to us, 'I have to live on £38.70 a week – invalid care allowance, yet Mum has a good pension from Dad and an attendance allowance, but will not give me more than £10 a week for food. I'm getting into debt.' We can't condone the misuse of elderly people's benefits, but it does happen. Money can get very tight."

Ginny Jenkins, director of Action on Elder Abuse, encounters some of the worst cases. She leads through a log of calls to the charity's helpline.

*'He hit his mum out of frustration. He was worried about how far he would take it'*

"Here is a case of an 80-year-old mother who provided a home for her alcoholic daughter in return for being looked after. The daughter had been on a drinking binge, wasn't feeding the mother, and wouldn't let anyone into the flat."

Professionals warn against painting a picture of widespread neglect, although there is little research to establish its real prevalence. The experts distinguish between the rare sadistic types, who mistreat elderly relatives because of personality problems, and the majority of abusers, whose behaviour is a reaction to stress.

There are potential legal remedies. The Government is considering introducing protective legislation for vulnerable adults. The 1998 Family Act could also be activated to protect old people. Designed to deal with domestic violence, it allows a perpetrator to be excluded from a property even if he or she owns it.

However, in the main the answer lies in providing better support for those who do an extraordinary task. If you are desperate, the helpline all say, walk away before you do something dreadful. Any carer can ask social services to assess their ability and resources to do the job – a job that carries many of the burdens of child care, with few of the rewards.

The Carers' Line is 0345 573369; The Action on Elder Abuse helpline is 0800 731 4141

# Millennium Bug bites children hardest

Primary school children worry about computers failing precisely because they understand their power. By Sophie Radice

AS A child my brother used to cry in bed at night about the possibility of those old Seventies despots Pol Pot and Idi Amin coming to England and killing all his family. We could reassure him, with some confidence, that we thought they were both quite preoccupied with other things – and after a while he would move on and start worrying about something else he had seen on John Craven's *Newsround*.

Now my own son, aged eight and temperamentally rather like his uncle, talks incessantly about the biggest threat to the world as we now know it: the Millennium Bug.

"Do you realise that all the traffic lights will stop, so all the cars will crash into each other, and the hospitals won't even work any more? There will be no electricity or heating supplies or water, so everything will be cold and dark. No shops will

work, so there will be no food. There will be nothing left. Mum, can you understand that?"

Another of his friends, who is slightly less apocalyptic, is far more concerned with the specific threat of planes falling from the sky, and tells me about the how whole towns will be destroyed on New Year's Eve. He is going to try to make an underground cave for his friends and family. "You can come if you want, too," he says kindly. Yet another child says that he wants to go and stay on a Scottish island and stand on a hill and watch as all systems fail and the lights go out on the mainland.

Primary school teachers say that they have noticed a general feeling of anxiety from schoolchildren, while Sony PlayStation, Sega Megadrive and PC companies report an increase in calls from children specifically concerned with the

effect of the Millennium Bug on their machines.

"I think there is a worry that their parents are not doing anything, or simply don't know enough to be able to deal with it, and the kids are trying to get some information for themselves," says a Sony spokesperson. Hamley's toy shop is selling a large, hairy spider-like monster called "The Millennium Bug" which has been a huge success, perhaps because parents are trying to lighten their children up by turning their anxieties into a funny, fluffy toy, or maybe because children are hoping to bring the whole issue to their parents' attention by buying the Bug and placing it on top of the computer at home.

Parents can't soothe away fears of the Millennium Bug in the same way we have been able to dismiss ghosts and monsters, because it is difficult



Children are more computer-literate Billy Griffiths

to know what will really happen when the time comes. I have tried to concentrate on the radio programmes that have gecko-voiced computer experts predicting Armageddon – "find a point as far away from a nuclear plant as is humanly possible, buy lots of blankets and stay close to your elderly par-

ents". Try as I may, all I can do is hope that my overdraft may be wiped off all known bank records, and imagine the kind of day when adverse weather conditions cause a welcome chaos and stop everyone from going to school.

Adults must seem like the dull dolts of children's adven-

ture stories who never seem to understand the danger that everyone in the community is in, even after the gang of children have thwarted the loony professor's plan to take over the world. The trouble is that I can't really offer reassurance, but instead mumble something about "experts working on it as we speak". "Working on what?" the eight-year-olds all say, wanting to know more, to get the technical details.

These children are of course far more computer-literate than parents like me, who are stuck on a few useless commands on Windows 95 and don't really want to know much more, thank you very much. Children at my son's primary school use computers as soon as they start nursery at the age of three. I had to go back to the PC shop because I was having difficulty controlling the mouse when I was 23.

Cary Cooper, professor of sociology at the University of Manchester Institute of Science, says that children's relationship to the Millennium Bug is particularly interesting because they are the computer generation. "So much of their education and leisure come from the computer. They talk about it and share information and are unfazed by linking up with a classroom in Africa or China on the Net. Computers have been presented to them as this great infallible force that is an integral part of their future."

"I think they overhear adults worrying or joking about the Millennium Bug and it concerns them not only that their parents are offering no solutions, but that the credibility of computers in general is being shaken up."

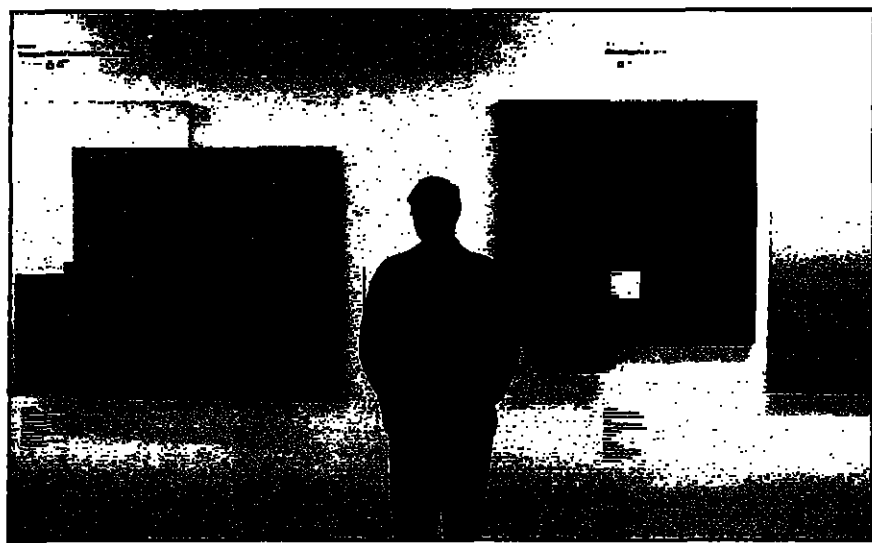
Even without Blue Peter



MILLENNIUM

Specials on the Millennium Bug these primary school children do seem to have a deeper understanding of just how much our society is controlled by computers and just how much we all rely on them. The threat of destabilising this control naturally enough evokes a response that is close to religious hysteria. My children are godless, having been taught even less than I was about religion's flood, fire and pestilence will come not from a divine source, but from the breakdown of the powerful and mysterious forces of computers. On second thoughts, maybe I should reserve a space in that underground bunker for me and my family, just in case.

Vertigo! an exhibition by Rowan Moore, gets dizzy attempting to dramatise contemporary architecture. By Nonie Niesewand



## The shock of the view

**V**ertigo! named after the 1958 film by Alfred Hitchcock, is a cliff-hanger of an architectural show in Glasgow, and a requiem to the 20th century.

Ten big, brash projects make it clear that size matters. Shanghai's 100-storey money market tower will scrape the sky, while in Hong Kong a mountain has been lopped off next to the harbour to create the world's biggest duty free shop, at Chek Lap Kok airport. The world's single biggest structure, the Millennium Dome at Greenwich, is big enough to hold 75,000 people at one time. And when all 50 cinemas in Ontario, California, screened the launch of *Titanic*, 1 per cent of the total number of movie-goers viewing it in the world were there.

Not all of this architecture-on-steroids is great, or even designer-label. But all 10 projects have either been recently completed or are in progress. "It's not a Utopian city of the future, but a microcosm of life as it's actually happening," says Rowan Moore. And that's what induces a faint feeling of unease.

The way Moore carves up the world vertiginously is to represent universal themes with scale models and photos: Culture (the new Tate at Bankside), Politics (Norman Foster remodelling the Reichstag), International Space (Hong Kong airport, by Foster again, with the world's first Minimalist airport lounge, by John Pawson for Cathay Pacific) and Public Space (Yokohama Port Terminal, by Foreign Office architects). Private Homes (Lake Las Vegas resort, by Berks Studios) is shown next to Public Housing, the Kitagata high-rise towers by Kazuyo

Sejima, and the theme of Money is represented by the Shanghai financial centre, by KPF. For Spectacle, the Greenwich Dome is shown adjacent to Artificial Nature – the landscaped gardens in Duisburg Nord, Germany, by Latz. Both projects turn industrially polluted soil into pleasurable places. Shopping is a vast mall at Ontario Mills, California, by Communication Arts.

Vertigo! looks at architecture beyond the buildings, as industrially polluted wastelands are cleaned up and reclaimed, while elsewhere in the world vast areas are being concreted over for the leisure industry – posh words for sex and shopping, according to Moore.

The exhibition begins in an Identikit white cube gallery space that shows the conversion of the power station at Bankside, by the Swiss architects Herzog & de Meuron, into the new Tate. The young architects Caruso St John's transformed the cavernous Victorian Old Fruitmarket in Glasgow for the Vertigo! exhibition as part of the celebrations for Glasgow City of Architecture and Design 1999. Its installation is a scaled-down version of what is happening at the Tate and all over the world, as obsolete buildings empty of machines to become galleries and exhibition centres.

The exhibition avoids the commonly made distinction between "high" and "commercial" architecture. Architects are just part of a great team of landscapers, lighting designers, engineers and "imaginisers" (as they call the theme-park designers of these huge areas that have been cemented and glassed over). Moore goes so far as to ask, in the catalogue: "Are architects superfluous?" Clearly not.

But the exhibition suggests that the clients who sponsor architects and the people who use their buildings are just as interesting. Videos and stills throughout show people in the locations.

Vertigo! is not pushing a style, like most architecture exhibitions. It tries to show buildings and their interiors in a dramatised fashion. But the disparate nature of Vertigo! makes it hard work for the visitor. Certainly it is eclectic, but the symbolic expression of function by allusion to the past in familiar details has ceased. Moore deals with buildings culturally and socially, not with their form, or metrics of architecture.

It is a polemic about industrial decay – our ability to build over it and see beyond it is awesome. Vertiginous, even. But as an exhibition it falls a bit flat, largely because the scale models, photographs, pull quotes and talking heads in video loops can't convey the experience of such excesses. The soaring overhead natural light in the cavernous halls of Chek Lap Kok, the way you will leave your stomach behind on the ascent to the world's tallest tower in Shanghai, the experience of standing in the Dome at Greenwich Peninsula, cannot be evoked with models and photographs.

You leave the exhibition with a screening of *Clueless* which Moore chose because it's a laugh about shopping. He wanted to screen *Dawn of the Dead*, a horror film set in a mall, which probably says more about his real attitude. It's just that he had to please the sponsors.

*Vertigo: The Strange New World of the Contemporary City is on until 16 May 1999 at the Old Fruitmarket, Albion Street, Glasgow G1*



A drawing of the supports for the Greenwich Dome (above) and graphic blocks (top left) depicting cities and size. Colin McPherson.

## A fresh façade for British architecture

The new president of Riba is keen to celebrate the history of buildings, and to convince us all of the importance of good design. By Nonie Niesewand

THE BUS shelter in Eltham where Stephen Lawrence was murdered should bear a blue plaque, says Marco Goldschmidt, the new president of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Structures have a meaning beyond bricks and mortar; they make a contribution to "history".

And which buildings would he knock down? All those Sixties corporate blocks on the South Bank opposite the Tate Gallery, "as far as the eye can see".

"They are a reminder of our society at its greediest and most philistine," he says. "Besides, they don't sit well with Turner and Mondrian." His only other contender for a blue plaque is James Stirling's and James Gowan's University of Leicester building, "which expresses the way the building works internally on the outside".

Marco Goldschmidt is 54 and for the next two years he will have the ear of politicians, the backing of his colleagues, and an agenda to promote British architecture at a sensitive time in its history "when the practice of architecture is about to be submerged by a wave of jargon".

But how important is Riba today? "Very. Riba has 27,000 members around the world. Besides, Riba is a charity, not a trade union, so it can impartially promote architecture at a time when forces against cultural values and institutions are strong."

Even so, its role has diminished in the last 20 years. Goldschmidt blames Thatcherism, and Riba's own inertia and introversion. Since he himself is neither inert nor introverted, the august body can expect changes when his two-year term of office begins in July. The president is clear about his goals: he wants to

make architects more accessible and show both government and society what they can get up to.

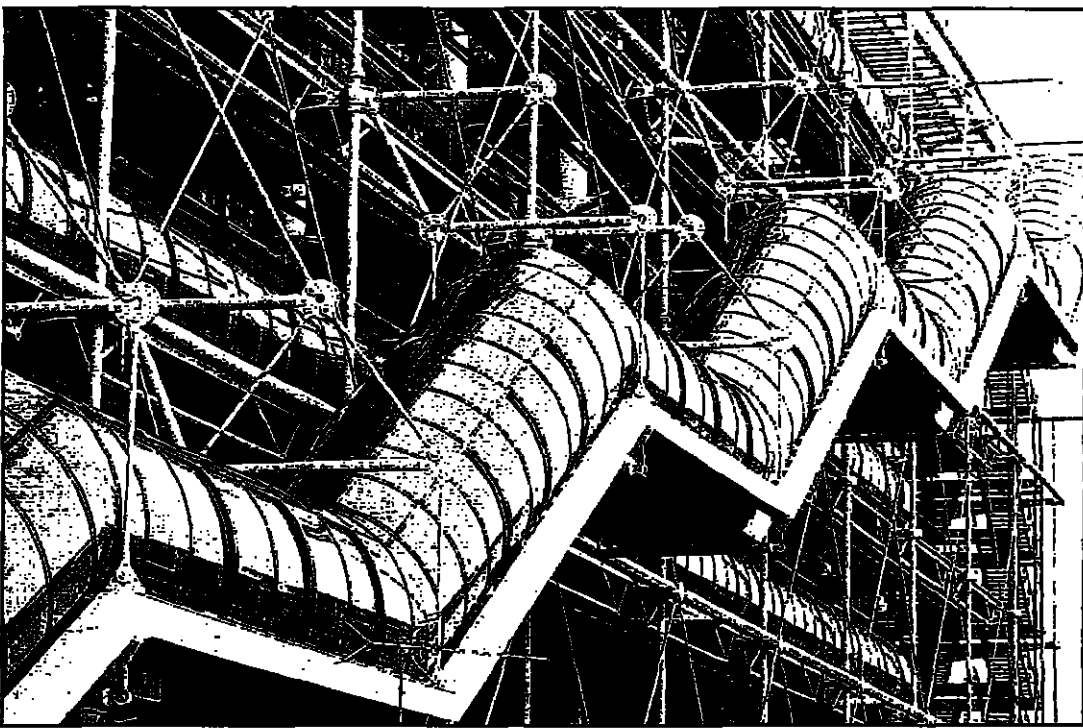
He is thrilled that the Queen's Gold Medal for Architecture was won by Barcelona, the first time it has been awarded to a city. "It's terrific that individuals and organisations that have done exceptional and relevant work to promote its artistic and scientific development are honoured. A mixture of mayors and town planners – and two of them are qualified architects."

Riba in 1999 is a bit like the BBC World Service: respected abroad but ignored at home; professional and with a reputation for integrity, a little dull, and losing audiences. But nobody should switch off. Buildings stand about for a long time and impact upon the environment, so the profession needs a strong spokesman and a strong policy-maker. But even though he has a management degree – he was project director in 1971-77 on the Pompidou Centre in Paris – Goldschmidt dismisses what he calls "management speak".

Labour wants to set up an advisory body, the Architectural Commission, under the auspices of Chris Smith at the Department of Culture, Media and Sport. Some fear that the chairman of English Heritage, Jocelyn Stevens – whose views are in temperate even when championing modern buildings – will apply. Marco Goldschmidt wants David Steel, former leader of the Liberal Democrats, to head the new body.

"At long last we've got Government interested in sending representatives to find out about architecture. Now we need a politician interested in architecture."

If the new Architecture Com-



Riba's new president, Marco Goldschmidt (top right) is proud of his work at the Pompidou Centre (above) and wants a blue plaque for the bus shelter in Eltham where Stephen Lawrence was murdered (bottom right)



Main photo: Martin Charles

mission is to raise the quality of government buildings and those funded by government, such as New English Partnerships and the housing corporation, as well as private buildings, it needs funding. It will need to work closely with Riba and the Department of Environment, Transport and the Regions.

So what is Goldschmidt's message to the two relevant ministers, John Prescott at DETR, and Chris Smith? "To resist the temptation to use the issues of the built environ-

ment to buy votes at the next election. We're still living with a lot of crap built under the two Harolds – Macmillan and Wilson. Use your power to force the nation out of the cheapstate, quick-fix mentality of the last two decades."

The only son of a widow – his Italian father died when he was ten – Goldschmidt moved from Trieste to Harrogate as a child. His passport, in the name of Marco Lorenzo Sinott Goldschmidt, attracted the attention of the xenophobic passport

operators, an experience that contributed to his awareness of racism. It may also be part of the reason why he became involved with Stephen Lawrence's family. Stephen wanted to be an architect and in 1998 Marco Goldschmidt introduced an award in his name for the best building under £500,000. "Riba should help anyone of any race, creed or gender who wishes to attain the necessary standards."

He studied at the Architectural Association in the Sixties when Lon-

don was swinging, and student power meant they fired their principal. Even as a student Marco exhibited signs of showmanship. Planning the annual all-night degree show party, he borrowed from the fashion grandee Diana Vreeland. "Think Pink" was the theme, and, dressed in pink flares from Carnaby Street, he got a band to play all night for £150. The band was Pink Floyd.

His first job on graduating from the AA was with Richard Rogers and he set up the Richard Rogers part-

nership in 1978, with Rogers and John Young. So what does he know now that he wished he'd known when he started as an architect in 1969? "Just how devastating the demise of the GLC would be for London, so that I could have told Ken Livingstone to play it a bit more low-key for a year or two."

Asked to identify a building for which he was responsible (as part of a team) and most proud, Marco Goldschmidt chose four: the Pompidou Centre in Paris, because it's so improbable; Lloyd's Insurance building in the City, because it's so versatile; Billingsgate in east London, because of its subtlety; and Patscenter in Princeton, because it's un-American.

Saatchi & Saatchi lobbied on Goldschmidt's behalf in his campaign in the run-up to the presidential elections at Riba. Just as friends, not commissioned, which shows the kind of networking that he enjoys. But he is touchy about it. "I did not have a spin doctor. I worked very hard on my campaign. I was helped by three friends in council and in the profession. I toured the country, holding meetings from Exeter to Edinburgh, from Belfast to Brighton. I did my own interviews and press conferences."

His aim is to make people more aware of the importance of architecture in their lives. "Riba must work to restore the primacy of architecture and its humanising influence in our culture. Architects are like other professionals, but we must explain that magical process – the line, planes and volumes in the mind manifesting in the physical form of a room, a street, a gallery or a square."

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# A restoration drama

The story of one Umbrian church is witness to the desperate attempts to halt the destructive power of Italy's earthquakes. By Rachel Halliburton

**T**he baptism of Constantine the Great – the first Christian Roman emperor – was long attributed to Pope Sylvester I. This historically groundbreaking event was later shown to be a piece of medieval myth-making, but it is not the only legend that surrounds the early fourth-century pontiff. Indeed, a more fantastical act earned him the arguably more exotic title of "dragon-tamer".

Some time after Sylvester's death in AD335, a book called the *Aurea Legenda* appeared, which listed the saints and their feast days and provided unorthodox accounts of their lives. Sylvester's entry detailed an encounter with a monster who was not a virgin-chomping dragon, but a dragon with breath so poisonous that any Roman citizen who came within exhaling distance was dead quicker than you could say the word "Listerine". The pope, assiduously collecting points for sainthood, went down to the Forum, where the dragon was spreading its deadly fog, and after declaring his belief in Christ, revived two pagan priests and calmly led the monster out of Rome, thus ridding the city of its halitosis nightmare.

More than eight centuries after Pope Sylvester's death, Maestro Binelli finished building a church consecrated to his memory in the Italian town of Bevagna. San Silvestro, completed in 1195, is a strikingly beautiful piece of Romanesque architecture, with a barrel-vaulted ceiling, dramatically raised chancel and starkly simple interior, all of which combine to make it a gem. As the story of its saint shows, however, religion has a habit of fusing elements more at home with myth into its history, and this, tragically and ironically, has proved to be the case with the church.

Earthquakes, along with floods and thunderbolts, are very much the stuff of Old Testament legend, but in 1997 and 1998 a series of tremors in Italy left behind an all-too-prosaic catalogue of disasters – which included, along with the devastation of approximately 1,400 other churches in Umbria alone, severe damage to San Silvestro itself.

Stephen Eddy is the programme director for the World Monuments Fund (WMF) in Italy, and has the job of maintaining links with both local and national Italian authorities in order to determine which projects the fund takes up. As the eyes of the world focused on the apocalyptic devastation of the works of Giotto and Cimabue at the Basilica of St Francis of Assisi, Eddy was touring Umbria, helping his organisation in the almost impossible task of selecting which of the many other beautiful and historically important churches it should help resurrect. He was surrounded by chaos. Umbria was also dealing with the human tragedies caused by the

seismic impacts – the Assisi earthquake alone had made 30,000 people temporarily homeless, while several people were on medication to reduce the nervous strain of coping with their treacherously shifting landscape. After a long search he reached Bevagna – described by Sir Patrick Fairweather of the British Italian Society as "an exquisite example of a nearly complete vision of medieval architecture" – and it was here, in the form of San Silvestro, that he found the WMF's first post-earthquake project.

"Earthquake damage is a basic and fundamental attack on a building's structure," says Eddy. "The most serious damage normally happens at the parts of the building that are most rigid, so when the church starts swaying backwards and forwards there's damage where the nave and the transepts meet (at the building's main intersection), and the facade frequently detaches from the body of the church. This was what happened at the Basilica of St Francis of Assisi. The facade became insecure, and the vaults immediately behind it collapsed."

"San Silvestro, however, is even more complicated. During the earthquake, it turned clockwise on its foundations and tilted back. The back right-hand corner of the building split open and a quarter of the apse opened up. Two supporting columns on the right-hand side of the nave were so contorted that eventually they splintered."

To look at pictures of San Silvestro before and after the earthquake brings home the full force of the tremor's power. Indeed, stand in any church and imagine the columns dancing and the walls splitting open, and you will have some small idea of what the Italians endured from the middle of 1997 through to early 1998. Eddy is emotional when he describes San Silvestro today: "The columns are now completely re-inforced and bound together with straps and with splints. You see this building which is seriously compromised – all full of scaffolding – and it's upsetting."

The scale of the task facing restorers is gargantuan – not just physically but also intellectually. The high-profile controversy that art and architecture restoration continually court world-wide has led to increasing debate about which techniques to use – a process well illustrated in the art world by the ongoing restoration of Leonardo da Vinci's *The Last Supper*. Early restorers made the mistake of attacking the decaying painting with glue and oil, which was stripped off by Giuseppe Mazza in the 18th century before he radically repainted the masterpiece. In 1924, the most sacrilegious assault occurred when Oreste Silvestri tried to "iron" the painting with heated cylinders, in a misguided attempt to push the paint back into place. Now such attempts would be obviously unthinkable – but even so, Signora Pinin Brambilla's painstaking and subtle 21-year



Bringing the roof down: the earthquakes of 1997-98 have left the church of San Silvestro in a precarious state Brian Harris

restoration has attracted fraught debate over the centuries as to what extent she should reinterpret the gaps in the painting, and how much she should leave to the viewer's imagination. Ovid wrote in his *Metamorphoses* that "the skill lies in concealing the skill", and this increasingly seems an apt way of summing up the philosophy behind leading restorers' work today, in their care to avoid the unwitting vandalism of their predecessors.

Unlike the Basilica of St Francis,

San Silvestro has no frescoes or individual art works to deal with but, as Eddy points out, the history of architectural restoration has also gone through phases now denounced by experts as philistine – most recently in the Fifties. "There was a campaign by civil engineers to put reinforced concrete roof structures on all buildings, and that's been disastrous because you end up with buildings that are exceedingly top-heavy. Now the accepted method of restoration is to change as little as

possible, and to use essentially traditional materials." He explains that as well as being historically more authentic, these methods of restoration give the churches a great practical advantage. "Buildings that have been restored according to traditional building techniques – such as those with timbered roof structures – tend to be more flexible and therefore more resistant to earthquakes."

Although the plans for the restoration have been drawn up,

there is still the eternal problem of getting funds. Last year the British Italian Society, in conjunction with the WMF, raised £30,000 towards the money already secured. But, as Sir Patrick Fairweather points out, this is only a fraction of what is needed. Eddy is optimistic, however: "One of the things our funding is going to be able to pay for is the two splintered columns. I think that's marvellous, because it's symbolic. After all – they are the things that actually hold up the church."

## THIS WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS



Today On this day 40 years ago jazz history was made when Miles Davis went into the studio with brief outlines of two new tracks and completed his breathtaking *Kind of Blue* album. And in 1744 nursery rhyme history was made with the publication of "Baa, baa black sheep", in *Tommy Thumb's Song Book* by Mrs Mary Cooper.

Tomorrow In 1928, long before children's television, 2,000 youngsters queued to see a film of *Robinson Crusoe* at the Empire, Willesden, in Britain's first regular children's matinee. The Japanese director Akira Kurosawa was born in 1910. His *Seven Samurai* was reincarnated as *The Magnificent Seven* and his *Ran* (to be shown on Wednesday on FilmFour) is a born-again *King Lear*.

Wednesday The craftsman and socialist William Morris was born, in 1834. His designs live on in curtains and wallpapers, while his wife Jane Burden lives on in the Tate's *Queen Guinevere*, his only oil painting.

Thursday Fifty years ago *Hamlet* was the first British film to win an Oscar for Best Picture, and the director, Laurence Olivier (aged 40, with dyed hair) also won an Academy Award for playing the Dane.

Friday Having had his first musical job at 11 (well, he was a late starter) Beethoven died in 1827 aged 56, not long after completing "Ode to Joy", his funeral was a national day of mourning.

Saturday Sir Arthur Bliss died, in 1975, as well as composing *Miracle in the Gorbals*, he was Master of the Queen's Music, which is as badly paid a job as being Poet Laureate, but more fun.

Sunday Pop music got a shot in the arm, and the BBC's *Light Programme* a kick up the bum, in 1964 when Radio Caroline, Britain's first pirate station, began broadcasting from a boat in the Channel. Later the skull-and-crossbones DJs had unmusical encounters with a boarding-party of creditors and also with a sandbank.

JONATHAN SALE

## Nice music, shame about the dancing

BELLINI'S OPERAS will still be flourishing when Doug Varone's dances have long been consigned to merciful oblivion. I keep telling myself this to quieten the anger inspired by the last piece in the triple bill he brought at the weekend to the Woking Dance Umbrella. *Bel Canto*, he calls it, but from the ludicrous over-amplification imposed on the recording, "Canned Belto" would be a more appropriate description. Luckily, at this volume Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne are quite unrecognisable as well as incomprehensible.

What he sets his dancers doing as accompaniment to these extracts from *Norma* is even more horrifying than the ignominy he inflicts on the sound-track. I can only think that it may be meant as some kind of skit on ballet, but the sloppy style of performance makes it difficult to be sure. Anyway, there are some limp grounds *battiments*, much fidgeting with the hands, a lot of flat-footed slummocking around, and a couple of male

### DANCE

DOUG VARONE  
NEW VICTORIA THEATRE  
WOKING



*pas de deux* – the one featuring short, tubby Varone and the even more thickly built, wrinkled Larry Hahn is particularly camp. Both these gentlemen are much given to grinning at the audience, so that you know they think themselves real comics.

Bellini and John Adams are quite a contrast, and I suppose that the work Varone staged to Adams's *Pearl Symmetries* was meant seriously, but it looked entirely vacuous as the eight dancers came on two by

two, performed a few apparently arbitrary steps, and vacated the stage for the next couple. Later there were more of them visible at once, and they speeded up a bit, but what all this had to do with the score never became clear. Varone calls this piece *Rise*, maybe he is trying to take a rise out of us. The opening work had been less troublesome. Titled *Let's Dance*, it is set to a potpourri of popular songs, including the likes of George Gershwin and Jerome Kern, recorded by Benny Goodman, Ella Fitzgerald and Woody Herman among others. So at least there was something pleasant to listen to, and occasionally the action became mildly amusing too, especially in the lugubrious duet for Mercedes Manago and Varone to "A Fine Romance". For the most part, though, these dances were brisk, brash, energetic and empty.

And to think that Dance Umbrella brought this group all the way from New York. I wouldn't cross the street, let alone the Atlantic, to see them again.

JOHN PERCIVAL

## A devilishly camp good time

### OPERA

MEPHISTOPHELES  
ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA  
LONDON

A FAR corner of the underworld, crimson walls and a sky-light to heaven, the distant sound of celestial trumpets and choirs of angels. But who's that snoring in the royal box? Dark, suave, moustached; a man of substance, an aristocrat; white tie and tails. Which opera has he been sleeping through? Surprisingly he checks his programme. It's strange that it bears his name. Stranger still that he now whistles for attention, with a clutch of demons scuttling to his aid. A ladder facilitates his unseemly descent to the stage. And then you spot the tail. *Mephistopheles* is calling the tune.

And it's that capricious conceit that lies so squarely at the heart of English National Opera's first staging of Arrigo Boito's opera. It won't be to everyone's taste. In fact, taste doesn't come into it. Boito – Verdi's librettist on his last two masterpieces, *Otello* and *Falstaff* – was nothing if not audacious in his spirited adaptation of Goethe's *Faust*. The boldness (remember, this was 1868) with which he sought to knock the moral stuffing out of Goethe, to promote *Mephistopheles*, to exploit his williness, his cynicism, his potential as an irreverent stand-up comic – the

Archie Rice of the underworld – confounded all expectations of the day. That he bit off more than he could chew and more than his audience could swallow, that his fabulously tasteless score comes at you like a parody of every operatic cliché, is irresistible for the director, Ian Judge. He's a man after *Mephistopheles*' heart; sceptical, unsuited, a bit of a showman. And camp? Is he ever.

Even as *Mephistopheles* is enjoying his regular audience with the Almighty, the heavenly host are assembling like some Fellini-esque stunt. They sport rose-tinted spectacles (seeing the light daily can play havoc with sensitive eyes) and the very latest in gold-plated haloes and wing accessories. Boito's highly innovative Prologue is purple with choral splendour and the heavy scent of incense, its climactic paean buttressed with heaven-storming extra brass. Grand opera boasts precious little that is grander. But *Mephistopheles* is not about to take it seriously, and neither is Judge. No sooner has

the final chord died, when the heavenly host are bravely peeling off their vestments to reveal themselves as prostitutes, punks and neo-Nazis. It is Easter Sunday in an unspecified German town and *Mephistopheles* (thinly disguised as a black friar, smoke seeping from beneath his cassock) is laughing all the way to the abyss.

I somehow doubt that Boito ever imagined that his smooth-talking, mischief-making anti-hero would, in the fullness of time, collude with so kindred a spirit as Judge. Together they look on as *Faust* falls for the Helen of Troy nonsense; they party their way through the witches' sabbath, mindful of its silliness. The designer John Gunter and the lighting designer Simon Corder go for the tawdry look. It's the kind of production, dare I say it, that the piece so richly deserves.

And yet, for all its vulgarity, it sounds good. Alastair Miles is the pinstriped boulevardier from hell, a quartet of naked demons somersaulting to his every whim. It's a sharp and saazzy performance, characteristically well-focused vocally. David Rendall is *Faust*, his vocal delivery blessed with an idealistic ring. And Susan Patterson is a vocally robust, big-



Susan Patterson as Margareta

Laurie Lewis

hearted Margareta, caged like a circus animal for the "prison" aria, with Boito's sinuous and far-reaching coloratura boldly contradicting her physical confinement. But this is a big party for the ENO chorus, and in all their guises, they were lustily effective. As witches and warlocks they came primed with balloons and party pop-

pers, though they took all their cues from the very able conductor Oliver von Dohnanyi and not from our eponymous trickster, who at one point forced his way along the front row of the stalls recklessly brandishing an illuminated baton. What the devil did he think he was playing at?

EDWARD SECKERSON

# NETWORK

Paintball is passé and golf is definitely off, thanks to the latest thing in corporate team building – playing Quake 2 with your co-workers. By **Matthew Burgess**



Game boys: members of the Berkshire Bankers and Treasurers Club at a Cybernetic Productions play group

Neville Elder

## How to kill your boss and not get the sack

THE IDEA that work and play can be complementary bedfellows is nothing new. It wasn't until the "greed-is-good" days of the Eighties, though, that the more aggressive corporate bonding exercises came to the fore. Rather than a gentle game of golf with the department manager, executives would find themselves engaged in orienteering expeditions or paintball battles in order to sharpen their teamwork skills and ability to work under pressure.

Although this may have been fine for the more energetic employee, it was not so appealing to those more used to their expense-account lunches. Realising this, Paul Flanagan, who formerly worked with Citibank and JP Morgan, decided to transplant the concept into a virtual environment. Flanagan's company, Cybernetic, uses a customised version of the 3D shoot-em-up game Quake 2 on a network of high-specification PCs to provide companies with a bonding exercise that is more accessible – and less painful – than paintball, while still providing the necessary adrenalin-fuelled action.

Multipayer computer gaming is nothing new to the companies that make up the majority of Cybernetic's clientele, with the huge networks and

fast PCs at the centre of such companies' operations proving ideal for after-hours (and during-hours) gaming sessions. Indeed, it was speculated that the seminal network game Doom was the number one cause of lost working hours in the City during its popular heyday in 1995, and it was this culture that Flanagan saw as being able to provide a constructive service.

"I wanted to organise events for people from different teams and get them working together," Flanagan says. "Quake 2 is a great leveller – it relies more on mental skills and reactions, and people can just sit down and play."

Quake 2 places up to 64 players in large 3D arenas replete with buildings, passages and a variety of heavy weapons. Players can fight singly or in teams, but either way the object of the game remains simple – kill as many of your opponents as possible, and try not to die. Cybernetic has customised the standard Quake 2 program with a Capture the Flag scenario, where each team must accomplish said task while defending their own flag from the enemy. The teams (usually four to eight members) are given a map, and are also given time in which to allocate roles and dis-

cuss strategies. They are also given headphone/microphone headsets so that they can give and receive tactics and information.

Players are given a brief tutorial on how to use the game, then it's headlong into battle. It is common for the first few games to be rather tentative as people accustom themselves to the controls, though

*'It's not like the usual Quake all-against-all mentality. If you go in there like John Wayne you are going to lose'*

the basics can be easily mastered in about half an hour's play. After that, however, it's all down to teamwork. "If you want to be successful in our sessions, you have to work as a team," Flanagan explains. "It's not like the usual Quake all-against-all mentality, and if you go in there like John Wayne you are going to lose. The winning teams always tend to be the ones that play together."

Alex Lanckswert, from Andersen Consulting, was initially sceptical about Cybernetic, figuring that as his team spent most of their working day in front of computers, they were unlikely to give up their evenings for what seemed to be a similar activity, especially as it was unlikely to offer the thrills of paintball.

However, after a few hectic hours on the virtual battlefield he had changed his opinion enough to recommend the game to his team as an equally stimulating and enjoyable alternative to paintball. Lanckswert took a group of 35-40 people from England and Sweden, who had been working together "virtually" for six months but had spent little "real" time together.

"It was extremely interesting to watch the different teams operate: some would spend a great deal of time discussing defence and attack plans, while others just waded in," Lanckswert says. "The headset was a key piece of equipment. At times, the communication channels were jammed with consultants shouting instructions. On one occasion there was an eerie silence throughout the whole game and the performance of the team reflected this lack of communication."

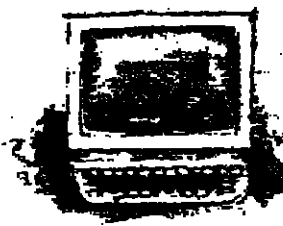
The City is by no means the only large, competition-driven institution to recognise the potential of computer games in training its workforce. The US Marines used a version of Doom to train infantry fire teams. Modified to include real-life weapons and scenarios, Marine Doom proved an invaluable way to beta-test and refine battlefield tactics before embarking on costly real-world exercises.

With the advent of more and more graphically lifelike games, Cybernetic is promising experiences of ever-increasing realism. Due later this year is Quake 3: Arena, which includes avatars (in-game characters) with individual facial characteristics. Cybernetic claims that it will be able to map the faces of their clients on to these characters, allowing put-upon employees to take revenge on their bosses with a few well-placed shotgun blasts.

The downside, however, is that the office assassin also loses anonymity. Those who wish to curry favour with their bosses would do well to hold their fire – repeated harassment with automatic weapons is fairly good grounds for instant dismissal.

Cybernetic:  
<http://www.cybernetic.co.uk>

### BYTES ANDY OLDFIELD



INTERNET EXPLORER 5.0 made its debut last week, with Microsoft's chairman, Bill Gates, saying that it will be a major part of the Windows 98 Second Edition upgrade, due in the autumn. Gates said the browser was part of Microsoft's mission to spread the Web lifestyle – "taking the Internet, combining it with great software and turning it into the most powerful tool of all time".

The company's IntelliSense technologies have been extended into the application to help reduce the time spent in routine tasks. Its caching methods and rendering engine are faster than in the previous version. Microsoft claims that it is up to 60 per cent faster than Netscape Navigator 4.5 at displaying pages. Search facilities have been enhanced and, playing catch-up with Netscape, a facility to show sites related to the current one has been added. A toolbar gives easy access to Internet radio stations without the need for third-party software.

IE 5.0 was released for Windows 3.1, 95, 98 and NT, as well as Sun's Solaris and Hewlett-Packard's HP UX versions of Unix. An upgrade version for the Macintosh will be available in the autumn, but there are no plans for a Linux version.

APPLE COMPUTER last week launched the latest version of its operating system for servers, Mac OS X Server. It went on sale at \$499, almost half the originally announced cost, as Apple targeted Linux with the software, which has its roots in the NeXT operating system.

Steve Jobs, Apple's interim CEO, said the new operating system using Apache software and Apple hardware can handle more web connections per second than comparably priced machines from Dell, running either Linux or Windows NT. He also said that Apple was getting on the open source bandwagon by releasing core parts of Mac OS X Server source code to enable developers to write more effective applications. "If we all work on this together, we can make a better product than any one company by itself," explained Jobs.

The release marks the start of Apple's two-tier strategy for operating systems. Echoing Microsoft's use of Windows and Windows NT for different markets, Apple will release a consumer version of Mac OS X later this year.

MOBILE PHONES and the Internet featured prominently at the CeBIT trade show in Hannover last week. Symbian, the British-based alliance between the world's largest cell phone manufacturers, announced that Sun's Java technology would be a standard feature of the operating system in its new generation of mobile communications devices. The Symbian-member Psion demonstrated some products running Java and said that it would be releasing them in the second half of 1999.

Motorola, another Symbian member, demonstrated its latest models and said that next year all its mobile phones would have Internet browsing

functions built in. Intel used the show to unveil its Pentium III Xeon Processor. The company's fastest microprocessor is designed for mid-range and high-end servers as well as workstations. The launch version runs at 500MHz. A 650MHz version is expected next month.

AOL COMPLETED the acquisition of Netscape Communications following clearance by the US Department of Justice (DOJ) and a vote last week by Netscape shareholders. The deal was worth about \$4.2bn when announced last November, but the final value to Netscape shareholders was based on the price of AOL stock, which has increased by 140 per cent since then, making the deal worth about \$10.1bn. Detailed operational plans for the combined company and a related alliance with Sun are expected to be released this week. Microsoft said the decision, and subsequent creation of an Internet giant, make the DOJ's ongoing anti-trust case against it irrelevant.

DETAILS OF the consent order agreed between the US Federal Trade Commission (FTC) and Intel on the eve of an anti-trust trial were released last week. Intel was accused by the FTC of being a monopolist, illegally withholding products unless customers signed away intellectual property rights. The consent order bars Intel from severing business ties with customers who sue it.

"If you have an intellectual property dispute, Intel cannot cut you off," said the FTC's chairman, Robert Pitofsky. However, if a customer sues Intel and seeks an injunction to prevent the company from selling its chips, Intel is free to withhold samples and technical information that the customer needs to stay in business.

Pitofsky said that achieving a balance was important and that no company would be permitted to shut down the other.

"This gives a framework for handling these disputes with our customers," said Peter Detkin, the associate general counsel of Intel.

The commission voted to accept the proposed consent order for a 60-day public comment period, after which it is expected to make it final.

SAMSUNG ELECTRONICS last week became the first company to start mass production of 256-megabit dynamic random access memory (DRAM) chips. Although the same size as current 64 and 128-megabit DRAMs, the faster and higher-capacity chips will increasingly be used in memory-hungry high-end PCs as well as servers and workstations. Samsung said it will make 2-3 million chips this year, worth \$200m to \$300m in revenue.

## E-commerce policy requires more than quick thinking

IN BETWEEN sorting out the Irish peace process and denouncing dodgy European Commissioners, Tony Blair has found time to put his 10 pence worth into improving the lot of the online bargain-hunter. The Prime Minister has set the target for the UK to be the best environment for electronic trading by the year 2002.

Since more than 25 per cent of UK Net users have already shopped online, it would appear that e-commerce is doing pretty well without Tony's blessing. However, the Department of Trade and Industry has published a list of intended e-commerce legislation, and invites your comments by 1 April. It's good to see that the Government has discovered "web time", although the three-week consultation period is better suited to Silicon Valley

venture capitalists than to Whitehall bureaucrats.

Up for discussion is the legal and technical process for the roll-out of electronic signatures (simply an electronic equivalent of manual signatures). If the very idea makes your eyes glaze over, spare a thought for the poor souls in the online sales business. They have to cope with a plague of "test" orders and "I've changed my mind" orders, or "I would like to pretend for 10 minutes that I want to go to New York" orders (a popular therapy among online travel shoppers).

Many online travel services are troubled by customers who book the cheapo flight to New York, then change their minds and cancel half an hour later. Meanwhile, the online travel agent assumes this ticket is sold, and takes it off the

availability lists to avoid double-booking. By the time the customer has cancelled, the agent has missed the opportunity to sell the ticket to somebody else.

However, if electronic signatures were legally binding, the customer would be held accountable for orders and would take the process more seriously. This is a problem not just for online travel agents but for any fast-moving stock – CDs, clothes, books, hardware.

So the Government seems to be making the right point. Sorting out the electronic signature process would make bargain-hunting more enjoyable, as you would be sure you were looking at all the available items, not just what was left after the "testers" had taken the best offers. A solid system for electronic signatures would also allow



EVA PASCOE

*It's good to see the Government has discovered 'web time'*

you to get credit online (at the moment a written signature is the legal requirement), which is handy if there's something you like, but the pay cheque is weeks away.

The problem with the Government's proposal, though, is that it appears to

be slightly schizophrenic. On one hand, the Government understands the necessity of electronic signatures, and is willing to support an agreed cryptography solution (that is, the technology behind the electronic signature encoding process). On the other hand, it wants new powers for law enforcement agencies to gain access to encrypted data. They want the police to be able to break encrypted messages if criminal activity is suspected.

The Government fails to understand that electronic signatures are tools of trust between customer and merchant. Inviting the police into that closely guarded relationship would be stretching that trust beyond what most people are prepared to accept. If I shop on Amazon.com, I don't particularly want the police

to know about it. I'm happy for Amazon to sort out a digital signature system, but not to share that with law enforcement agencies, for fear of potential abuse of the system.

The technical aspect of electronic signatures will also be a major discussion point, as hackers abound and most sophisticated encryption systems can be broken, given enough computing power and hackers' talents for exposing code weaknesses. The Government correctly suggests that the law in this case should be technology-neutral, and recommends that licensed certification authorities be set up to offer that technical solution. But the very idea of a private authority holding data on my finances makes me shiver, as this situation is certainly open to abuse.

But hey! Who said that the future would be easy? The issue of electronic signatures must be resolved, but it also must be debated so we don't choose unworkable solutions. Giving three weeks' consultation time on such a complex issue seems a bit mean considering the implications.

Meanwhile, I personally would like to see the Government delivering on the promise that 25 per cent of its own dealings with citizens will be done online by 2002. I don't know how many weeks I have been carrying my council tax payment around in my bag, never quite posting it off. If I could pay that bill online, though, the Government would have saved a lot of money that is now being spent chasing me (and countless others like me).

If that "chase money" went into developing online tax collection, we would have a nice budget for a cutting-edge governmental e-commerce system. Submitting my general tax assessment online would be another wish, and paying the TV licence fee is on my list as well.

So it seems the Government has its work cut out without venturing into tricky areas such as electronic signatures. But it is no doubt more fun writing White Papers than slaving away on specifications for an online tax collection system. Meanwhile, if you want to comment on the proposal for electronic signatures, check out <http://www.dti.gov.uk/CII/elect/elect.com.html> and mail your comments to: Stephen de Souza ([sec@cid.dti.gov.uk](mailto:sec@cid.dti.gov.uk)), [eva@never.com](mailto:eva@never.com)

JP 11/10/99



# Just like the Oscars ... almost

The annual Internet awards may lack the glamour of Hollywood, but the red carpet still gets rolled out. By Richard Kelly Heft

HE'S SLIGHT, gap-toothed and polite to a fault. Britain's Colin Needham may not look like a celebrity, but in the world of the Web he is surely a superstar. Needham, managing director of the Bristol-based Internet Movie Database, picked up an armful of hardware at the Webby Awards in San Francisco.

The Webbies - Internet equivalent of the Oscars - crowned the world's best websites in 22 categories, ranging from the arts to humour and politics, on Thursday night.

With the millions of sites up for consideration, simply landing among the finalists is a major achievement. Needham's IMDB won a remarkable three Webby Awards: one for his Internet Movie Database site (<http://imdb.com>), voted best in the film category, and

two more for his work on the Amazon.com site, which acquired IMDB a year ago.

Needham also came up with one of the cleverest lines of the night - no small feat given the five-word limit on acceptance speeches. "I'm King of the World... Wide Web," he said. Afterwards Needham's arms grew shaky holding his three peculiar-looking, spring-shaped Webbies while talking to reporters. The IMDB site has now won the film category three years in a row.

"I'm just a guy who likes movies who happened to have a website," said Needham, beaming like a crowned beauty queen.

Organisers clearly hope that the Webbies will eventually attain an Oscar-like cachet - but some recognisable faces in the crowd might

help. The red carpet was rolled out, searchlights beamed into the sky, there were even paid groupies swooning and hooting for anyone who marched into the city's Herbst Theater.

The big problem, though, was that no one knew any of the movers and shakers of the industry, and the star judges, including Francis Ford Coppola (film), David Bowie (music), Richard Branson (travel) and The X-Files' Gillian Anderson (weird) were all no-shows. "They declined to come," said the director of operations, Claudia Smucker, who added helpfully: "They're here in spirit."

But while the celebs may have snubbed the event, there is little doubt about that it is gaining momentum and a profile. Just two years ago the Webbies were being

held in a local night-club called "Bimbo's". This year it drew more than 3,000 guests, filling the decidedly posh Herbst Theatre downtown. A gala bash was held across the street at the newly renovated City Hall.

It's no accident that the city of San Francisco offered up its legislature for the affair. New York's mayor, Rudy Giuliani, spent the year trying to woo the Webby organiser Tiffany Sblain to the Big Apple. San Francisco's mayor Willie Brown, who took a few jabs at New York in his opening speech, pledged the city's support to keep the Webbies in town.

Since the inauspicious early days, the awards have clearly gone mainstream. Balloting this year was audited by PricewaterhouseCoopers and sponsors included those corpor-

ate bluebloods Visa, Levi's, Entertainment Weekly and Time Digital.

Still, the event seems to have retained some edginess. The crowd was sprinkled with guests wearing brocade-coloured dresses and pillbox hats to aqua-blue Marge Simpson wigs. Statuesque Suzy D, aged 24, a massage therapist and part-time Internet broadcaster, secretly videotaped the pre-awards party - including the words and image of one man who propositioned her - through a miniature camera clipped to a floral headpiece. The entire event was covered live on the Internet, naturally, and the hidden camera - the same kind used by the FBI - was used to spice up the coverage.

"I just wanted to make this interesting," said Chris Courtney,

principal of 1st Byte, which provided the video streaming. "Can you imagine just broadcasting this party? What a bore."

The ceremony itself was remarkably efficient. With its five-word acceptance speeches lasting an average of 3.6 seconds, the awards were handed out in a blur.

Certainly the most bizarre incident of the night happened during the acceptance of first award, won by jodi.org in the Arts category. Representatives, who had apparently travelled from Barcelona for the ceremony, stormed the stage and angrily shoved a hapless cameraman. Their words to the world: "Ugly, commercial sons of bitches."

Other winners included in the News category CNN Interactive, which beat out the finalist BBC

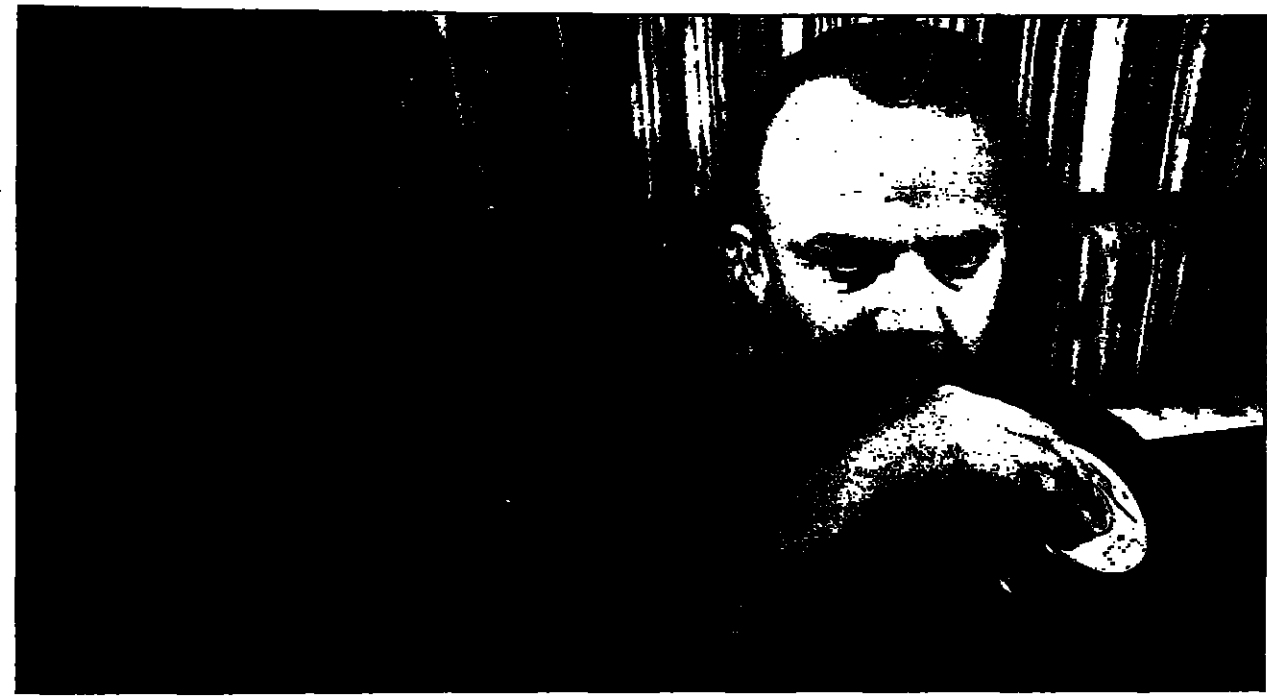
News Online, and Sportspages.com, which beat out the UK's SoccerNet in the Sports category.

The "Weird" class has become the most anticipated award of the evening. Like the best film for the Oscars, it is the last announced and receives the most attention. Up against some truly bizarre competition, Superbad ([www.superbad.com](http://www.superbad.com)) beat out Disinformation ([www.disinfo.com](http://www.disinfo.com)) and the traditional favourite Absurd ([www.absurd.org](http://www.absurd.org)).

Superbad's acceptance speech was about as nasty as the fluffy kitten featured on its site. "Thanks a lot," said the site representative, who avoided a still-recovering cameraman. "This is nice."

A full list of Webby Award winners is at [www.webbyawards.com](http://www.webbyawards.com).

## MY TECHNOLOGY



John Peel: 'It is the only thing I take with me everywhere. It's a bit of a joke, really' Tom Pålsson

## A spin doctor's friend

John Peel on the little bit of plastic that's always in his pocket

WITHOUT AN insignificant-looking, tiny piece of plastic, I wouldn't be able to play many of my most-liked records. The small, circular gadget slots into the centre of the record and makes it the right size.

It's the only thing I take with me everywhere. It's a bit of a joke, really. I always say it's like being a doctor, and you take your stethoscope everywhere. I like to imagine an "is there a doctor in the house?" situation with a DJ. If it ever happens, I will be there.

It's one of those things, like the back of your knee, which seem to have no name. The reason why a lot of records have holes too large is partly because of the jukebox; the record would have a big hole punched in it so that it could fit this different type of turntable.

An individual one is called a "spider", and is a very fragile little piece of plastic that can be

put in the centre of a record permanently. There is the big central column that the record rests on, and it fits on the middle silver bit that sticks up, and fills the hole. There are quite a few turntables that circumvent the plastic circle and have one that's built into the turntable, and pops up if you need one.

Of course, my favourite bit of technology is deemed unnecessary because so many records are transferred on to CD these days. The CD sound is a deconstructed and re-assembled sound; it is bright and brittle and too glossy. I think you lose out, particularly with old 45s, and a lot of records that are ex-jukebox, because they were originally recorded with that medium in mind. I think of the surface noise as battle scars honourably won, patterns on a painting. Suffice it to say, I go out of my way to buy

records, and always check to see whether something is available on vinyl. It's cheaper, too. But the plastic hole-fill was essential when I used to do DJ gigs. These days, with the personality DJs, all of their records are transferred to Mini Disc, so they don't handle the music. But I often found myself plunked in front of a turntable that didn't have the pop-up piece in the middle. Nightmare. So from those days I have carried one around with me. It's always in my right-hand trouser pocket, so now you know what to do if ever there is a case when I am unconscious and a record must be played.

I have tens of thousands of records that are put wherever we can find a space. There is a sort of a system, but the sheer volume of stuff coming in means that it breaks down quite regularly.

At home, I have industrial-

strength equipment. Obviously, I am not looking for something too sophisticated, because of the sheer volume of work it has to do. You can't have fancy gear when you are using it for 12 hours a day.

We have a little studio in the house, and it's where we do live programmes for Radio 1. It would not be identified as a studio, it hasn't got sound proofing or anything, and looks like a rather elaborate home stereo system. I don't know how to use it - my grasp of technology is zero. I know that Broadcasting House dials a number and if they have done it correctly then the light flashes and I am on air.

INTERVIEW BY JENNIFER RODGER

John Peel's Radio 1 programme can be heard on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 10.10pm

## There's more than one way to link your hypertext

THE H in HTML stands for Hypertext. Although it may seem like a new concept, hypertext is an idea that in fact started out as a philosophical dissertation that was first proposed in the Sixties by Ted Nelson. He developed a philosophy around the idea that our comprehension of what we read is dependent not only on the knowledge of the author, but also on the knowledge of the reader. Nelson realised that for readers to understand a text fully, they needed a way to explore the "metatext" of the document - the details of any reference found within the text. At the time, this seemed impossible. Although you could add footnotes, there was only so much room on the printed page. Even then, footnotes could only go so far.

Today we take the idea of hypertext for granted. We link our documents together in the huge metatext of the Web with hardly a thought to the power this medium gives us to change the very nature of the way in which we communicate and think.

In the past, I have discussed what hypertext is ([www.independent.co.uk/net/98021one/stories.htm](http://www.independent.co.uk/net/98021one/stories.htm)) and ways of designing better hypertexts ([www.independent.co.uk/net/980217ne/story4.html](http://www.independent.co.uk/net/980217ne/story4.html)). One problem that I encounter when trying to design hypertexts is understanding how to structure the content and links. This week I would like to explain four ways I have found to structure hypertextual links. Some methods might seem strange and counterintuitive, but they have the potential to open new ways of communicating and understanding information. You can check

out examples of these different forms of hypertextual linking at my website ([www.webbedenvironments.com/examples/61.html](http://www.webbedenvironments.com/examples/61.html)).

**Linear linking structure:** In a way, linear linking, where there is only a single link that takes the reader to the "next" page of content, is not really hypertextual. Although it allows the visitor to move between different pages, this merely mimics pages of a book and prevents the visitor from exploring content except in the order you want them to see it. This defeats the purpose of having a medium that should free readers of the need to follow a path predetermined by the author. Still, for portraying certain kinds of information - for example, where what is being presented builds upon information that has to have been previously viewed - this may be your best solution.

**Related linking structure:** This is probably the most common form of linking on the Web and is the style that most closely mimics

footnotes. With related links, the author sets up hypertextual relations to other Web pages or sites that contain additional information about the content being presented. The author can add any number of links from their content to other supporting content, but the links must be selected carefully so as not to send the reader off on a wild goose chase.

**Tree linking structure:** The traditional method to add structure to your site beyond a straight line is to create a tree structure, where the visitor can select their path through your information. Hypertextual tree structures remind me of those "choose your own adventure" books I read as a child. You would read a few pages, then choose the action of the protagonist. Depending on the action you chose, you would go to different pages. The narrative was, in effect, linear, but readers could choose the path that suited them best. For websites, this works by giving the reader several links to choose from on a page. These links take them to one of many possible "next" pages rather than the single next page of the linear link structure. They then proceed through the site, weaving their own web.

**Fractal linking structure:** With the tree linking structure, we think of each page in a website as a discrete "bundle" of information, complete in and of itself, linked to other discrete bundles. With fractal linking, however, a summary of the information (or abstract) is first presented. Each portion of the content will then contain a link to the same information, but in greater detail. Then, each portion of

content on those pages will contain links to increasingly detailed explanations of what was presented on the previous page.

Imagine you are writing a fictional story. Normally you would write out the story from beginning to end in a linear fashion. However, if you were to write the story in a fractal fashion, you would write out the entire story in a few short paragraphs, not going into much detail on any particular point in the story. A reader can read this to get an overview of what has happened. Let's then say that you mention a conversation between two characters in one of the paragraphs of your story. The reader can click on a link and read the conversation. Within that conversation, then, let's say you mention some object that your characters were discussing. The reader could click on a link to see a more detailed description of the object. As the reader moves away from the first "page" of the story, the story becomes increasingly detailed.

This system can work well for presenting highly detailed business reports and scientific studies. The reader can read the abstract to get the full (but limited) report and then follow links to magnify particular portions of the report for a more thorough explanation of the content. The resolution of the information is left to the author.

Jason Cranford Teague ([jason@webbedenvironments.com](mailto:jason@webbedenvironments.com)) is the author of "DHTML for the World Wide Web". Visit his website, Webbed Environments ([www.webbedenvironments.com](http://www.webbedenvironments.com)), for an archive of this column.

## WEBSITES

BILL PANNIFER

**Star Wars**  
<http://www.starwars.com/>  
Some 3.5 million downloads were claimed for the latest "Phantom Menace" trailer within five days of its appearance at the official Star Wars and Apple sites. This despite it being a QuickTime exclusive, unlike the multi-platform "teaser" which was launched a few months ago. The two-and-a-half-minute epic is just the latest stage in the determinedly digital strategy for George Lucas's saga: test digital projection screenings will take place during the US release starting in May, and the next title in the series, early next year, may be shot electronically, with long-term plans to download the whole thing to cinemas by satellite. Meanwhile, lawyers are

clamping down on copyright infringement, but not so far on the inevitable web parodies, such as Park Wars: <http://www.parkwars.com/> (sabbath.com/~menace/specialedition.htm) which unofficially enlists the whole South Park crew. Kenny, of course, continues to meet his usual fate.

**Kubrick Multimedia Film Guide**  
<http://www.lehigh.edu/~pj2/kubrick/>  
Speaking of teaser trailers, that disconcerting Cruise-Kidman-Kubrick footage is, unsurprisingly, now floating around on the Web, sometimes in rather dubious contexts. No sign of it, though, at the official Eyes Wide Shut page, which so far offers only a discreet memorial. The above site is one of the best of the Stanley Kubrick pages, and like the director himself leaves the interpretation of his films to the viewer, offering mainly images and sounds from the movies themselves. Other sites are even more reverential ("The Man, his

Films, the Genius", "The Master Film-maker"), while one offers a trivia quiz: "Name at least three films which feature saliva coming out of a character's mouth." A dedicated newsgroup, [alt.movies.kubrick](http://alt.movies.kubrick), recorded the dismay of fans at the recent news of the director's death; the group's archive, The Kubrick Site, (<http://amk.spc.dma.cc.ca.us/>), is a mine of information on everything from Nietzsche's contribution to 2001 to the precise technical details of a bullet's "full metal jacket".

**BollywoodWorld**  
<http://www.bollywoodworld.com/>  
Hooray for Bollywood, on this showing still in the best of health despite the predations of international TV satellites and video piracy. Kuch Kuch Kotta Hai seems to have swept the board at the recent Indian film awards, and the veteran actor/politician/minor deity Amitabh Bachchan's latest, Lal Badshah, has just been released. Rani Mukherjee and Govinda shared some "very relaxed vibes" on set recently, but are not having an affair of course! Along with all the gossip, there is extensive RealAudio of latest musical hits, a quiz, a history of Indian cinema since 1897, and that all-important height-of-the-stars table (Amitabh in the lead at 6'2", but Amir Khan a mere 5'5").

**Park Bench**  
<http://www.cat.nyu.edu/parkbench/>  
Though it lost out to jodi.org at the Webby, this site from a group of pioneer New York multimedia artists is an equally challenging, if less playful, exploration, in this case of the overlapping territory between video, web and performance art. Centrepiece is a mosaic of archived sequences created

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JP 11/20/150



NEW FILMS

**APRILE (15)**  
Director: Nanni Moretti  
Starring: Nanni Moretti, Silvia Nono  
More meta-documentary shenanigans from Nanni Moretti, a sort of Roman Woody Allen complete with the same neurotic patter, the same self-reflexive neuroses. His skittish, mercurial Aprile freewheels through a three-year period in Italian politics. Meaningless, running as a kind of counterpoint, goes the director's will-he-won't-he intention to make a musical about a Trotskyite pastry chef. Impossible to pigeon-hole, Aprile dances to its own realist/absurdist rhythms, before bowing out with a finale that's both ridiculous and charming. *West End: Metro, Renou*

**ARLINGTON ROAD (15)**  
Director: Mark Pellington  
Starring: Jeff Bridges, Tim Robbins  
Trouble's a-brewing behind the manicured suburban lawns of Mark Pellington's intriguingly staged paranoia thriller, which sees Jeff Bridges' college prof becoming suspicious about the antics of his outwardly respectable neighbour (Tim Robbins). Meanwhile, Pellington goes big on slow-motion camera angles, yet rings too few changes in his film's familiar territory. With Joan Cusack and Hope Davis. *West End: ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Clapham Picture House, Odéon Kensington, Odéon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End. And local cinemas*

**A NIGHT AT THE ROXBURY (15)**  
Director: John Fortenberry  
Starring: Will Ferrell, Chris Kattan  
Fortenberry's indulgent showcase for Saturday Night Live favourites Ferrell and Kattan is so bovine that it moos. Here come our imbecile heroes: squabbling with daddy (Dan Hedaya) and cruising the mall-spaces of Nineties LA, while one ham-fisted comedy sequence follows another. Think *Dumb and Dumber* without the wit. One whole night. It only feels that long. *West End: Plaza, Virgin Trocadero. And local cinemas*

**SEUL CONTRE TOUS (18)**  
Director: Gaspar Noé  
Starring: Philippe Nahon, Blanche Lenoir  
Welcome to "shit-hole" France. Your guide: a sociopathic butcher (Nahon) who is pushed over the edge when he figures out that someone has abused his daughter. The style: crash zooms and in-your-face close-ups. Less straight cinema than a kind of whiplashing fairground ride, *Seul Contre Tous* is an attention-grabbing debut for the talented Noé. But its harsh exposé of modern France is compromised by its creator's relentlessly gimmicky style. *West End: Curzon Soho, Ritzy Cinema*

**SOUTHPAW (15)**  
Director: Liam McGrath  
Starring: Francis Barrett  
This coarse-grained, warm-hearted film charts the rise of 18-year-old light-welterweight Francis Barrett, an Irish traveller with dreams of Olympic glory. Bobbing around the caravan sites of County Galway, Liam McGrath's documentary gently spotlights anti-traveller prejudice while paying lip-service to the views of local eccentrics. *Southpaw* is a shade soft in its centre, but it's impeccably well-intentioned. *West End: Metro*

**WAKING NED (PG)**  
Director: Kirk Jones  
Starring: Ian Barrer, David Kelly  
Good news first: Ned, a salt-of-the-earth resident of Tully in rural Ireland, has just won the lottery. Bad news: Ned is dead. Cue a rattle-bag of comedic misadventure as two shabbywags scheme to get their paws on the loot. The film has a zesty undertow of black comedy, but is too air-brushed for its own good. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Clapham Picture House, Odéon Camden Town, Odéon Kensington, Odéon Marble Arch, Odéon Swiss Cottage, Odéon West End, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, Screen on the Green, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Watermans Arts Centre. And local cinemas*

THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS

THE FIVE BEST FILMS

**Pleasantville (12)**  
Two Nineties teenagers are magically into the world of a favourite Fifties sitcom and begin to exert a dramatic influence on its conformist black-and-white idyll. A witty, inventive parable.

**Festen (15)**  
Danish director Thomas Vinterberg's superb black comedy (right) centres on the 60th birthday of a family patriarch who finds himself at the heart of dark secrets that unexpectedly emerge.

**The Thin Red Line (15)**  
Terrence Malick returns to the screen after a 20-year absence with a hugely ambitious film about the battle of Guadalcanal. A war movie of a sort, though what that sort might be is uncertain.

**Affliction (15)**  
Paul Schrader's bleak study in fatherhood and fatalism, adapted from Russell Banks's novel, stars Nick Nolte as a man struggling to escape the influence of his violent dad (James Cagney).

**Shakespeare in Love (15)**  
This enjoyable romp suggests how romance fired Shakespeare with the creative inspiration for *Romeo and Juliet*. With a multi-star cast.

THE FIVE BEST PLAYS

**Troilus and Cressida (Olivier, NT, London)**  
This theatre and this Shakespeare play are made for each other, a fact proved by the masterly sweep and precision of focus in Trevor Nunn's gifted production. To 19 May

**Shockheaded Peter (Lyric Hammersmith, London)**  
The *Shogun* series served up as an unforgotten parody of the comic masterpiece in this mordantly inventive evening of music theatre. To 10 Apr

**Copenhagen (Duchess Theatre, London)**  
Michael Frayn's profound and haunting meditation (right) on science, morality and the mysteries of human motivation. To 7 Aug

**The Dispute (Poole Arts Centre)**  
Neil Bartlett's delightfully good production of Marivaux's clever tragic-comedy. To 27 Mar

**Volpone (Swan Theatre, Stratford)**  
Comedies don't come any funnier or more astringent than Ben Jonson's brilliant dissection of avaricious, over-the-top egotism. To 26 Mar

THE FIVE BEST SHOWS

**Jackson Pollock (Tate Gallery)**  
Big retrospective (right) for the wild hero of Abstract Expressionism (going on Old Master). The build-up is slow and the end is sorry, but the brief "drip" period deserves every superlative. To 6 Jun

**Portraits by Ingres (National Gallery)**  
Some of the most intense portraiture ever. Exquisite *melanges* of flesh and fabric, dreams of sex and money. To 25 Apr

**Patrick Caulfield (Hayward Gallery)**  
The modern object-world made luminous. Caulfield is a virtuoso of many styles, and this retrospective offers the range - notably those fat, luscious outlines flooded with translucent colour. To 12 Apr

**Oppé Watercolour Collection (Whitworth, Manchester)**  
Classic British watercolours made lively and relevant, including Alexander Cozens' sketches, Constable, John Sell Cotman and Francis Towne. To 5 Apr

**Richard Deacon (Tate, Liverpool)**  
Chunky, curvaceous assemblages of wood, metal, and plastic by the noted sculptor. To 10 May



ANTHONY QUINN



PALL TAYLOR



JOHN L. BRONK

CINEMA WEST END

**ABC PANTON STREET (0870-902 0404)** • Piccadilly  
Circus Elizabeth 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.10pm  
Enemy of the State 1.50pm, 5.05pm, 7.55pm  
Hilary and Jackie 2.25pm, 5.25pm, 8.20pm  
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**ABC PICCADILLY (0171-287 4322)** • Piccadilly  
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**SIDCUP**  
ABC (0141-555131) BR: Sidcup  
Patch Adams 5.20pm, 8.20pm  
The Thin Red Line 8.30pm

**STAPLES**  
CORNWALL (0870-907 0717)  
BR: Crickwood Arlington Road  
1pm, 3.45pm, 6.30pm, 9.10pm  
Patch Adams 1pm, 3.45pm,  
6.30pm, 9.10pm  
Shakespeare in Love 1.15pm,  
3.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm,  
11.45pm  
The Thin Red Line 1.15pm,  
3.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm,  
11.45pm  
Waking Ned 2pm, 4.15pm, 6.20pm,  
8.45pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 1pm,  
3.45pm, 6.20pm, 9pm

**STRAITFORD**  
NEW STRATFORD PICTURE  
HOUSE (0145-555 3366) BR/6  
Stratford Arlington Road 3.55pm,  
6.25pm, 8.55pm  
A Bug's Life  
1.30pm, Patch Adams 3.15pm,  
6.20pm, Pleasantville 1.15pm,  
8.20pm  
The Thin Red Line 1.15pm,  
4.25pm, 8pm  
Waking Ned 1.15pm,  
4.25pm, 6.45pm, 9.10pm

**STREATHAM**  
ABC (0870-9020415) BR: Streatham  
Hill A Night at the Roxbury  
1.15pm, 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm,  
11.45pm  
Patch Adams 2.15pm, 5.45pm,  
8.20pm  
Shakespeare in Love 2.25pm,  
5.35pm, 8.25pm

**ODEON** (0870-0500007) BR:  
Streatham Hill/6 Brixton Beloved  
12.45pm, 4.15pm, 7.45pm  
A Bug's Life 12.10pm, 2.10pm, 4.10pm,  
6.20pm  
How Stella Got Her Groove  
Back 6.05pm, 8.35pm  
Pleasantville 3.10pm, 8.30pm  
The Thin Red Line 12.40pm, 4.10pm, 7.40pm  
Waking Ned 1.40pm, 4.20pm, 6.40pm, 8.40pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 12.40pm, 5.50pm

**SURREY QUAYS**  
UCI (0890-888990) BR: Surrey Quays  
Arlington Road 1pm, 3.45pm,  
6.20pm, 9.20pm, 11.45pm  
A Bug's Life 1.20pm, 3.20pm, 4.30pm,  
6.30pm  
A Night at the Roxbury 2.10pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.55pm,  
9.30pm, 11.30pm  
Patch Adams 1.30pm, 4pm, 6.50pm, 9.30pm,  
11.30pm  
Pleasantville 12.15pm,  
5.40pm  
Shakespeare in Love 3.45pm, 6.40pm, 9.40pm  
The Thin Red Line 12.40pm, 4.15pm, 8.10pm  
This Year's Love 8.30pm, 11.30pm  
Urban Legend 8.30pm, 9.30pm,  
12.10pm  
Waking Ned 2.15pm, 4.15pm, 7.40pm, 9.40pm,  
12.10pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 1.15pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm, 11.30pm

**SUTTON**  
UCI 6 (0890-888990) BR: Sutton  
Arlington Road 1.30pm, 4.15pm, 7pm, 9.45pm  
Patch Adams 12.15pm, 3.30pm, 6.30pm, 9.15pm  
Shakespeare in Love 3.45pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm  
The Thin Red Line 1pm, 4.30pm, 8pm  
Waking Ned 12.30pm, 3pm, 6pm,  
8.30pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 9pm

**SWISS COTTAGE**  
WARNER VILLAGE (0181-446 9344)  
East Finchley Arlington Road  
12.40pm, 4.40pm, 6.20pm, 9.10pm  
A Bug's Life 1.10pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm,  
8.40pm  
Pleasantville 1.20pm, 4.20pm, 7pm,  
9.45pm  
Pleasantville 1.20pm, 4.20pm, 7pm,  
9.45pm  
Shakespeare in Love 1.30pm, 4.10pm, 6.55pm,  
9.40pm  
The Thin Red Line 1.05pm,  
4.50pm, 8.30pm  
Urban Legend 8.40pm  
La Vita è Bella 5.50pm  
Waking Ned 1.10pm, 3.20pm,  
6.30pm, 8.50pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.40pm, 9.20pm

**TURKINPILL**  
CORONET (0181-888 2519) BR: Turk  
Lane Patch Adams 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm  
This Year's Love 4.05pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm  
Urban Legend 4.45pm, 6.50pm, 8.40pm

**UXBRIDGE**  
ODEON (0870-0500007) BR/6  
Arlington Road 1.10pm, 3.30pm,  
6pm, 8.30pm  
A Bug's Life 1.10pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm,  
8.40pm, 11.30pm  
Patch Adams 5.30pm, 8.35pm

**WALTHAMSTOW**  
ABC (0870-9020424) BR: Waltham  
stow Central A Night at the Roxbury  
1.25pm, 3.55pm, 6.05pm,  
8.40pm  
Patch Adams 2.15pm,  
5.15pm, 8.15pm  
Shakespeare in Love 2.10pm, 5.15pm, 8.10pm

**WELLS**  
THE SCREEN (01932-252825)  
BR: Walton on Thames La Vita è Bella  
3.25pm, 6pm, 8.30pm  
Waking Ned 2.35pm, 4.45pm, 6.30pm, 9pm

**WELL HALL**  
CORONET (0181-850 3351) BR: Well  
Hall Patch Adams 3pm, 5.35pm,  
8.20pm  
The Thin Red Line 3.30pm, 7.35pm

**WILLESDEAN**  
WILLESDEAN (0181-830 0822) BR:  
Willesdean Green Madeline 4.45pm,  
8.45pm  
Shakespeare in Love 6.30pm, 9pm

**WIMBORNE**  
ODEON (0870-0500007) BR/6  
Wimborne Old A Bug's Life 1.10pm  
Patch Adams 2.45pm, 5.10pm  
Pleasantville 8.25pm  
Shakespeare in Love 2.55pm, 5.45pm, 8.25pm  
The Thin Red Line 12.50pm,  
4.10pm, 7.40pm  
Waking Ned 4.30pm, 4.35pm, 6.45pm, 8.55pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 12.25

**WOODFORD**  
ABC (0181-989 3463) BR: South  
Woodford Arlington Road 2.45pm,  
5.30pm, 8.15pm  
Patch Adams 2.40pm, 5.30pm, 8.20pm  
Shakespeare in Love 2.40pm, 5.30pm, 8.10pm

**WOOLWICH**  
CORONET (0181-854 5043) BR: Wool  
wich Arsenal Arlington Road  
3.15pm, 6pm, 8.35pm  
Patch Adams 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm

## CINEMA

## REPERTORY

**LONDON**  
CINE LUMIERE Queensberry Place,  
SW7 (0171-838 2144/2146) Mem  
oires d'Immigrés: British  
Premiere (NC) 7pm

**ICA** The Mall, SW1 (0171-930 3647) AI Masser: Le Destin (NC)  
6pm, 8.30pm  
Modulations (NC)  
6.30pm, 8.45pm

**NATIONAL FILM THEATRE** South  
Bank, SE1 (0171-928 3232) The  
Bitter Tea of General Yeh: Anything  
Goes (NC) 2.30pm  
Cartoon Cavalcade (U) 6.15pm  
Heart's Cry: Cries of the Heart (NC) 6.30pm  
Fuming Games (18) 8.30pm  
Fire (18) 8.45pm

**PHOENIX** High Road, N2 (0181-444 6789) Fasten (15) 1.15pm, 3.35pm,  
8.45pm  
La Vita è Bella (PG) 6.05pm

**PRINCE CHARLES** Leicester Place,  
WC2 (0171-437 8181) Good Will  
Hunting (15) 1.30pm  
Rush Hour (15) 4.15pm  
Night on Earth (15) 6.30pm  
Psycho (15) 9.15pm

**THE PULLMAN** EVERYMAN Holy  
Bush Lane, NW3 (0171-462 5215)  
Devil in a Blue Dress: Introduced  
by Walter Mosley (15) 8.45pm  
La Vita è Bella (PG) 3.30pm, 6.10pm

**RIVERSIDE STUDIOS** Crisp Road,  
NE1 (0171-420 0100) Five Easy  
Pieces (15) 6.45pm + The King of  
Marvin Gardens 8.30pm

**BRIGHTON**  
DUKE OF YORKS (01273-602903)  
BR: Duke of Yorks (NC) 2.30pm,  
6.45pm  
Oberammergau (18) 4.30pm,  
8.45pm  
x (PG) (15) 6.30pm  
High Sierra (NC) 8.30pm

**BRISTOL**  
CUBE (0145-4907 4191) The Rocky  
Horror Picture Show (15) 8pm  
WATERSHED (0117-925 3845)  
Central Station (15) 6pm  
Dobbermann (18) 6.10pm, 8.30pm  
The Opposite of Sex (18) 8.40pm

**CAMBRIDGE**  
ARTS CINEMA (01223-504444)  
Central Station (15) 12.45pm,  
7.10pm  
Reville (12) 3pm, 9.20pm  
La Vie Reve des Anges (18) 5pm

**CARDIFF**  
CHAPTER ARTS CENTRE (01222-399666) Secret Defense (PG) 7pm  
Hideo Kinko (15) 8pm

**CHICHESTER**  
NEW PARK FILM CENTRE (01243-786650) Shakespeare in Love (15)  
1.30pm  
Elizabeth (15) 4.15pm

**NORWICH**  
CINEMA CITY (01603-622047)  
Hideo Kinko (15) 5.45pm  
La Vita è Bella (PG) 8.15pm

**PLYMOUTH**  
ARTS CENTRE (01752-206114)  
Bulworth (18) 8pm

## CINEMA

## COUNTRYWIDE

**BRIGHTON**  
VIRGIN (0541-555145) Arlington  
Road (15): A Bug's Life (U); Eliza  
beth (15); Madeline (U); The Pa  
rent Trap (PG); Patch Adams (12);  
Payback (12); Pleasantville (12);  
The Rugrats Movie (U); Saving Private  
Ryan (15); Shakespeare in Love (15);  
Shakespeare in Love (15); The Thin  
Red Line (15); This Year's Love (15);  
This Year's Love (15); Waking Ned  
(PG); You've Got to Be Cool (PG)

**BRISTOL**  
CINEMAS (01275-831099) Aarzo (PG): Affliction  
(15); Arlington Road (15); A Bug's  
Life (U); Elizabeth (15); Jack Frost  
(PG); Little Voice (15); Madeline (U);  
A Night at the Roxbury (15); Patch  
Adams (12); Payback (12); Pleasantville  
(12); The Rugrats Movie (U); Saving  
Private Ryan (15); The Secret Garden  
(15); The Swan Princess (U); The Thin  
Red Line (15); This Year's Love (18);  
Urban Legend (18); La Vita è Bella  
(PG) Waking Ned (PG); You've Got  
to Be Cool (PG)

**SHOWCASE** (0117-972 3800): Ar  
lington Road (15); A Bug's Life (U);  
Little Voice (15); Madeline (U); A  
Night at the Roxbury (15); Patch  
Adams (12); Payback (12); Pleasantville  
(12); The Rugrats Movie (U); Saving  
Private Ryan (15); The Secret Garden  
(15); The Swan Princess (U); The Thin  
Red Line (15); This Year's Love (18);  
Urban Legend (18); La Vita è Bella  
(PG) Waking Ned (PG); You've Got  
to Be Cool (PG)

**SWISS COTTAGE**  
WARNER VILLAGE (0181-446 9344)  
East Finchley Arlington Road  
12.40pm, 4.40pm, 6.20pm, 9.10pm  
A Bug's Life 1.10pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm,  
8.40pm  
Pleasantville 1.20pm, 4.20pm, 7pm,  
9.45pm  
Pleasantville 1.20pm, 4.20pm, 7pm,  
9.45pm  
Shakespeare in Love 1.30pm, 4.10pm, 6.55pm,  
9.40pm  
The Thin Red Line 1.05pm,  
4.50pm, 8.30pm  
Urban Legend 8.40pm  
La Vita è Bella 5.50pm  
Waking Ned 1.10pm, 3.20pm,  
6.30pm, 8.50pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.40pm, 9.20pm

**TURKINPILL**  
CORONET (0181-888 2519) BR: Turk  
Lane Patch Adams 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm  
This Year's Love 4.05pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm  
Urban Legend 4.45pm, 6.50pm, 8.40pm

**UXBRIDGE**  
ODEON (0870-0500007) BR/6  
Arlington Road 1.10pm, 3.30pm,  
6pm, 8.30pm  
A Bug's Life 1.10pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm,  
8.40pm, 11.30pm  
Patch Adams 5.30pm, 8.35pm

**WALTHAMSTOW**  
ABC (0870-9020424) BR: Waltham  
stow Central A Night at the Roxbury  
1.25pm, 3.55pm, 6.05pm,  
8.40pm  
Patch Adams 2.15pm,  
5.15pm, 8.15pm  
Shakespeare in Love 2.10pm, 5.15pm, 8.10pm

**WELLS**  
THE SCREEN (01932-252825)  
BR: Walton on Thames La Vita è Bella  
3.25pm, 6pm, 8.30pm  
Waking Ned 2.35pm, 4.45pm, 6.30pm, 9pm

**WELL HALL**  
CORONET (0181-850 3351) BR: Well  
Hall Patch Adams 3pm, 5.35pm,  
8.20pm  
The Thin Red Line 3.30pm, 7.35pm

**WILLESDEAN**  
WILLESDEAN (0181-830 0822) BR:  
Willesdean Green Madeline 4.45pm,  
8.45pm  
Shakespeare in Love 6.30pm, 9pm

**WIMBORNE**  
ODEON (0870-0500007) BR/6  
Wimborne Old A Bug's Life 1.10pm  
Patch Adams 2.45pm, 5.10pm  
Pleasantville 8.25pm  
Shakespeare in Love 2.55pm, 5.45pm, 8.25pm  
The Thin Red Line 12.50pm,  
4.10pm, 7.40pm  
Waking Ned 4.30pm, 4.35pm, 6.45pm, 8.55pm  
You've Got to Be Cool 12.25

**WOODFORD**  
ABC (0181-989 3463) BR: South  
Woodford Arlington Road 2.45pm,  
5.30pm, 8.15pm  
Patch Adams 2.40pm, 5.30pm, 8.20pm  
Shakespeare in Love 2.40pm, 5.30pm, 8.10pm

**WOOLWICH**  
CORONET (0181-854 5043) BR: Wool  
wich Arsenal Arlington Road  
3.15pm, 6pm, 8.35pm  
Patch Adams 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm

## THEATRE

## WEST END

Ticket availability details are for to  
day; times and prices for the week  
ending times include interval. Prices  
are at all prices — Seats  
at some prices — Returns only  
Matinee — (11); Sun, (3); Tue, (4);  
Wed, (5); Thur, (6); Fri, (7); Sat

● **AMADEUS** David Suchet stars as  
Salieri in Peter Shaffer's acclaimed  
drama. Old Vic, SE1 (0171-420 0100)  
4.45pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm  
Mon-Sat 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm  
Sun 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm

● **ANIMAL CRACKERS** Stage  
version of the Marx Brothers' clas  
sic from the Royal Exchange The  
atre. Lyric Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1  
(0171-494 5045) ● Picc. Circ. Mon-Sat  
7.45pm, 9.45pm, 11.45pm, 1.45pm, 3.45pm,  
5.45pm, 7.45pm, 9.45pm, 11.45pm, 1.45pm,  
3.45pm, 5.45pm, 7.45pm, 9.45pm, 11.45pm,  
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11.45pm, 1.45pm, 3.45pm, 5.45pm, 7.45pm,  
9.45pm, 11.45pm, 1.45



# MONDAY RADIO

**RADIO 1**  
(97.9-98.9MHz FM)  
6.30 Zed Ball. See Pick of the Day.  
9.00 Simon Mayo. 12.00 Jo Whiteley.  
2.00 Mark Radcliffe. 4.00 Chris Moyles. 5.45 Newsbeat. 6.00 Dave Pearce. 8.00 Larnaq Live. 12.00 The "teatime" 2.00 Emma B. 4.00 - 6.30 Cive Warren.

**RADIO 2**  
(88-90.2MHz FM)  
6.00 Sarah Kennedy. 7.30 Wake Up to Wogan. 9.30 Ken Bruce. 12.00 Jimmy Young. 2.00 Ed Stewart. 3.00 Johnnie Walker. 7.00 Humphrey Lyttelton. 8.00 Big Band Special. 8.30 Jools Holland. 9.30 Mark Lamm: Shake, Rattle and Roll. 10.30 Richard Allinson. 12.00 Katrina Leskanich. 3.0 - 4.0 Mo Dutta.

**RADIO 3**  
(90.2-92.4MHz FM)  
6.00 On Air.  
9.00 Masterworks.  
10.30 Artist of the Week.  
11.00 Sound Stories.  
12.00 Composer of the Week: Franz Schubert.  
1.00 The Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert. Live from the Wigmore Hall, London. Donald Macleod introduces a series of recitals in the series featuring leading pianists: Joseph Kalichstein (piano). Mendelssohn: Fantasia in F sharp minor, Op 28 (Sonata ecclesiastica). Brahms: Six Pieces, Op 118 (excepted). Schumann: Kreisleriana. 2.00 The BBC Orchestra. 4.00 Opera in Action. 4.45 Music Machine. (R)  
5.00 In Tune.  
7.30 Performance on 3. Live from the BBC Maida Vale studios, London. Conductor Andrew Davis. Delius: Dance Rhapsody No 1; Once I Passed through a Populous City. 8.05 Delius and Yorkshire. Delius was born in Bradford, but his Yorkshire roots appear very little in his music, and he was certainly keen to escape the family business, journeying to America and eventually to France, where he settled. But the "North Country Sketches", written in 1913 and 1914, are an exception and evoke the landscape and atmosphere of the moors. Lyndon Jenkins traces the connections between the music of the sketches and the feelings Delius had for his native Yorkshire. 8.25 Concert, part 2. Four Old English Lyrics; North Country Sketches.

## PICK OF THE DAY

AS A NATION wakes to find out whether playing the heritage card has worked at this year's Oscars, Zed Ball (6.30am R1) talks us through the Hollywood shebang live from LA, where a post-ceremony party is in full swing.

While still a stripling, the novelist Louis de Bernières was greatly impressed by a recording of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk*

Wood. The Afternoon Play (2.15pm R4), *Sunday Morning at the Centre of the World*, is his bizarre tribute in kind: an evocation of the inner lives of those in Earlsfield, south London, "almost sunny, always grubby". The "characters" include Death-Wish Debbie, Thrombotic Bert and the experiment doesn't quite translate.

DOMINIC CAVENDISH



9.45 Postscript. Five programmes in which Iwan Russell-Jones looks at attitudes to the body in our culture. 1: 'The Body Zone'. At the heart of the Millennium Dome is a giant sculpture of the human body. What does this say about the role and importance of the body in society? 2: 'The Body Zone'. At the heart of the Millennium Dome is a giant sculpture of the human body. What does this say about the role and importance of the body in society? 3: 'The Body Zone'. At the heart of the Millennium Dome is a giant sculpture of the human body. What does this say about the role and importance of the body in society? 4: 'The Body Zone'. At the heart of the Millennium Dome is a giant sculpture of the human body. What does this say about the role and importance of the body in society? 5: 'The Body Zone'. At the heart of the Millennium Dome is a giant sculpture of the human body. What does this say about the role and importance of the body in society?

4.30 Turning World.  
5.00 PM.  
6.00 Six O'Clock News.  
6.30 Just a Minute.  
7.00 NEWS: The Archers.  
7.25 Front Row. Francine Stock with the arts programme.  
7.45 The Cry of the Bittern. An environmental drama by Tim Jackson. (R)  
8.00 NEWS: Men in Black. 'Daily Bread'. It takes six years to become a Catholic priest. In the second of three programmes, Rosemary Harris meets some of the characters in and around Ushaw College, Co Durham, one of only five Roman Catholic seminaries in Britain today. She discovers what is taught and why the gruffly is in Latin.  
8.30 Analysis. 'The Economy on the Couch'. Like individuals, the economy relies on a cushion of confidence to prosper. What is this confidence, how is it generated, and who is trying to manage it? Bridget Fosevel offers some psychoanalysis to help the economy back to health.  
8.40 NEWS: Nature. The Hour of Spring. Nick Baker visits Cornwall to salute the arrival of spring and to find out whether the season is getting earlier each year. There is also a chance to help with the forthcoming series of 'Springwatch'.  
9.30 Start the Week: Radio 4 at The World. Jeremy Paxman and his guests set the cultural agenda for the week.  
10.00 The World Tonight. With Justin Webb.  
10.45 Book at Bedtime: Radio 4 at The World.

11.00 Muse of Fusion. By Tanika Gupta. The Asian music scene is raw and sexy. Scratching, bhangra and rap all play their part in an exploding club scene. Firoz, a talented DJ, adds poetry to this fusion of sound. After a tragic accident, he retreats to his room and nothing his sister Zabeen can do will get him out. However, an important gig is on the horizon. With Nabil Elouadi and Farmanid K Nagra. Director Kristine Landrum-Smith.  
11.30 Crossing Over. (R)  
12.00 News.  
12.30 The Late Book. Raymond Carver Short Stories. (R)  
12.45 Shipping Forecast.  
1.00 As World Service.  
5.30 World News.  
5.35 Shipping Forecast.  
5.40 Inshore Forecast.  
5.45 Prayer for the Day.  
5.47 - 6.00 Farming Today.

**RADIO 4**  
(92.4-94.6MHz FM)  
6.00 Today.  
9.00 NEWS: Start the Week: Radio 4 at The World.  
9.45 Serial: Radio 4 at The World.  
10.00 NEWS: Women's Hour.  
11.00 NEWS: Tuning into Children.  
11.30 King of the Hill.  
12.00 NEWS: You and Yours.  
1.00 The World at One.  
1.30 Counterpoint.  
2.00 NEWS: The Archers.  
2.15 Afternoon Play: Sunday Morning at the Centre of the World. See Pick of the Day.  
3.00 NEWS: Money Box Live. 0870 010 0444.  
3.30 The New Recruit. (R)  
3.45 This Scattered Isle. (R)  
4.00 NEWS: The Food Programme.

**RADIO 4 LW**  
(88kHz)  
9.45 - 10.00 Daily Service. 12.00 - 12.04 News Headlines; Shipping Forecast. 5.54 - 5.57 Shipping Forecast. 11.30 - 12.00 Today in Parliament.  
**RADIO 5 LIVE**  
(693, 909kHz MW)  
6.00 Breakfast.  
9.00 Nicky Campbell.  
12.00 The Midday News.  
1.00 Ruscoe and Co.  
4.00 Drive.  
7.00 News Extra.  
7.30 Dream Teams. Jim White meets celebrities who live for the football. This week, Hunter Davies,

author of 'The Glory Game', talks about his time as a Tottenham Hotspur supporter.  
8.00 Teenage Fan Club. 5 Live opens up the world of young football fans who have something to say about the modern game. Call free on 0500 906683.  
10.00 Late Night Live. Nick Robinson sets tomorrow's agenda today. Including at 10.30 a full round-up of the day's sport, and at 11.00 a late news briefing.  
1.00 Up All Night.  
5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.  
**CLASSIC FM**  
(100.0-101.9MHz FM)  
6.00 Nick Bailey. 8.00 Harry Kelly. 12.00 Requests. 2.00 Concerto. 3.00 Michael Mepkin. 6.30 Newsnight. 9.00 Evening Concert. Sinding: Ruse of Spring. Joseph Cooper (piano). Copland: Appalachian Spring. Los Angeles P.O. Leonard Bernstein. Haydn: The Seasons (Spring). English Baroque Soloists/John Eliot Gardiner. Stravinsky: The Fire of Spring. LPO/Kent Nagano. Gurney: Desire in Spring. Anthony Rolfe Johnson (tenor). David Wilson (piano). 11.00 Alan Martin. 2.00 Concerto. 3.00 - 6.00 Mark Griffiths.  
**VERGIN RADIO**  
(125, 157-126kHz MW 105.8MHz FM)  
6.30 Chris Evans. 9.30 Russ Williams. 1.00 Nick Abbot. 4.00 Harriet Scott. 6.45 London Calling with Harriet Scott/AM Pete and Geoff. 7.30 Pete and Geoff. 10.00 Mark Forrest. 1.00 James Merritt. 4.30 - 6.30 Richard Allen.  
**WORLD SERVICE RADIO**  
(88kHz LW)  
1.00 The World Today. 1.30 Westway. 1.45 Record News. 2.00 The World Today. 2.30 Warm World. 3.00 The World Today. 3.30 Sports Roundup. 3.50 World Business Report. 3.45 Insight. 4.00 - 7.00 The World Today (400-700).  
**TALK RADIO**  
6.00 Big Boys Breakfast with David Banks & Nick Ferrari. 9.00 Scott Chisholm and Sally James. 12.00 Let's Talk Soap with Tina Baler. 1.00 Anna Reaburn - Live and Direct. 4.00 The SportZone. 6.00 James Whale. 1.00 - 6.00 Ian Collins.

## INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

### CHESS

JON SPEELMAN

LAST TUESDAY when reporting on the tournament at Enghien-Jes-Bains I mentioned poor Viktor Bogdanov's defeat in just 10 moves at the hands of Joel Lantier. While this isn't a topic I would want to dwell on too often, readers may still be interested to see how a strong grandmaster can self-destruct so quickly.

Instead of the gross blunder 8...Nxd5??, 8...Nxd5 was perfectly playable. At the end of 10...Nxd7 11 Nxd5; or 10...Qxd7 11 Bb6! exb6 12 Qxb8+ Qd8 13 Qxb7, etc.

White: Joel Lantier  
Black: Viktor Bogdanov  
Caro-Kann Defence

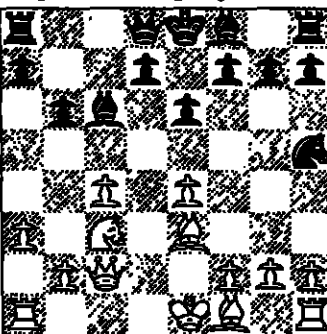
1 c4 c5  
2 e4 d5  
3 exd5 cxd5  
4 exd5 Nf6  
5 Nc3 Nbd7

White: Larry Christiansen  
Black: Anatoly Karpov  
Queen's Indian Defence

1 d4 Nf6  
2 c4 e6  
3 Nf3 b6  
4 a3 Ba6  
5 Qc2 Bb7  
6 Nc3 c5  
7 e4 cxd4

Despite this horrific defeat in the first game of his mini-match with Larry Christiansen at the knockout tournament in Wijk aan Zee 1993, Anatoly Karpov displayed one of his greatest strengths - his ability to play purely for the moment. He won the second game of their match and the subsequent play-offs.

That was a mere 12 moves! But this is a marathon compared to the shortest master games on record. This was allegedly played at a cafe in Paris in 1924. In the *Complete Chess Addict* (Mike Fox and Richard James Faber) I further discovered the story that a waiter dropped a tray of plates after 4...Ne3, which traps the queen since if 5 f5 Qh4+. But they add that the loser later denied the story and it's now generally believed to have been composed.



11...Qb6 is theory in the diagram and perfectly playable. But after 11...Bd6?? 12 Qd1! Black loses a whole piece for nothing.

Gibaud vs Lazard  
Paris, 1924

1 d4 Nf6  
2 Nc3 e5  
3 dxe5 Ng4  
4 h3?? Ne3! 0-1

This one is genuine, though - and even shorter:

White: D Djordjevic  
Black: M Kovacevic  
Bela Crkva, 1984  
Trompowsky

1 d4 Nf6  
2 Bg5 c5  
3 e3?? Qa5+ 0-1

### BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

COMPARISON TIME during a team-of-four match can be acutely embarrassing. Instead of attempting to justify your blunders to only one player, you have three critical teammates to contend with. This deal found South in the hot seat.

"We lost 600 points," started East. "I led a low spade against 3 no-trumps. Sorry! And you?" "We lost 100 points" was the reply. How can you bid a slam missing two aces?" demanded West. "Don't you play Blackwood?" It was not like that at all - North had opened One Club, South responded One Heart, and North rebid 1 no-trumps (showing 15-17 points). No problems so far, but instead of simply raising to 3 no-trumps, South had followed a circuitous route that had eventually landed him in Four Hearts.

West led ♠2 against the heart game and, after winning in hand, declarer played off ♠AK on which West played high-low to show a third trump and an interest in ruffing something. Short of a safe quick entry to hand to draw the last trump, he tried ♠J from dummy but East pounced with his ace. He was on the brink of returning the expected club when he stopped to

Game all; dealer North

North  
♠ K J  
♥ A K  
♦ J 9 6 3  
♣ K Q 10 8 5

West East  
♠ 9 7 4 3 2 ♠ A 10 8 6  
♥ J 6 4 ♥ 10 3  
♦ Q 7 5 4 ♦ A 8 2  
♣ 2 ♣ 9 7 6 3

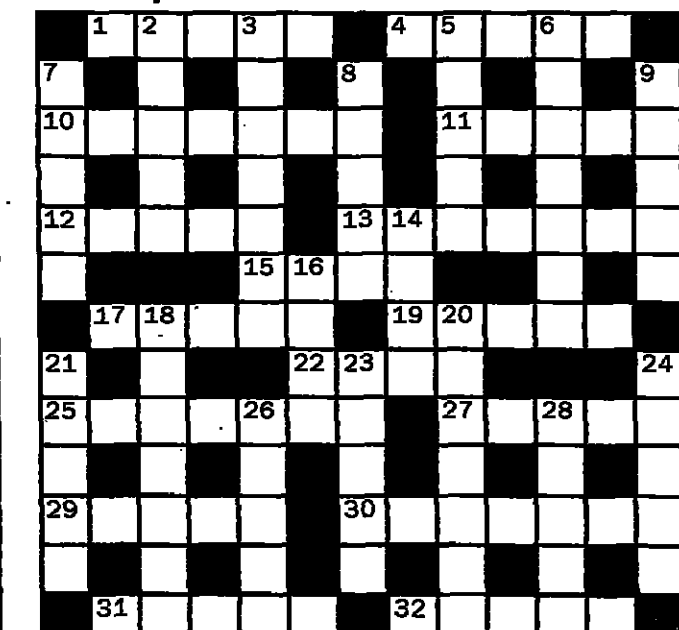
South  
♠ Q 5  
♥ Q 9 8 7 5 2  
♦ K 10  
♣ A J 4

think if his partner held ♠K, it did not matter whether they took their club ruff now or after cashing two diamonds. But if his partner held only ♠Q rather than the king, then there would be only a ruff and one diamond to come.

So instead of a club, East switched to a diamond, giving declarer a guess. He got it wrong (otherwise there'd have been no story) and now the defenders came to two diamond tricks, ♠A, and a club ruff to collect their 100 points.

## CONCISE CROSSWORD

No. 3876 Monday 22 March



**ACROSS**

1 The makings of bread (5)  
4 Marsh plant (5)  
10 Shutdown (7)  
11 Invalidity (5)  
12 Primary (5)  
13 Cut off (7)  
15 Vow (4)  
17 Snivel (5)  
19 Young bird (5)  
22 Confound (4)  
25 Fox-like (7)  
27 Galeaux (5)  
29 First appearance (5)  
30 Crazy (7)  
31 Condescend (5)  
32 Fossil resin (5)

**DOWN**

2 Smell (5)  
3 Greedy person (7)  
5 Muse of poetry (5)  
6 Side of boat (7)  
7 Mock (5)  
8 Deserve (5)  
9 Wintry weather (5)  
14 Footwear item (4)  
16 Long period of time (4)  
18 Fish (7)  
20 Tree (4,3)  
21 Dodge (5)  
22 Sandy shore (5)  
24 River (5)  
25 Jazz piece (5)  
28 Table utensil (5)

**Solution to last Saturday's Concise Crossword:**  
ACROSS: 5 Ostrich, 10 Muesli, 15 Grapes, 16 Rye, 18 Thrush, 19 Laver, 20 Olive, 24 Sri Lanka, 25 Walnut, 26 Spade, 27 Louse, 28 Lard, 29 Lard, 30 Lard, 31 Lard, 32 Lard.  
DOWN: 1 Imams, 2 Using, 3 Tempo, 4 Broily, 6 Retrieve, 7 Meddler, 12 Shortage, 13 Waitress, 14 Rho, 15 Ed, 19 Irrupt, 21 Slack, 22 Suet, 23 Water.

## SATELLITE AND CABLE

### PICK OF THE DAY

A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS (10pm Sky Cinema) was the film that launched Clint Eastwood (right) - and his seminal Man With No Name character - on to the world stage. Part of Sky's "Absolute Clint" season, Sergio Leone's classic spaghetti western is clearly based on the Kurosawa film, *Yojimbo*. Eastwood plays a mysterious gunman for hire who offers his services to both sides in a small-town feud. As a tribute to the film's influence,

both Leone's innovative camerawork and Ennio Morricone's wonderfully distinctive score have been widely copied.

Not content with dominating sports coverage, Sky has been loudly trumpeting its coup in poaching the televising of the Oscars from the BBC. So if you couldn't make it through last night, here's what you missed at The 71st Academy Awards (6pm Sky Premier).



JAMES RAMPTON

**SKY PREMIER**  
6.00 Army (1991) (7551). 8.00 Halo Again (1997) (8028). 10.00 Angels in the Attic (1997) (8193). 12.00 Army (1991) (810657). 1.45 Halo Again (1997) (810358). 3.30 The Barry Norman Interview (2377). 4.00 Angels in the Attic (1997) (8193). 6.00 The 71st Academy Awards (488006). See Pick of the Day. 10.00 Full Moon (1997) (81483). 11.35 Power (1995) (788803). 12.00 Feast of July (1995) (87879). 3.30 Major League (1989) (823304).

**SKY MOVIES**  
7.00 Famous Faces (45561). 7.30 Movie Magic (194738). 8.35 Action Heroes (206278). 9.00 Roseanne: An Unauthorized Biography (1994) (7280). 11.00 Something Borrowed, Something Blue (1997) (81464). 1.00 Famous Faces (44822). 1.30 Movie Magic (838280). 2.45 Action Heroes (788007). 3.00 Roseanne: An Unauthorized Biography (1994) (81272). 5.00 Something Borrowed, Something Blue (1997) (81272). 7.00 A Fight for Justice (1995) (82307). 9.00 Stranger in the House (1995) (88629). 11.00 Showdown (1993) (78636). 12.40 Lovejoy (1999) (85014). 2.20 Island of Dr. Moreau (1996) (81743). 4.00 Addition (1997) (810887). 5.25 - 7.00 A Fight for Justice (1995) (812518).

**SKY CANALS**  
4.00 The Yellow Canary (1944) (783735). 6.00 Pory Soldier (1952) (213334). 8.00 Catch-22 (1970) (227862). 10.00 A Fight of Dollars (1993) (789303). See Pick of the Day. 11.40 The Sundry Adventures of Tom (1975) (78642). 1.45 Rainbow (1989) (734887). 3.30 Gypsy (1992) (883333). 5.30 Close.

**FILMFOUR**  
6.00 Sweet Smell of Success (1957) (4010700). 7.35 Symp (2642358). 8.00 The Madness of King George (1994) (883303). 10.00 A Private Function (1985) (887071). 11.40 LA Takedown (1989) (882261). 1.45 Darkness in Tallin (1993) (790310). 2.50 - 6.00 The Train (1995) (810396).

**DISCOVERY CHANNEL**  
4.00 Rex Hunts Fishing Adventures (184551). 4.30 The Car Show (184735). 5.00 Hilarious Dangerous Lisions (193625). 6.00 Wildlife SOS (175670). 6.30 Unlabeled Africa (1752087). 7.30 Furworld (1848464). 8.00 Nails Quest (184853). 8.30 Tainted Tales (72023). 9.00 The Day the Earth Shook (855483). 10.00 Amazing Earth (845242). 11.00 Wings (842193). 12.00 Amazing Earth (803323). 1.00 Hilarious Dangerous Lisions (797554). 2.00 Close.

**SKY ONE**  
7.00 Count Duckula (50483). 7.30 The Chris Evans Breakfast Show (3754). 8.30 Hollywood Squares (2389). 9.00 Sally Jessy Raphael (83377). 10.00 The Oprah Winfrey Show (8574). 11.00 Gully (1993). 12.00 Jenny Jones (49087). 1.00 Mad about You (8754). 1.30 Jeopardy (1951). 2.00 Sally Jessy Raphael (3464). 3.00 Jenny Jones (53445). 4.00 Gully (1993). 5.00 Star Trek: Voyager (2878). 6.00 America's Funniest Home Videos (1951). 7.00 The Simpsons (3648). 7.30 The Simpsons (6087). 8.00 Star Trek: Deep Space Nine (8374). 9.00 First Wives (5798). 10.00 Seinfeld (8502). 10.30 Seinfeld (1945). 11.00 Friends (7309). 11.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5126). 12.30 The Commish (25694). 1.30 - 2.00 Long Play (457088).

**SKY SPORTS 1**  
7.00 Max Power (7584). 8.00 Scottish Football Kilmarnock vs Celtic (7693). 9.00 Racing News (4331). 9.30 Aerobics - Oz Style (1053). 10.00 The Snow Show (1025). 10.30 Worthington Cup Final Leicester vs Tottenham (8246). 12.00 Aerobics - Oz Style (5673). 12.30 What a Weekend (2795). 1.00 Football Special Aston Villa vs Chelsea (8396). 2.30 Spanish Football Espanyol vs Athletic Bilbao (81735). 4.30 Powerboat and Jet Sport World (7358). 5.00 Max Power (489). 6.00 Sky Sports Centre (165). 6.30 What a Weekend (2803). 7.00 Football League Review (3364). 8.00 Ford

Monday Night Football (49700). 10.00 Sky Sports Centre (28377). 10.35 YouTube on Sky Sports (48938). 11.00 Football League Review (8153). 12.00 Sports Centre (840782). 1.00 Ford Monday Night Football (33149). 4.00 Football League Review (4255). 4.30 Sports Centre (814949). 4.35 Close.

**SKY SPORTS 2**  
9.00 Aerobics - Oz Style (221022). 7.30 Racing News (42608). 8.00 Ford Golf USA (50028). 11.00 Golf Videomax Tour (81146). 12.00 Scottish Football Kilmarnock vs Celtic (1955). 1.00 World Wide Rugby - Super 12s Tournament (26373). 2.30 Moto-Plus (21474). 3.00 Super League Classics St Helens vs Gateshead (816280). 5.00 Football League Review (816280). 6.00 Powerboat and Jet Sport World (816280). 6.30 V-Max (816280). 7.00 World Motor Sport (816280). 7.30 V-Max (816280). 8.00 Powerboat and Jet Sport World (816280). 8.30 V-Max (816280). 9.00 World Motor Sport (816280). 9.30 V-Max (816280). 10.00 Powerboat and Jet Sport World (816280). 10.30 V-Max (816280). 11.00 World Motor Sport (816280). 11.30 V-Max (816280). 12.00 Powerboat and Jet Sport World (816280). 12.30 V-Max (816280). 1.00 World Motor Sport (816280). 1.30 V-Max (816280). 2.00 Powerboat and Jet Sport World (816280). 2.30 V-Max (816280). 3.00 World Motor Sport (816280). 3.30 V-Max (816280). 4.00 Powerboat and Jet Sport World 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**ROBERT  
HANKS**  
TELEVISION RE-



YOU CAN'T TOUCH Hitler and get away with it, but he can't be defeated, but, once in a while, it pays to get your hands dirty. As part of "Paparazzi and Loathing," a short season of programmes about the far right in Europe, Nick Fraser embarked on a journey to the Far Right (see BBC2). In Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Austria and even back home in Britain, he met people who think that the Holocaust was a historical "detail", that Hitler didn't really want to kill the Jews (which sounds like history's biggest and least convincing "Whodunnit-ditty"), that the purity of the "white race" is threatened by hordes of immigrants, who should all be repatriated (or, if necessary, "and so, getting on...")

Horrifying stuff. And, yet, Fraser did shock – as he has throughout his years of this unpleasant line of work – by an unexpected infusion of the truth, he lashed himself thump with one hand, as if to say "I'm overpowered," or clichéd his head in exasperation. You could see his point of view, but incredibly and thought are not the best tools for an interviewer to rely on. What was needed here was somebody prepared to engage with fascism, at least to the extent of arguing with it, instead of dismissing it. If Fraser hoped to enhance our understanding of what it takes to make a fascist, he should have been prepared to take at least a minimal respect to their views – to dispute ideas, attack the logic, get a dialogue going, instead, finding their views taken so lightly, their fascias (capital, not surprisingly) to stand up or retreat into slogans about freedom of speech.

At times, Fraser's tactic did get risky, as when the historian and Hitler apologist David Irving was asked into defining that only serious Jews go on about the Holocaust are so that they make billions of dollars out of it, and to that it is the most interesting thing to have happened to them in the last 3,000 years. But Irving extracted this stunning claim from him, all Fraser could think to say was that it was a "cavalious remark". Well, yes, but stating the obvious is not a contribution to the debate. I would have liked to see Irving forced to defend his position, or needed into giving some explanation of how he got that way. But Fraser was too busy flailing his moralism, making his own decency and morality the subject of the film.

This is only partly a point about journalistic strategies. It's also an argument about the nature of fascism. The real horror of fascism is not that it is some extraordinary perversion of human nature, but that it springs from ordinary widespread fears and prejudices: soon reality and nice people have ended up murdering in the "Holocaust".

Song, "Fraser himself made a further point towards the end of the film, but the early edition seemed to argue otherwise. I don't want to be like Fraser's intentions. It takes a brave man to bend neo-fascists to bend neo-fascists in their dens, and be excited with some serious thoughts on the nature of democracy." You can't just be a demagogue by voting. Institutions aren't enough. You really have to like other people, but there was not enough wisdom. But last nearly two hours. In the end, *Journeys to the Far Right* makes fascism seem boring, and that's a dangerous illusion.

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## BBC

**6.00 Business Breakfast** (7:30-8:30) **News** (7) (H657), **9.00 Kinky** (5) (I) (2225551), **9.45 Woman** (5) (8345448), **10.10 The Venetian Show** (5) (I) (7212988), **10.55 News: Regional News: Weather** (7) (I) (5872372), **11.00 Change the Way** (5) (I) (2687254), **11.25 Carl Cook** (5) (I) (6734663), **11.55 News: Regional News: Weather** (7) (I) (7238561), **12.00 Carl My Bull!** (5) (850268), **12.30 Top 10 Challenge** (5) (I) (8342029), **12.45 The Weather Show** (5) (I) (53432228), **1.00 News: Weather** (7) (I) (71754), **1.30 Regional News and Weather** (6:20-8:54), **1.40 Neighborhood** (5) (I) (5534342), **2.05 Inside** (7) (6553587), **2.25 Through the Keyhole** (5) (5) (I) (6553582).

**3.25 Children's BCBG: Playdays** (5) (5) (610894), **3.45 Pocket Dragon Adventures** (5) (I) (5582367), **3.55 Badger and Badger** (5) (I) (6558687), **4.10 Anthony Ant** (5) (I) (671251), **4.20 The Littlest Pet Shop** (5) (I) (6544483), **4.35 Merry Goo** (5) (I) (6583067), **5.00 Newsround** (5) (I) (447613), **5.40 Blue Peter** (5) (I) (6134702).

**5.55 Neighborhood**. Anne tries to come to terms with her inheritance (5) (I) (611822).

**6.00 News: Weather** (7) (241).

**6.30 Regional News** (7) (561).

**7.00 A Question of Sport**. Late-figure special with guests **Viv Canale** and **David Birt**. Athlete Jonathan Edwards and cricketer **Mark Rampran** are the compulsory news people (5) (I) (7616).

**7.30 Watchdog Healthcheck**. Alice Bane on how to get babies to sleep - **Angie Rippon** may be able to help out there: **Alan Tait** about magpies (5) (I) (735).

**8.00 EastEnders**. Peggy gale an unwelcome birthday surprise (5) (I) (248).

**8.30 Mrs Merton and Malcolm**. Mrs Merton prepares for her absent's visit (5) (I) (6103).

**8.00 News: Regional News: Weather** (7) (767).

**8.30 Jettibabe**. More from the unsettling docu-scoop about life at 'Whorehouse' New York. Interview for 'Woman' **Stephanie** about Melissa in **Bedlam** a long time, while 71-year-old Ivy has a new job (5) (I) (68236).

**10.00 Panorama**. 'Secrets, Spies and Videotape'. How the UK attempted to disarm field of its weapons of mass destruction, and what was the extent of America's involvement in covert operations there? (5) (I) (73174).

**10.40 Animal Police**. Has Carob training as an RSPCA inspector given her the wherewithal to remove a plastic beer tin that is lodged around a duck's neck? **Steve** tries, meanwhile, discovers a back garden "washed" with guinea-pigs (5) (I) (655464).

**11.00 Hardcore Lights** (7) (I) (773936).

**12.00 FILM The Cover Girl Murders**. James A. Conner (1983 US). Les Majors stars as male model **Ray Kroyman** in this dreadful TV movie about a series of murders on a photo shoot (5) (I) (70887).

**1.30 John** BBC News **24** (6:40-10:23), to Barn.

BB02

**6.40** *Jodie* (723x427), **6.35** *Four Times and a Chorus* (555x428), **7.00** *Children's BBC* (720x428), **7.05** *Teletubbies* (720x428), **7.15** (555x272), **7.20** *Cartoon* (720x428), **7.25** *Barney* (720x428), **7.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **7.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **7.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **7.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **7.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **7.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **8.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **9.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **10.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **11.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **12.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **13.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **14.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **15.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **16.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **17.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.10** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.15** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.20** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.25** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.30** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.35** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.40** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.45** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.50** *Top Gear* (720x428), **18.55** *Top Gear* (720x428), **19.00** *Top Gear* (720x428), **19.05** *Top Gear* (720x428), **19.10** *Top Gear*

## ITV Carlton

**6.00 GMTV** (5596229), **9.25 News** (1) (0719238), **10.30 This Morning** (1) (573982209), **12.20 Your Show!** (1) (7993342), **12.30 ITV Lunchtime News: Weather** (1) (4053377), **12.45 London Today** (1) (431389), **1.25 The Jerry Springer Show** (5) (1) (4976560), **2.10 Home and Away** (5) (56222838), **2.40 Wheel of Fortune** (5) (1) (473046), **3.40 ITV News Headlines** (1) (5559930).

**3.20 Children's TV:** Mopatop's Shop (4598739), **3.30 Kipper** (1) (5) (554868), **3.40 The Adventures of Captain Pugwash** (1) (4655894), **3.55 Goby and the Crocodile** (1) (1) (481702), **4.05 Your News: Believe It** (1) (5055009), **4.30 Politiquess** (5) (1) (714).

**5.00 Home and Away** (5) (1) (72820).

**5.30 London Bridge.** Wrenie is strangely unromantic about the wedding (5) (754).

**6.00 London Tonight.** Regional news update for the capital and the South-East (1) (657).

**6.30 ITV Evening News: Weather** (1) (619).

**7.00 Wish You Were Here...?** Looking at destinations that have won awards for encouraging environmentally sensitive tourism, Judith Chalmers goes whale-watching off the coast of Cape Town (5) (1) (6716).

**7.30 Corporation Street.** Rita makes a decision over the future of the Kebab - burger, perhaps she's going to rehearse the "C" (5) (1) (660).

**8.00 Motorway Life.** Highlights from the documentary series about life on the M6 - no, really (1) (5464).

**8.30 Cop Shop.** Pled do-as-you-see, WPC Kite Alen's retraining in handling aggressive behaviour is put to the test when she is called to a rather Victorian sounding "street brawl" (1) (027).

**9.00 Kevinagh QC.** John Thaw's barrister makes another incursion into News at Ten territory as he takes on the case of a junior minister at the Home Office who has been accused of indecent assault on a juvenile (5) (1) (346).

**10.30 The Grylls.** Well-written and unsentimental comedy drama series set in the summer of 1975. More nice interplay between Amanda Holden's English teacher and Brian Conley's brash PE teacher as Mr. Holder (Noddy) goes to run the school disco (5) (1) (6055).

**11.00 ITV Nightly News: Weather** (1) (46894).

**11.30 London Tonight** (1) (433893), **11.30 Fitz** (5) (1) (58445), **12.30 Nationwide Football League Extra** (6472), **1.30 World Football** (1) (73912).

**2.00 FIVE: Marooned** (John Sturges 1989 US), Space year in which two astronauts are stranded. Starring Gene Hackman and some fairly special effects (5-54349).

**4.30 Breaknews** (4972897), **4.45 ITV Nightcrash**

# Channel 4

**6.00** *Seaside Street* (R) (R1648), **7.00** *The Big Breakfast* (12637), **8.00** *Schools* (T) (R2739), **11.30** *Taste of the Times* (R) (S) (R3242), **12.00** *Seaside Street* (T) (7878), **12.30** *Bewitched* (R) (S) (T) (4820194), **1.05** *Pat Rescue* (4411954), **1.30** *Little Jems* (R363142), **1.35** *The Shoozes* (R633045).

**1.50** **FILM** *Philly* (Mark Robson 1954 UK). So-so romantic comedy that is about as amusing as its silly title. Jack Lemmon and Judy Holiday play an attorney and the scrupulous wife who get a quibble choice when things aren't going smoothly. The title refers to the sound of a shifting match, by the way (T) (75025803).

**3.30** **Collector's Lot** (T) (R75), **4.00** *Filmen to One* (S) (T) (532), **4.30** *Countdown* (S) (T) (3827594), **4.55** *Moniel Williams* (T) (59830445).

**6.30** *Pat Rescue*. Highlights include a couple of silly ponies and Molly the puppy, who is reunited with her long-lost brother (T) (398).

**6.00** *Roseanne*. Jean Collins makes a guest appearance as Fannie, Roseanne's rich and snooty cousin (R) (S) (T) (295).

**6.30** *Hollyoaks*. Chester youth. The ninth-market held by Lewis and Fm is ruled by a surprise visitor (T) (295).

**7.00** **Channel 4 News**. Including sport and weather (T) (200894).

**7.50** *Farmed Out*. A week of short films on farming, which starts with a cheepdog relay in Lancaister (T) (902718).

**8.00** **FOUR** *To the Ends of the Earth*. Following the team of Australian archaeologists who travelled to Pileham Island in the South Pacific to discover what happened to Fletcher Christian and the *Bounty* nineteen years after they settled there. See *History Programme of the Day*, below (T) (157).

**8.00** **FOUR** *Cutting Edge*. Unintentionally *Spinal Tap*que documentary following England's first official brass band during last summer's World Cup in France. See *Documentary of the Day*, below (T) (8819).

**11.45** **Smack the Pony** (T) (64537).

**12.00** **FILM** *The Englishman Who Went up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain*. (Christopher Menger 1955 UK). Hugh Grant does his daffiest Englishman thing in this one. What? Well, obviously Grant's about an English cartographer who is responsible for the classification of hills. As they found their short 17 mountain hills, a group of Welsh village school children 1 up a hill. Engaged in a slight sex talk with an art and then Fitzgerald killing out the east (T) (342520).

**12.30** **FOUR** *Suddenly* (Leslie Allen 1954 US). Drama about an attempted assassination of the President of the United States. Starring Frank Sinatra. See *Film of the Day*, below (R50165).

**1.40** *Dispatches* (T) (R240397), **2.15** *Powerhouse* (T) (R6530), **2.45** *Right to Reply* (T) (644520).

# Channel 5

**6.00 5 News and Sport** (3/24/234, 7.00 *WideWorld* (R) (S) (T) (6793667, 1.30 *Midwest* (S) (2298193), 1.35 *Winzies House* (R) (2480442), 8.00 *Hawthorne* (R) (S) (2480444), 8.00 *Doppeldeed* (R) (S) (2489778), 9.00 *Was it Good for You?* (R) (S) (2632223, 9.25 *Rural Grant's Postcards* (R) (4049464), 9.30 *The Great Whirly Show* (9839303), 10.20 *Surreal Beach* (S) (T) (3236008), 11.00 *Lezaz* (S) (8691895), 12.00 5 News at Noon (S) (T) (2483552), 12.30 *Family Affairs* (S) (T) (1867674), 1.00 *The Bold and the Beautiful* (S) (T) (8762338), 1.30 *The Reseance Show* (S) (7660255), 2.00 100 Per Cent Gold (S) (7497674), 2.30 *Good Afternoon* (S) (279342).

**7.30 FILM A Time to Triumph** (Noel Black, 1988 US). An everyday tale of a woman who is forced to become a helicopter pilot after her breadwinner-husband has a heart attack. Beals working at the supermarket, 1 suppoer (T) (2899339).

**8.20 5 News** (S) (7441993).

**8.30 100 Per Cent** (S) (2088622).

**8.00 5 News, Including Firsts on Five**, National and international news with Kristy Young (S) (T) (2083759).

**9.30 FAMILY AFFAIRS**, Where did Gaby spend the night? If you care one bit, that is the place to find out (S) (T) (8692209).

**7.00 5 News** (S) (T) (6442358).

**7.05 FILM Baby's Day Out** (John Hughes, 1994 US). *Home Alone*-style comedy about a nine-month-old nipper on the loose in Chicago, its handler, aia, without the wit or charm of director Hughes' original film - its clear anticlimax. It focuses on three innocent kidnappers who contrive to lose their small charge over and over again (T) (8768206).

**8.35 5 News** (329367).

**8.00 FILM Breath of Faith: a Family of Cops II** (David Green, 1998 US/Can). A splendidly Channel 5 offering, this, a US/Canadian TV movie starring Charles Bronson. The parsenabile star goes through the motions in this forgettable Mob drama. Dina Landi is there for support, just in case the old man needs a breather (T) (8764209).

**10.50 Dr Fox's Cheat Update** (S) (89107).

**10.55 V - Final Battle**, Sci-fi drama series about deadly alien invaders disguised as humans (R) (S) (2568976).

**12.30 Live and Dangerous** (S) (640458), 1.00 *Live and Dangerous Continued* (S) (640458), 4.40 *Phenac: Cell Block H* (7891894), 5.30 100 Per Cent (R) (S) (873510), To Bam.

## HISTORY PROGRAMME OF THE DAY

**TO THE UNDS OF THE EARTH** (Rpn. C, *nrpt*) Prouy directs descendants of the minurers who recultivated the Bonny still live on Pichetian Island, a feverily isolated island of rock stuck in the middle of the South Pacific. These include two Christians, a man with a mother, notorious great, great grandmother. This film reveals the bloody and devastating history of Pichetian through the work of a team of Australian anthropologists. The nine minurers brought about their own downfall: it emerges with a colonial attitude to their Polynesian neighbors – the Europeans started on to the women and the land, but eventually got their just deserts.



## DOCUMENTARY OF THE DAY

**CUTTING EDGE** (from CA, right) "Paying for England" follows a group of Sheffield Wednesday fans who became England's official brass band at the 1998 World Cup in France. Not for playing such favorites as the theme from *The Godfather*, the group was hired by the FA to bring their own sound. France, by the way, of the most, classic rock documentary style, tensions and musical differences emerge within the band. After the tournament, the ensemble is seen rehearsing for its next corporate function and perhaps taking themselves a bit too seriously for a bunch of blokes who essentially hit drums at football matches.



## FILM OF THE DAY

**SUDDENLY** (7/22/01) Little-seen actor for years following the assassination of John F. Kennedy—Lee Harvey Oswald was a fan, so the tale goes—Levi's Al's *Autobiography* *Jim* now receives a welcome hit-right-when *Frank Sinatra turns in a strong performance as a psychopathic villain who leads a team that has been hired to fatally interrupt the President's fishing trip in the sleepy town of Sudbury.* The action takes place in the hours before the big chase rolls into town, as Sinatra and his cohorts commandeer a house with a sniper's-eye view of the station. James Gleason and Nancy Cayless provide salient support as the innured subordinates

